

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

AUGUST, 1870.

SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

TO say that Southern society has been destroyed by the war and the abolition of slavery would be going too far. A great structure, such as the social edifice of a people, does not fall of a sudden: fire and sword, even the earthquake and the inundation, all destroy but partially. The civil war and its dire effects fill but a span of ten years as yet; and what are ten years in the life of a nation? There are portions of the South where no arm was raised, no gun fired, and all kept the even tenor of peaceful life during the dire struggle. And even where war raged in its bitterest fury, and the land was deluged with blood, as in South Carolina, a few old families still stand erect in all the serene calmness which is the precious privilege of great wealth, ancient blood and high breeding. The richest and the poorest classes alike have more or less escaped destruction, the tempest having spared the humble millions that bent low before its fury, while a few have escaped by their eminence. But alas for the so-called middle classes—the honest, hard-working men who lived under their modest vine and fig tree, who tilled the paternal acres and prayed with contented hearts, "Give us neither riches nor poverty!" They had to bear the brunt of the battle in every sense

of the word: they have been swept away, and the South will know them no more.

If Southern society cannot be said to have been destroyed as long as trade and commerce thrive along the sea-coasts, valleys and mountains resound with the busy din of industry, the cotton-fields are white and the corn-fields golden with their rich harvests, and the halls of many a college overflow with eager students, it must nevertheless be acknowledged that there is a fearful struggle going on in its bosom—a social revolution, the like of which the world has seen but once or twice in the history of our race.

The material losses of the South are the very least of its sufferings. What matters it that every bank was broken and every company ruined, that millions were sunk in worthless currency, and mortgages dwindled to a mere nominal value? God has blessed this land more than most others, and the fertility of the soil is fully equal to the elasticity of the national mind. A few good cotton crops, two or three years' success with the cereals and with tobacco, and a fair increase in manufacturing and industrial enterprises, will make the South as rich as it was before the war. By a special providence, war has

not been allowed to bring with it its dread companions, famine and pestilence; and whenever the prophetic words, "Let us have peace!" shall have become a reality throughout the land, the blood-stained battle-fields will once more wave with rich harvests, and the scarred and lacerated hearts will beat again in unison with their brethren and with love for a common country.

But as yet there is no peace in Southern society. Passions once roused to a full flame require much time to calm down and to change into gentler feelings; and with sadness and sorrow it must be confessed there has been no oil and no wine poured into the wounds of the conquered. Accustomed to act with the liberality and generosity which are so often found combined with hasty passions and impetuous action, the people of the South expected the same from others, and were disappointed: they fancied—whether rightly or wrongly does not matter so long as the feeling was there—that the purpose was not only to subdue their strong arms, but to crush their spirits and to break their hearts: the bread they asked for at a brother's hand looked to them like a stone, and the fish that was offered like a serpent; and the waters of bitterness rose in their hearts higher and higher. And yet they were silent. They had surrendered, and they kept their parole; they had promised to be of the Union, and they obeyed its laws: in sorrowful silence they did all they were required to do and bore all that was laid upon them. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and they cared not to lament aloud.

But where men and women, old and young, go about with such burdens weighing upon their souls, with a grief gnawing at their heartstrings, society cannot be joyous, it cannot be healthy. The simple pleasures of rural life are gone for ever where there is no peace of mind; and how can the cheerful farmer of former days look with pleasure upon his impoverished homestead, worked by hired laborers, burdened with heavy mortgages and taxed almost beyond endurance? The simple, hap-

py life of the city has departed, and feverish excitement, a restless desire for high-wrought amusement, and an utter disregard for health and real comfort, have taken its place. The sting of poverty at home and the sight of great wealth at the North, the desire to enjoy life once more and to drown the harrowing memories of the past, have led to an insane haste to be rich, which has rendered social enjoyment almost impossible. Where so much has been lost, the paltry remainder is readily flung after it into the abyss, and where life becomes a lottery, prudence is laid aside and conscience but too often bidden to be silent.

Southern society still consists of the same elements which before the war made it so dear to its members and so attractive to foreigners. It will be different when the present generation has died out, but as yet we meet the same large-hearted land-owner, the same gentle and discreet matron, and the same happy, thoughtless children as of old. Yet the spirit that once animated them all has changed sadly: they have all grown wiser in their generation; their hearts are no longer so open, their hands no longer so ready to grasp yours with hearty kindness, their minds no longer free from suspicion, simple and straightforward. They have hardened in the fiery furnace: they may make better citizens hereafter; they have already, in many cases, become more industrious, more frugal, more provident; but they are happy no longer. They feel—a few clearly, from their knowledge of men and a power to read the signs of the times, others instinctively, often unconsciously—that a new trial is in store for them, harder in many aspects than war itself. They have to pass through a period of transition, to work out great problems, to adapt their native land to a new order of things—to be, in fact, the pioneers of a new era, and, like the settlers of the Far West, to pay with their lives and their happiness for the success and the welfare of those who come after them.

The greatest of all these problems is

the social question, How to reconcile the various forms under which an active, aggressive antagonism presents itself in Southern society? For here lies the danger: if the manly energy and well-tried self-control of the Southern people enable them to fuse the new elements into an organic whole, to bind up the discordant parts by wise statesmanship and personal forbearance, and to accept wisely inevitable evils in order to force them to produce good, then the South will soon be greater and happier than ever, and rise from the struggle and the suffering with increased power at home and greater respect abroad. But the task is a heavy one—calling, not for great acts of daring, efforts of sublime courage, but for the far harder endurance in silence, patient waiting and humble submission to the Divine command: "*Be still*, and know that I am the Lord!"

It is difficult for a people to sit still when the long-accustomed habit of self-government is suddenly interrupted by the rule of outsiders, who from the very force of circumstances must be without familiarity and without sympathy with their wants and their usages. And here was the first bitter antagonism arising between the native and the foreigner. From the governor to the poor-house steward, every office was filled by one of that class which soon became known all over the country as "carpet-baggers." Many of them won the respect of the communities on which the sad state of things not unfrequently forced them against their own wishes, and these were met with courtesy and treated respectfully; but the simple fact of their being Northerners, conquerors and intruders raised an impassable wall between them and their new neighbors. The men mastered the feeling with that facility which alternate political triumphs and defeats naturally engender in republican communities; but the women, always more ready to follow the impulses of the heart than the dictates of reason, would hear of no truce and no peace. With that naïve ignorance which, affected or real, is their

common prerogative, they classed all the new-comers as Yankees, and refused to meet them in society. They thought this conduct plucky; they called it constancy; above all, they found it so sweet to wound where men had failed, and to inflict pitiless scorn where no other weapon was available. It has been a costly indulgence, and bitterly has many a community rued the day on which a commander's heart was stung to the quick by a slight offered to his wife; while not a few fathers have sighed over their inability to control the feelings of some members of their family, when they found that the peace they longed for in public life was not to be obtained even at their own fireside.

In other cases the sentiment of repugnance was well founded, and might have been justified but for the urgent plea of necessity. Violent convulsions, in which society is disturbed to its foundations, are apt to bring to the surface a scum of adventurers and unscrupulous characters, who are eager to extort a reward for their real or pretended services, and who become as annoying and injurious to their friends as they are intolerable to their enemies. Swarms of such locusts settled upon the conquered land, and with the rude ignorance of their class boldly squared their elbows and tried to push their way into society. Need we wonder that they were received with loathing, and that their victims, impoverished, mortified and plunged into unspeakable grief, shrank instinctively from the contact? There they were, notwithstanding—these generals and judges, lawyers and preachers, tax-collectors and Bureau agents, whose every act in the performance of their duty was a humiliation or a wound. There could be no common ground in society on which two such hostile classes might meet—the one flushed with victory and clothed with arbitrary power, the other humbled and wounded, and almost despairing.

Fortunately, the antagonism has diminished with every year, and good sense on both sides has been productive of good-will. The conquerors have

ceased to abuse their brief authority : the conquered have learned to submit to what could not be helped, and even to appreciate whatever deserved respect. Carpet-baggers have been taken by the hand, made at home in many a Southern house, and raised to high stations. Did not Virginia quite recently present the strange spectacle of a New York man vindicating, as governor, her honor against one of her own sons, who attempted to inflict a new humiliation upon her? The Northern man who makes a fair Southern farm his residence is welcomed in all sincerity, and, thanks to the genial influence of the climate and the character of the people, in a short time feels himself at home among those who are no longer his enemies, but friendly neighbors.

A far more difficult antagonism, which has been a source of infinite trouble in Southern society, is that existing between the two classes of debtors and creditors. As there is no enmity bitterer than the enmity of brothers, so here also the very fact that creditors are generally neighbors, familiar with each other's fortunes and foibles, makes the relation more difficult, and often painful in the extreme. Almost everywhere, in the country and in the city, the line of division is sharply drawn, and neither kinship nor friendship prevents frequent estrangement. Most of the Southern States passed so-called Stay Laws after the war, professing to protect the debtor against unfair losses in the forced sale of his property ; but as popular sympathy naturally favors the debtor, as even those who were not really heavily in debt were willing to appear so in order to reap the benefit of like privileges, and as the legislative bodies were apt to contain more debtors than creditors, an apparent favor and immunity were granted to one class of society at the expense of another, producing no little complaint, and interfering most sadly with social relations. The holders of small bonds and moderate liens upon property, the widows and orphans whose modest means had been invested in mortgages by decrees of

courts, and small tradesmen who had long given credit to wealthy customers, found their debtors suddenly pleading their losses by the calamities of the war and the abolition of slavery, and were denied their dues under the protection of the law. They suffered, they hungered, they saw their children growing up untaught, while the debtor, though heavily encumbered and much reduced, still had a sufficiency left, and listened with indifference to the creditor's complaint. He went farther than that : often he felt aggrieved by a request to discharge his obligations, and resented as a personal affront an appeal to his sense of justice. Thus the two classes of debtor and creditor became more and more estranged, and as the Stay Laws were extended from year to year, the breach widened and the bitterness increased on both sides.

Another movement which had been going on at the same time added to the injury thus done to Southern society. Before the war very large fortunes were rare at the South : with the exception of some great cotton and sugar planters, and a few men of large means in the cities, wealth was pretty equally divided, and all lived in ease, without knowing the extremes of great wealth or abject poverty. The latter, especially, was almost unknown save in some remote portions of a few States, and society at large moved easily and free from envy or jealousy. Now, however, this happy state is known no longer, and the contrast between rich and poor is raising a barrier between those who formerly stood on an equal footing. Speculators and contractors have grown rich at the South as well as at the North, and emulate in their style of living the extravagance of Northern cities, while thousands and tens of thousands, once well-to-do, or at least free from care, have sunk into absolute poverty. There is no need to adduce instances or to mention names. It is well known that while the leaders have been rewarded with lucrative positions, their humbler companions may be seen ploughing their fields or tending the little shop in manly independence

and with praiseworthy energy, but not without bitter thoughts in their hearts. A few years ago the wife of a wealthy man was often the friend of her poor seamstress, and the principal of a children's school once entertained at her table the highest in the land. They murmur not and revile not; but how must a society be changed whose members have thus been torn apart and cast upon paths as different as those which in all countries are trodden by the rich and the poor!

The disintegration which this change is effecting is seen especially in the rural regions. The large land-owner, with his improvidence and his boundless hospitality, his wasteful extravagance and his half-selfish, half-generous kindness to his slaves—who reaped largely, but spent all he earned among his neighbors—is becoming extinct, and will soon live only in tradition. He parcels out his vast estate: he builds tenements and sells lots. There is no doubt that the State profits by the change, and the prosperity of the Commonwealth increases: the slovenly husbandry of former years gives way to careful, intelligent tillage: where formerly one man enjoyed much, now many men are happy in a modest competency. But is there no penalty to pay for this grave change? Was the happy life on a large plantation, the open door, the well-served table, the simple, hearty chat around the fireside, worth nothing in summing up the happiness of a people? Is material wealth really the highest of life's aims? Is hospitality no virtue, and good-breeding no advantage? In the mean time, there is an end of the patriarchal life, without care and anxiety, but with much kindly interest in neighbors and sympathy with servants: no more friendly meetings at country churches; no more joyous frolics at Christmas. The neighbors are new-comers, with strange habits and outlandish ways; the servants are hirelings, whom no bond but interest binds to the employer; *Atra Cura* sets behind every horseman, and the skeleton peeps from the cupboard at every con-

vivial meeting. Society has not come to an end, but it is sadly altered; and the rent made by the distinction between rich and poor mars the fair beauty of its robe, till old friends know it no more.

But there is a broader gulf yet that divides the social system into two distinct parts: the antagonism of color. This is not the place to discuss the rights and wrongs of slavery: the institution is dead, and the sooner its very existence among us can be forgotten, the better it will be for both races. But for a generation to come its influences must continue to be felt deeply and universally, and the effects of the measures by which the former relations between master and servant were severed will survive even longer. With one blow the chains were struck from the hands of all slaves, but the same blow cut also the ties that bound them in mutual affection to their masters and their masters' families. Under other circumstances the results of such a sudden, violent severance would have been terrible: a race of so-called barbarians, avowedly held in intolerable slavery, untaught and untutored, were in an instant endowed with liberty, for which they had not struck a blow; men whose ignorance, though by no fault of their own, was as universal as profound, were by an edict admitted to all the rights and privileges of the most gifted man in the land; and, worst of all, the poor chattel, but just before at the mercy of his master, was suddenly called upon in all his ignorance and inexperience to make laws, to administer justice, to dispose of the very lives of those who were in every respect, by nature, by education and hereditary culture, his superiors. No such sudden and violent change is recorded in the annals of mankind. And where revolutions have taken place, bearing similar features, though far less abrupt and violent, they have invariably brought with them bloodshed and anarchy. Not so here. With truly admirable docility and self-control the poor blacks, bewildered rather than intoxicated, have behaved as creditably

in peace as during the war; and while other nations have been carried away by the excitement of new-won liberties to inaugurate a Peasants' War or a Reign of Terror, the African race on our soil has shown a moderation worthy of a higher civilization, and deserving unbounded credit. The merit was their own to a great degree, and far be it from us to deny them their meed; but much also was owing to the long habit of quiet submission, the helpless condition of their former masters, and the certainty of being upheld by the bayonets of a victorious nation. We read, however, another sign in this quiet and peaceful assumption of new powers so suddenly bestowed upon them: it proved conclusively that they bore no ill-will to the whites, partly from a natural kindly disposition of their race, but mainly because they felt in their hearts that they had been in the hands of friends, who had done what could be done for their welfare and happiness.

The poor freedmen! They also have their sad task to work out, and to pass through the ordeal of a period of transition that will call for heavy sacrifices and countless victims. Place the tottering infant on a rock-strewn ground and bid it walk, or take the blind man just restored to sight to a crowded thoroughfare and tell him to push his way through the throng, and you will understand what is the condition of the poor freedman, who has been suddenly ordered to think of the morrow, to provide for his family, and to perform duties of the nature and necessity of which he has not the slightest perception.

He feels no anger in his heart against his former master, and cherishes no bitter resentments for the past; but the affection he once bore for the family, the house and the farm has been severed by the sword of a stranger, and he feels the coldness that gradually takes its place. Nor does his former master look upon him with enmity: he knows but too well that the severance of old ties was not the freedman's doings: he gives him due credit for his moderation and forbearance, and in a thousand

cases, moved by sympathy and pity, he aids him in his hours of helplessness and despair. But what can he have in common with him now? He wants him as a laborer, to be sure, but he pays him high wages and looks upon him as a machine. No more exchanges of kindly greetings, no inquiries after common friends, no sympathy in joy or sorrow. The two races are daily moving farther apart, and in this severance of friendly intercourse both are conscious of a loss for which neither the wider diffusion of wealth nor the acquisition of political rights is as yet felt as an adequate compensation.

And what have we to expect from the altered relations of the two races in infancy and childhood? Though wet-nurses were always rare at the South, and helpless mothers preferred to raise their infants by hand, still thousands of Southern men and women in every generation had been brought up by colored nurses. Physiologists will have to tell us what influence the milk of the African woman had on the physique of the infant, and, above all, how far its character was affected by that of the nurse. Now that there is naturally an end to such help, and white nurses are introduced wherever they can be obtained, the question arises—and it is fraught with importance—What will be the effect of this change? Shall we be able hereafter to trace the subtle but undeniable influence of the nurse in the features and qualities of the next generation?

Perhaps even more telling on the character in after life was the close, unbroken intimacy which prevailed between the children of the master and those of his servants. For long years they were companions, playing together as children in the yard and the kitchen; as boys, sharing the same sports and adventures. They grew up in mutual affection, and the bond was never severed through life, however far apart their paths might lie. As "mammy" to the last claimed and was cheerfully allowed to give her advice, to interpose reproof, and even to take measures of her own

for the good of the family, so the foster-brother remained for life a devoted friend, and was ever greeted with beaming eye and cordial joy. Here also the question arises, with all its serious consequences, What was the effect of this close intercourse upon the citizens of the South? Whatever the answer may be, no one can fail to see that the influence of such intimacies must have been great and lasting, even where its external traces were obliterated. Society must consequently feel the difference: all those friendly relations, beginning in infancy and not severed till the grave, could not be so suddenly broken without grave injury. In all of them, it is true, the serving race received far more than the ruling race, and the freedman will hence feel the loss most grievously in comfort and happiness; but it cannot be denied that the white man also will miss the simple-hearted devotion, the affectionate interest in his welfare and the unswerving attachment to his person which may have been often left unrewarded, but which were always appreciated as sources of happiness.

We must, finally, not overlook the increasing antagonism in Southern society between the educated and the uneducated. In this aspect also a great and mournful change has come over the people, and the transition is here perhaps fraught with the most serious difficulties. Before the war there existed hardly any difference besides that of the educated white and the ignorant black. The former was generally well taught, at his mother's knee, in fair though modest corn-field schools, and at good colleges at the North or at home. The slave, from mistaken policy or from sheer carelessness, was left untaught. The number of blacks who could read and write was, however, very fortunately, larger than the number of whites who could not, and hence society did not suffer from the curse of European countries—a proletariat. Now, however, the breach is here also daily widening between an educated class, consisting of whites only, and an uneducated, ignorant and mercenary class, formed of

so-called mean whites and of freedmen. The five years' break in a whole nation's education was, beyond all question, the most fearful of all the consequences of the war: a whole generation grew up untaught and untutored; and however gratifying may be the sight of hundreds of young men who now devote the last remnant of their fortunes or the fruit of hard labor to acquiring a collegiate education, the injury will be felt long and grievously. Numbers of indigent young men, sons of former overseers and the like, are daily sinking lower and lower in the social scale; and it is often heart-rending to see the freedman and his children receiving instruction for a mere trifle in Bureau and charity schools, while a multitude of white children are growing up, for whose education the impoverished and ill-governed States can make no provision. A class of proletarians is thus gradually formed, and society afflicted with a curse from which the South had heretofore been kept free. These ignorant, untaught men instinctively draw nearer to the freedmen, from whom the barrier of slavery no longer separates them, and jointly they become the easy victims of unscrupulous politicians and the bane of the social system. Common schools, it is true, are in a fair way soon to cover the land: the wisdom of legislators, the good-will of the citizens and the generosity of men like Peabody, are all enlisted in the good enterprise; but the prejudice against a new and unknown institution, the sparsity of the population and the want of good teachers trained in normal schools, will delay for some time the beneficent effects of this admirable system.

All these antagonisms, all these evils, it must be borne in mind, are the inevitable consequences of a terrible convulsion unequaled in its suddenness and violence in the history of society. A state of transition is necessarily as hideous to the observer from without as it is painful to those who have to pass through it and to work out its problems. Fortunately, our people are endowed with an elasticity and a power of adapt-

ing themselves to the exigencies of the times unequalled in the annals of other nations. Southern society, convulsed to its very foundations, torn asunder by the rude hand of the conqueror, and suffering from countless inherent ills, is just now rocking on a storm-tossed sea. But there is no lack of courage: men are facing the evils they have to combat

with bold eyes and stout hearts; they see the task before them, and do not shrink from its appalling gravity; with unflinching pluck and devout trust in the great Helper on high they mean to work out its problems and to regain the peace and happiness of former days.

MARCHMONT.

AMY'S LOVER.

IT was five o'clock—five o'clock on a dull November afternoon—as I, Elizabeth Lacy, the wretched companion of Lady Cunningham, of Northampton Lodge in the town of Rockledge, stood gazing from the dining-room windows at the gray curtain of fog which was slowly but surely rising between my vision and all outward things, and thinking how like it was in color and feeling and appearance to my own sad life. I have said that I was the “wretched” companion of Lady Cunningham: is it very ungrateful of me to have written down that word? I think not; for if a wearisome seclusion and continual servitude have power to make a young life miserable, mine had fairly earned its title to be called so. I had withered in the cold and dispiriting atmosphere of Northampton Lodge for four years past, and had only been prevented rupturing my chains by the knowledge that I had no alternative but to rush from one state of bondage to another. To attend upon old ladies like an upper servant—to write their letters, carry their shawls, and wait upon them as they moved from room to room—this was to be my lot through life; and if I ever dreamed that a brighter one might intervene, the vision was too faint and idealistic to gild the stern realities which were no dreams.

I dare say there are plenty of people in this world more miserable than I

was: indeed, I knew it for a fact even at the time of which I speak; and the few friends I possessed were never tired of telling me that I was better off than many, and that I should strive to look on the bright side of things, and to thank Heaven who had provided me with a safe and respectable home, when I might have been upon the parish. Did not Job have friends to console him in his trouble? Do not we all find in the day of our distress that, whatever else fails, good advice is always forthcoming? Well! perhaps, I *was* ungrateful: at all events, I was young and headstrong, and good advice irritated and worried, instead of making me any better. I knew that I was warmly clothed, whilst beggars stood shivering at the corners of the streets, and that beneath the care of Lady Cunningham no harm could happen to me, whilst women younger than myself broke God's holy laws to put bread in their mouths. And yet, and yet, so perverse is human nature, and so perverse was mine above all others, that, engaged on my monotonous round of duty, I often envied the beggars their liberty and their rags; and even sometimes wished that I had not been reared so honestly, and had the courage to be less respectable and more free. Perhaps one reason why my life chafed me so fearfully was because I had not been brought up to it. Five years before, I

had been the child of parents in good circumstances, and loved and made much of, as only daughters generally are. My father, who held the comfortable living of Fairmead in Dorsetshire, had always managed to keep up the household of a gentleman, and my poor delicate mother and myself had enjoyed every luxury consistent with our station in life. She had had her flower-garden and her poultry and her pony-chair, and I my pets and my piano, and—my lover. Ah! as I stood at the wire-blinded windows of Lady Cunningham's dining-room that sad November afternoon, and recalled these things, I knew by the pang which assailed me at the thought of Bruce Armytage which loss of them all had affected me most. My father and mother, who from my youth up had so tenderly loved and guarded me, were in their graves, and with them had vanished all the luxuries and possessions of my early days; but though I stood there a penniless orphan, with no joy in my present and very little hope in my future, the tears had not rushed to my eyes until my memory had rested on Bruce Armytage. And then they fell so thickly that they nearly blinded me; for mingled with his memory came shame as well as regret, and to a woman perhaps shame is the harder feeling of the two. His conduct had been so very strange, so marvelously strange and unaccountable to me, that to that day I had found no clue to it. When he first came down and took lodgings in Fairmead—for the purpose of studying to pass his examination for the law, he said—he had seemed so very, very fond of me that our engagement followed on the avowal of his love as a matter of course. But then his family interfered: they thought perhaps that he ought to marry some one higher than myself, though my father was a gentleman, and no man can be more: at any rate, *his* father wrote to say that Bruce was far too young (his age was then just twenty) to fix upon his choice for life, and that no regular engagement must be made between us until he returned from the

two years' foreign tour he was about to make. My father and mother said that old Mr. Armytage was right, and that in two years' time both I and my lover would be better able to form an opinion on so serious a matter. Bruce and I declared it was all nonsense, that fifty years of separation could make no difference to us, and that what we felt then we should feel to our lives' end. And they smiled, the old people, whilst our young hearts were being tortured, and talked about the evanescence of youthful feelings whilst we drank our first draught of this world's bitterness. How seldom can old people sympathize with the young! How soon they become accustomed to the cold neutral tints of middle age, and forget even the appearance of the warm fires of youth at which they lighted those passions which time has reduced to ashes! It was so with my parents: they were not unkind, but they were unsympathetic: they rather hoped, upon the whole, that I should forget Bruce Armytage; and in order to accomplish their end they pretended to believe it. But he went, with the most passionate protestations upon his lips that as soon as he returned to England no earthly power should keep us separate; and he never came back to me again! My father and mother had died rather suddenly, and within a few months of each other: our home had been broken up, and at the age of nineteen I had been sent forth upon the world to earn my own living; and at the age of three and twenty I was at the same trade, neither richer nor poorer than at first, but with all my faith in the constancy and honor of mankind broken and destroyed; for Bruce Armytage had never found me out, or, as far as I knew, inquired after me. His family had permitted me to leave Fairmead and enter on my solitary career without a word of remonstrance or regret; since which time I had had no communication with them, though at that period my pride would not have forbidden my sending an account of my trouble to Bruce, believing that he cared for me. Correspondence between

us during his foreign tour had been strictly prohibited, and I had no means of ascertaining his address. For a while I had expected he would write or come to me; but that hope had long died out, and the only feeling I had left for him was contempt—contempt for his fickleness and vacillation, or the pusillanimity which could permit him to give up the woman he had sworn to marry because his father ordered him to do so. No! filial obedience carries very little weight with the heart that is pitted against it; and as I thought of it and him, I bit my lip, dashed my hand across my eyes, and hoped the day might yet come when I should be able to show Bruce Armytage how greatly I despised him.

At this juncture the housemaid came bustling into the room with a little note for me—a dear little, cocked-hat note—which seemed to speak of something pleasant, and at the writer of which I had no need to guess, for I had but one friend in Rockledge who ever sent such notes to me.

"Waiting for an answer," said the bearer, curtly; and I tore it open and devoured its contents:

"DEAR LIZZIE:

"I think you will be *very much* surprised to hear that your little friend Amy is engaged to be married! However, it is quite true, although the business was only settled this morning; and the young gentleman has promised to spend the evening with us, and to bring a cousin whom he is anxious to introduce. Will you come and take tea with us also? The doctor has only just told me that Lady Cunningham dines out to-night, or I should have sent before. Do come, Lizzie. Amy is crazy to see you and tell you all her secrets, and you know that you are always sure of a welcome from

"Your affectionate friend,

"MARY RODWELL."

The perusal of this little epistle threw me into a perfect whirl of excitement and delight, which would have appeared extraordinary to any one who had

not been acquainted with the maddening monotony of my daily existence. These Rodwells, the family of the good old doctor who attended Lady Cunningham, were my only friends in Rockledge, the only people with whom I ever caught a glimpse of a happy domestic life, such as had been once my own. To spend the evening at their large, old-fashioned house, which rang from basement to attic with the sound of happy voices, was the only dissipation by which my days were ever varied, and a relaxation all the more precious because, on account of Lady Cunningham's requirements, it came so rarely to me. And on the afternoon in question, when I had allowed myself to become absorbed by fanciful thought, the cordial and unexpected invitation warmed my chilled spirits like a draught of generous wine. All things seemed changed for me: I no longer saw the gray fog nor remembered my mournful past, but in their stead pictured to myself the brightly-lighted, crimson-curtained room at Dr. Rodwell's house, and heard the ringing laughter and merry jests of his many boys and girls. In a moment I had shaken off my despondency—my eyes sparkled, my heart beat: I was in a flutter of anticipation at the pleasure in store for me.

"Is there any answer, miss?" demanded the housemaid, who had been waiting whilst I read my note.

"Yes, yes: I will go, of course. Say I will be there in half an hour," I replied, for my evening, in consequence of Lady Cunningham's absence, was at my own disposal. "And, Mary, please bring me up a jug of hot water: I am going to take tea with Mrs. Rodwell."

"Well, I'm very glad of it, miss: it's a shame you shouldn't have a holiday oftener than you do," returned my sympathizing hearer as she departed with my answer.

I must say that during my years of servitude I had nothing to complain of respecting the treatment I received from the hands of servants. I have read of needy companions and governesses being cruelly insulted and trampled on by

their inferiors: I never was. From the first they saw I was a gentlewoman, and to the last they treated me as such.

With a hasty vote of thanks to Mary for her kind speech, I ran up stairs to my own bed-room to make the few preparations needful for my visit. I knew that Mrs. Rodwell would not desire me to dress; but to arrange my hair anew with a blue ribbon woven in it, and to change my dark merino body for a clear muslin Garibaldi, made me look fresh and smart, without taking up too much of the precious time I had to spend at her house. Besides, were there not to be some gentlemen present? At that thought my mind reverted to the wonderful news of Amy's engagement, and I could scarcely proceed with my toilet for thinking of it. Little Amy! younger by five years than myself, who had always appeared so shy and modest and retiring, was it possible she could have had a lover without my knowing it? And now to be actually engaged! going to be married at her age! It almost seemed incredible, until I remembered with a sudden sigh that I had been no older myself when Bruce Armytage proposed to me, and had been able to keep my secret very well until the necessity for doing so was over.

But I would not let such thoughts engross me now, for I had no wish to carry a long face to Mrs. Rodwell's house; and so I hurried on the remainder of my things, and wrapping myself up warmly in a dark cloak, hurried bravely out into the evening air. It was then six o'clock, and the fog was denser than before; but what cared I for outer dullness any longer? My imagination ran on before me, vividly picturing the cheerful scene in which I should so soon mingle, and my feet tripped after it, joyous as my heart. I had not far to go, and my eagerness shortened the short way; so that in a few minutes I was rapping at Dr. Rodwell's hall door and scraping my feet upon his scraper. How quickly it was opened by little Amy herself! and what a mixture of bashfulness, pleasure and self-importance was in her blushing face as I threw

my arms around her neck and warmly congratulated her.

"Come up stairs, Lizzie," she entreated in a whisper—"come up and take off your things, and I will tell you all about it."

We were soon in her own room—that cozy room in which she and her younger sister, Mattie, slept, and which bore so many evidences of their mother's tender care and thought for them.

"And so you are really engaged to be married, Amy?" I exclaimed as the door closed behind us. "That was a very astounding piece of intelligence to me, who had never heard the faintest whisper of such a thing before."

"You forget you have not been near us for a month," she answered, laughing; "but the truth is, Lizzie, it was all so uncertain till this morning that mamma said it would be very unwise to mention it to anybody; so that you were the first recipient of the news, after all."

"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with that; and when did you meet him, Amy?"

"Last month, up in London, while I was staying with my aunt Charlesworth."

"And it is a settled thing, then?"

"Oh yes! His parents have consented, and are coming to Rockledge on purpose to call on us. And—and—he came down this morning to tell pa a; and I believe we are to be married in the spring."

"So soon?" I ejaculated, thinking how easily some people's courtships ran.

"Yes," replied Amy, blushing; "and he is here this evening, you know, with his cousin, who is staying at Rockledge with him. He talked so much about this cousin, but oh he is not *half* so nice-looking as himself; and—and—I hope you will like him, Lizzie dear," kissing me affectionately as she spoke, "for I have told him so much about you."

"I am sure I shall, Amy," I replied as I returned her caress: we were on the staircase at the time, descending to the dining-room. "I assure you I am quite impatient to see your hero. By the by, dear, what is his name?"

"Armytage;" and then, seeing my blank look of amazement, she repeated it—"Armytage. Have you never heard the name before? I think it's such a pretty one. Amy Armytage," she whispered finally in my ear, as, laughing merrily, she pushed me before her into the dining-room.

It was all done so suddenly that I had no time to think about it, for before the echo of her words had died away, I was in the midst of the family group, being warmly kissed by Mrs. Rodwell, and Mattie, and Nelly, and Lotty; and shaken hands with by the dear, kind old doctor and his rough school-boys. "Well, Lizzie dear," exclaimed my motherly hostess as she claimed me for a second embrace, "this is quite an unexpected treat, to have you here to-night: I thought we were never going to see you again. But you look pale, my child: I am afraid you are kept too much in the house. Doctor, what have you been about, not to take better care of Lizzie? You should give her a tonic, or speak to Lady Cunningham on the subject."

But the good old doctor stuck both his fingers into his ears. "Now, I'm not going to have any talk about pale looks or physic-bottles to-night," he said: "the time for doctoring to-day is over. Miss Lizzie, you just come and sit between Tom and me, and we'll give you something that will beat all the tonics that were ever invented. Here, Mattie, pass the scones and oat-cakes down this way, will you? If you children think you are going to keep all the good things up at your end of the table, you are very much mistaken;" and with no gentle touch my hospitable friend nearly pulled me down into his own lap.

"Now, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell with an affectation of annoyance, "I will not have you treat my guests in this way. Lizzie has come to see *me*, not *you*, and she sits by no side but mine. Besides, you have not even given me time to introduce the gentlemen to her. Lizzie, my dear, we must all be friends here this evening. Mr. Bruce Armytage; Mr. Frederick Army-

tage—Miss Lacy. And now, doctor, we'll go to tea as soon as you please."

I had known, from the moment of my entering the room that there were strangers in it, but I had not dared to glance their way. Amy's announcement of her lover's name had come too unexpectedly to permit me to form any fixed idea upon the subject, excepting that it was the same as mine had borne, and yet when Mrs. Rodwell repeated it with the familiar prefix, strange to say, I seemed to hear it with no second shock, but to have known the bitter truth all along.

Not so, however, Bruce Armytage; for Mrs. Rodwell's introduction was scarcely concluded before I heard his voice (unforgotten through the lapse of years) exclaim, "Miss Lacy!" in a tone of surprise which could not but be patent to all.

Cold and pulseless as I had felt before, the mere tones of his voice sent the blood rushing from my heart to my head, till the room and the tea-table and the group of living figures swam before my dazzled eyes. I felt my weakness, but I determined all the more that no one else should guess at it, and mentally stamped upon my heart to make it steady against the moment when its energies should be required.

"You have met Mr. Armytage before, Lizzie?" said Mrs. Rodwell with a pleasant astonishment.

Then I lifted my eyes and looked at him. Good God! what is the vital force of this feeling, called love, which Thou hast given to us, far oftener to prove a curse than a blessing, that after years of separation, coldness and neglect it has the strength to spring up again, warm and passionate as ever, at the sight of a face, the tone of a voice or the touch of a hand? Has nothing the power to trample life out of it? Will it always revive when we think it most dead, and turn its pale, mutilated features up to the glare of day? Shall our mortal dust, even when confined in the mould, stir and groan and vainly strive to make itself heard as the step of one whom we have loved passes sorrowfully

over the fresh grass beneath which we lie?

I lifted up my eyes and looked upon Bruce Armytage, to be able to say truly if I had met him before. Yes, it was he, but little altered during our five years of separation, excepting that he had passed from a boy to a man. He colored vividly beneath my steady gaze: for a moment I thought he was about to seize my hand, but my eyes forbade him, and he shrank backward.

"Mr. Armytage and I *have* met before," I said with a marvelous quietness, in answer to Mrs. Rodwell's previous question—"when I was living in my old home at Fairmead; but that is so many years ago that we are nothing but strangers to each other now."

At these words any purpose which he might have entertained of claiming me as an old acquaintance evidently died out of Bruce Armytage's mind; for, retreating a few paces, he bowed coldly to me, and took a seat, where his proper place now was, by Amy's side.

"Oh, not strangers, my dear—oh no!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken my answer in its literal sense. "You must all be friends together here, you know, if it is only for Amy's sake. Mr. Frederick Armytage, will you be so kind as to pass the muffins up this way? Thank you! Now, Lizzie, my dear, you must make a good tea."

I sat down between my host and hostess, triumphant on the subject of the manner in which I had acquitted myself, and feeling strong enough for any future trial; but before many minutes had elapsed I was overtaken by a sickly and oppressive sensation for which I was quite unable to account. The hot flush which had risen to my face whilst speaking to Bruce Armytage died away, leaving a cold, leaden weight upon my breast instead; my pulses ceased their quick leap and took to trembling; the rich dainties which the doctor and his wife heaped upon my plate nauseated me even to contemplate; and a whirring confusion commenced in my head, which obliged me to rally all my forces before I could an-

swer a simple question. The noise and laughter of the tea-table seemed to increase every minute; and if one might judge from the incessant giggling of Amy, Mattie, Nelly and Lotty, the two gentlemen at the other end were making themselves very agreeable. I tried to eat: I tried to force the buttered toast and plum-cake and rich preserves down my throat, but there was something there which utterly prevented my swallowing them.

"Lizzie, my dear, are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Rodwell, presently. The friendly interrogation saved me: I had just been relapsing into a state of weakness which might have resulted in hysteria: her words recalled me to myself. Should all the table know that I was grieving? Or rather should he—who he had deserted me and had sworn himself, who now sat by the side of his newly betrothed—guess that his presence had the slightest power to affect me? Good Heavens! where was my pride? where the contempt which I had hoped to have an opportunity of showing for him? I almost sprang from my chair at the thought.

"Not well, dear Mrs. Rodwell!" I exclaimed, speaking as fast and as shrilly as people generally do under the circumstances: "why, what can make you think so? I never felt better in my life. But, really, you do so oppress me with good things that it is quite impossible I can do justice to them all and talk at the same time. No, doctor, not another piece of cake. I couldn't, really: thank you all the same. You know there is a limit to all things, though you never seem to think so where I am concerned."

Whilst my voice thus rang out, harshly and unnaturally, across the table, I felt that the dark eyes of Bruce Armytage were regarding me from the other end, and I wished I had the courage to stare him down, but I had not. By and by, however, when he was again engaged in conversation, I tried to let my eyes rove in his direction, as though I were an uninterested hearer, but the moment that they reached him, he raised his

own as if by intuition, and my lids dropped again. I hated myself for this indecision, though I felt it was but nervousness, and that were we alone together but for five minutes, I should have strength of mind to look him in the face, and tell him what I thought of his behavior. As it was, however, it was a great relief to me when the doctor gave the order to march, and the whole party adjourned to the drawing-room. As soon as we had entered it, Amy left her lover's side and flew to mine.

"Oh, Lizzie," she whispered as we sat in a corner together, "do tell me what you think of him! I am dying to hear. Is he not very handsome?"

"Very handsome," I answered with closed lips.

"Much better - looking than his cousin?"

"Yes, certainly: there is no comparison between them;" which was true, inasmuch as Frederick Armytage, with his fair hair and blue eyes, was a washed-out, sickly-looking creature by the side of his dark, stalwart cousin Bruce.

"I knew you would say so, Lizzie: I was sure you would agree with me. But just fancy your having met Bruce before! Where was it, and when? I couldn't ask you a lot of questions at tea-time, but you made me so curious."

"Amy," I said suddenly, for I felt this was a subject on which she must not be inquisitive, "when I knew Mr. Bruce Armytage I was living at home with my dear father and mother at Fairmead, and you must be aware that an allusion to those days cannot be a pleasant allusion to me. So, please, like a dear girl, don't ask me any more questions about it, or let me remember that I ever saw your friend before I met him here to-night."

"I won't," said Amy, submissively. "Poor, dear Lizzie!" and she stroked my hand with her soft little palm.

"And do not mention me to him, either. Our acquaintance was but a brief one: he can have no interest left in the matter."

"Oh, but he has, though, Lizzie," with a shy upward glance. "He was talking

about you all tea-time: his cousin and I thought he would never stop. He asked where you were, and what you were doing, and seemed so sorry when I told him of Lady Cunningham, and what a cross old thing she is, and said several times that he could not get over the surprise of having met you here to-night."

"Indeed! He has a more retentive memory than I have: you can tell him so next time he speaks of me." I answered so haughtily that little Amy looked timidly up in my face, and I remembered suddenly that I was speaking of her lover. "There is your mamma beckoning to you, Amy, and Mattie and Tom are clearing away the chairs and tables. I suppose they want a dance. Tell them I shall be charmed to play for them;" and then, seeing that Bruce Armytage was crossing the room with a view to seeking Amy, I quickly left my seat, and taking possession of the music-stool, commenced to rattle off a polka. Soon they were all busily engaged in dancing, and the noise occasioned by their feet and voices almost prevented my hearing the conversation which Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken up a station with her knitting close to the piano, addressed to me.

"You were very much surprised to hear our news, Lizzie, I'm sure," she began, as she bent toward my ear.

"Very much surprised, Mrs. Rodwell—never more so."

"Ah!" with a sigh, "dear Amy is full young—only eighteen last October, you know, Lizzie; but I think she'll be happy. I'm sure I trust so. He is a very steady young man, and they are to live in Rockledge, which is a great comfort to me."

"In Rockledge!" Was I to undergo the pain of continual intercourse with him, or the alternative of quitting my present situation? "Did I hear you rightly, Mrs. Rodwell?"

"Yes, my dear. His papa, who appears to be a very pleasant old gentleman, has decided to set him up in an office here, that Amy may not be separated from her family. So thoughtful of him,

Lizzie, is it not?" Very! I remembered the pleasant old gentleman's conduct on a similar occasion more immediately concerning myself, and could scarcely trust my voice to answer her.

"You have heard that Mr. Armytage is in the law, have you not?" I nodded my head: I had heard it. "A nice profession—so gentlemanly; and he is a fine-looking young man too: don't you think so? I have heard that some people prefer his cousin's looks to his; but beauty is such a matter of taste, and Amy is quite satisfied on the subject. You may stop playing now, my dear, for they have all done dancing. Nelly, child, how hot you are! Come away at once from the draught of the door."

"A waltz, a waltz, Lizzie!" they all shouted as they surrounded the piano.

"Perhaps Miss Lacy is tired," suggested the deep voice of Bruce Armytage. I had been going to plead for a brief respite, but at that sound the desire for repose fled, and without a look in his direction I returned to the instrument and began to play the dance they had asked for. But I had not been so occupied long before I became aware that some one amongst them continued to hover about the piano, and felt by intuition that it was Bruce Armytage. At that discovery my fingers flew faster and more gayly, and I regarded the notes before me with a fixed smile, whilst, in order to keep up my courage, I kept repeating to myself: "He deserted me: he left me for no fault of mine. My father and mother died, and he never came near me in my sorrow. He is fickle, base, dishonorable—unworthy of regard." I tried to set the notes of the waltz that I was playing to the words, "Fickle, base, dishonorable!" but they refused to be so matched, and only seemed to repeat instead, "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him!" and then a blurred mist came before my eyes, and I had to play from memory; for Bruce Armytage had taken up his station at the back of the piano and was looking me full in the face.

"It is a long time since we met, Miss Lacy," he remarked presently, but in

so low a voice that had my hearing not been sharpened by anger at his daring to address me, I do not think I should have caught the words.

"Do you think so?" I answered carelessly, for I felt that I must say something.

"How can you ask? Have the last five years passed so pleasantly as to leave no evidence of the flight of time?"

"Considering," I replied, panting with indignation at what appeared to me such thorough indifference to my feelings—"considering, Mr. Armytage, that during the years you speak of, I have lost both my dear parents, I should think you might have spared me the allusion."

"Forgive me! I did not mean to wound you. But if the loss of your parents is the only loss you have to regret during those five years, you are happier than some, Miss Lacy. Death is natural, but there are griefs (the loss of Love and Hope, for instance) almost too unnatural to be borne."

How dared he, how dared he—he who had treated me in so cruel and unnatural a manner himself, who had but just plighted his faith afresh to my friend—quietly stand there, looking me in the face with his dark searching eyes, and taunt me with the barrenness of the life which he had made sterile? Much as I had loved him—much as I feared I loved him still—I could have stood up at that moment and denounced him to them all as a traitor and a coward. But I thought of Amy, dear little innocent, confiding Amy, and I was silent.

"I have not lost them," I answered him, quietly. "Therefore I cannot sympathize with your allusion. The death of my dear parents was more than sufficient trouble for me: all else of solace that this world can give me is mine."

"Do you mean to tell me—" he commenced quickly.

"I mean to tell nothing," I replied in the same cold tones. "I am not in the habit of discussing my private affairs with strangers. Had you not better go to Amy? I see that she is sitting out this dance."

Upon which he gravely inclined his

head in acquiescence, and left me to myself.

"Lizzie, Lizzie, how fast you have been playing! We are all out of breath," exclaimed Mattie, as she and Tom danced up to my side. "Get up, there's a good girl, and let me take your place: we are going to have a game of 'Magical Music.' Tom, will you go out first? That's right: now, girls, what shall we hide? Oh, papa's keys: they will do, and then, if he wants them, he will take quite an interest in coming and joining in the game himself."

I resigned my seat, and stole a hasty glance at the other end of the room. Mrs. Rodwell was busily engaged upon her knitting, and Bruce was sitting on an ottoman close by Amy's side; so, gasping for fresh air and one moment's solitude, and unperceived by the laughing group of children, I left the apartment and ran hastily up to the bed-room which I had first entered. The gas was lighted there, and the fire burned warmly on the hearth, but in my present state of feeling neither warmth nor light was what I most desired. I felt as though I were choking—as though, if no relief were at hand, I must scream aloud or dash my head against the wall, for my nerves were overstrung, and the Demon of Hysteria was gaining strength with every minute, and I almost feared would win the victory. But pride came to my assistance—that mighty supporter of human weakness—and flying to the window I raised the sash and leaned my head out of it, drinking in deep draughts of the foggy night air. And as I did so, watching the bustle in the street below and the calm stars in the sky above, I felt strength return to me—strength, not to avoid suffering, but to suffer in patience. The tears rose to my eyes and fell quietly over my cheeks, and as they fell they seemed to dissolve the hard, dry lump which had settled in my throat and threatened to deprive me of breath. I thought of Bruce Armytage as I had known him in the past, and my tears fell fast for the loss I had sustained in him; but I thought of him also as I

saw him in the present, and pride and jealousy made me dash them from my eyes, and resolve that if I died—yes, if I died of grief and love and longing combined—he should never have the gratification of knowing that I had retained one particle of my old affection for him. With which intent I hurried on my walking things, determined not to expose myself any longer to the danger of betrayal; but before I had finished doing so, Mrs. Rodwell was in the room, all anxiety to know what had occasioned my sudden absence:

"What is the matter, Lizzie? Did you feel the heat of the room? Why, my dear child, you are never going? It is only just nine o'clock!"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Rodwell, I think I had better do so. Lady Cunningham will not be late to-night, and you know how particular she is about my being at home before her. Please let me go."

"Well, dear, it must not be so long again before we see you. We must try and get up a few parties this winter, as it will be Amy's last in the home circle. And mind, Lizzie, that you are to be one of her bridesmaids: she insists upon it."

"Ah! She is very kind, as you all are, but we will talk of that when the time comes. Good-night, dear Mrs. Rodwell. Kiss the girls for me: I won't go into the drawing-room, such a figure as I am."

But Mrs. Rodwell accompanied me down the stairs, conversing as she went:

"I am sorry the doctor is from home, my dear: he would have seen you round to Northampton Lodge; but he is never to be depended on from one hour to another, you know."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, Mrs. Rodwell: I am used to going alone."

"But I don't half like your doing it, Lizzie: the night is so very dark, and—"

"Allow me to have the pleasure of accompanying Miss Lacy, Mrs. Rodwell," said the voice of Bruce Armytage. We had reached the drawing-room floor by that time, and he stood on the threshold of the open door.

"No, no!" I exclaimed as I shrank backward, "I do not desire it: I would rather go alone;" and with a hasty kiss

on Mrs. Rodwell's cheek, I ran down the remaining stairs and out at the hall door. The wind was blowing fresh and cold as I turned into the open air, and the night was very dark, but I thought of nothing but his offer to accompany me, and I hurried onward. Did he wish to add insult to injury?

But I had not gone far when I heard the sound of footsteps running after me; and I had hardly realized it was indeed himself before he was by my side, apologizing for his presence by the excuse that Mrs. Rodwell had desired him to overtake me and see me home. Would I forgive what might otherwise seem an intrusion to me? I was too indignant to vouchsafe him any answer.

We walked on in silence side by side for several minutes—I with my head bent down and holding my thick cloak around me, and he vainly endeavoring to look me in the face. At last, as though making a great effort, he cleared his throat and said:

"I suppose, after the manner in which you spoke to me at the piano this evening, my pride ought to forbid my attempting any further explanation with you, but in this case I have one feeling more powerful than pride, Miss Lacy, and I must ask you what you meant by saying that all that this world could give of solace was yours?"

"I meant what I said," I answered abruptly; "or, rather, that I require no pity from you or any other stranger. Our paths in life are widely enough divided now: let us each walk in our own track, without interfering with the other."

"That is easier said than done, perhaps," he replied: "it is difficult in this world for people to forget what they have been."

"It does not appear so to me."

"Ah, perhaps you are differently, more happily, constituted than most. They told me so long ago, though I did not believe them. Will you consider an old friend impertinent for asking if that from which you derive your solace now is the same from which you derived it then; and if so, why I still find you unsettled in life?"

Vol. VI.—9

"You are speaking in riddles," I replied: "I do not understand you."

"Your present engagement—is it the same which separated us? Do not be afraid to tell me the truth, Lizzie: I have borne a good deal in my lifetime, and am proof against suffering."

His voice was so tender and kind, so much like the voice which I remembered in the old days of our love, that it won me to listen to him quietly. "My engagement!" I echoed in surprise. "What are you talking of? I have never been engaged—never since—" and then I halted, fearing what my revelation might suggest to him.

"What do you tell me?" he exclaimed. "What object have you in deceiving me? Were you not engaged, even before your parents' death, to young Hassell of Fairmead, and was it not by his father's means that your present situation was procured for you? I little thought to meet you here," he added, bitterly. "I imagined you were married long ago, or I should have been more careful of my own feelings. And now you are engaged for the third time! How easily life runs for some people!"

"Who could have told you such a falsehood?" I said, turning to him. "It is true that old Mr. Hassell stood my friend when I had not one in the world, and that he found my present situation for me; but as to being engaged to his son, why, he is a married man: he married my own cousin."

"Could the mistake have arisen so?" said Bruce Armytage as he seized my hand. "Oh, Lizzie, do not be angry: think what I have gone through! When I returned home from that wretched foreign tour, during which I was not allowed to correspond with you, the first news which I heard from my own family was, that your father and mother had died some eighteen months before, and that you were engaged to Robert Hassell, and living with some old lady (no one could tell me where) until the time for your marriage arrived. I would not believe them: I rushed down to Fairmead myself to make inquiries, and reached there on the very day of young

Hassell's wedding with Miss Lacy. Do you think I was a coward not to stop and see the bride, believing her to be yourself? Perhaps I was; but I flew from the spot as though I had been haunted; and I suffered—ah, Lizzie, I cannot tell how much. It is so fearful, so awful a thing to teach one's self to believe the heart in which we have trusted to be faithless and unworthy."

"I know it," I said in a low voice, which was nearly choked by my tears.

"How I have lived since that time I can hardly tell you," he continued as he pressed my hand. (I knew it ought not to remain in his, but it was so sweet to feel it there.) "I have had very little hope or peace or happiness, though I have struggled on through it all, and made myself a name in my profession. And then to meet you again to-night so unexpectedly, still free, but promised to another, myself and my love so evidently forgotten, and to feel that it has been but a chance that separated us! Oh, Lizzie, it is almost harder than it was at first."

"I am not engaged," I answered, sobbing: "you chose to take my words at the piano as meaning so, but it was your mistake, not mine. I have lived much in the manner you describe yourself to have done—not very happily, perhaps, and finding my best relief in work. But I am glad to have met you, Bruce—glad to have heard from your own lips what parted us; and I thank you for this explanation, though it comes too late."

"But why too late, my dearest?" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Why, if you are free to accept my hand, and can forgive all that has made us so unhappy in the past, should we not bury our mutual trouble in mutual love? Oh, Lizzie, say that you'll be mine—say, that you'll be my own wife, and help me to wipe out the remembrance of this miserable mistake!"

I thought of Amy. I looked at him with astonishment: I recoiled from him almost with disgust. Was I to accept happiness at the expense of that of my dear friends, of the only creatures who

had shown me any affection during my long years of exile from him? Oh no. I would rather perish in my solitude. The very fact that he could propose it to me made him sink lower in my estimation.

"Bruce," I exclaimed, "you must be mad, or I am mad so to tempt you from your duty. Think of all your offer involves—of the distress, the disappointment, the shame it would entail on those who have been more than friends to me; and consider if it is likely I could be so dishonorable to them as to take advantage of it."

"I don't understand you, my darling," he said with a puzzled look.

"Not understand!" I reiterated in surprise, "when your engagement to Amy Rodwell was only settled this morning, and the preliminaries for your marriage are already being talked of! Would you break her heart in the attempt to heal mine? Bruce, we must never see each other again after this evening."

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" he said, shaking his head, "we are playing at dreadful cross-purposes. Did it never enter into your wise little pate to inquire *which* Mr. Armytage was going to marry Amy Rodwell? I can assure you I have no desire or intention to risk getting a pistol-shot through my heart for stepping into my cousin Frederick's shoes."

"And is it really—is it really, then, *Frederick* whom she is going to marry?" I exclaimed, breathless with the shock of this new intelligence. "Oh, how can she?"

"It is indeed," he answered, laughing. "Lizzie, did you seriously think that it was I? Why, what a taste you must give me credit for, to choose that pretty little piece of white-and-pink china, after having had the chance of such a woman as yourself! And now, what is my answer?"

What it was I leave for my readers to guess. Let those who have thirsted until life's blood lay as dry dust in their veins, thrust the chalice of sparkling wine from their parched lips if they will: I am not made of such stern stuff as that.

FLORENCE MARRYAT CHURCH.

THE ONE SWEET THING THAT IS LOST TO ME.

THE dew is off of the full-blown rose,
And the wind will flout it before he goes;
And the down is brushed from the yellow peach;
And the purplest grapes are out of reach;—
And I am as sad as sad can be
For the one sweet thing that is lost to me.

Dear, my friend! it is none of these;
For after the wind will come the bees;
And the peach that ripens toward the south
Is just as sweet for an eager mouth;—
But I am as sad as sad can be,
For a sweeter thing is no more for me.

Why will you make me say it twice?
Leave my life to its own device!
Ah! you say that my hand is cold:
I say that my heart is numb and old;
I say I am sad as sad can be,
That love, sweet love, is no more for me.

But I—I would love you, if I could:
I would nestle to you in tender mood.
I am so weary of being alone,
I needs must make this piteous moan;—
My soul is famished so utterly
For the one sweet thing that is not for me.

You should have come in the Long Ago—
Before my heart went under the snow:
You should have come while the violets bloomed,
Ere the sweet blush-roses were all entombed—
Before I was sad as sad could be,
While love, sweet love, was the world to me.

Now, for the good I should receive
I have so little left to give,
I am ashamed that your love should lie
Low at the feet of such as I;—
Let me be sad as sad can be
That this sweet thing is not for me.

Kiss me but once, upon the brow—
Promise to be my friend from now:
Pity me that I cannot love—
Pity me all the world above!
Leave me as sad as sad can be
For the one sweet thing that is lost to me.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

THE VIRGINIA TOURIST.

III.

"PURGATORY."

THE most romantic route to Punccheon Run Falls is undoubtedly that which leads up the stream, clinging to its banks or stepping along the rocks

beauty. Occasionally he may look a long distance through the cañon. For miles the stream is closely confined by walls of shrub-covered rock; and in the patch of sky overhead the sun is visible but for two or three hours of the day. An old mountaineer remarked to us that none of the deer, bears and other wild animals hunted in that vicinity had ever been known to attempt the crossing of Punccheon Run until it emerges from the mountain, so wild and violent is its course through the chasm above.



"PURGATORY"—VIEW ON PUNCHEON RUN.

piled in its channel. It is perhaps not more difficult than scrambling down the mountain side; and one who can work his way through the "Purgatory" of broken timber, brush and rock, will be rewarded with vistas of wonderful

FISHER'S VIEW.

ABOUT five miles from the Alleghany Springs towers "Fisher's View"—one of the finest and most characteristic mountain views to be found in this region. It is approached by a well-graded road, which will soon be completed to the mountain top, and which is now eked out by a narrow but sound path, along which one may ride safely on horseback.

A few dead, dismantled pines project from the mountain comb, which affords a view around half the horizon. A natural platform juts out, a convenient observatory strewed with leaves and dead soil, on which we may luxuriously re-

cline while "taking in" the delicious beauties of the scene.

We have described it as a *characteristic* mountain view. It is emphatically such, and one obtains here a vivid general idea, a typical impression, of the aspects of our mountainous country. There is scarcely any breadth of landscape in the scene, if we except a patch of open land on which glimmer the white cottages of the springs, and imperfect glimpses of a valley of gray fields breaking away toward the Vir-

ginia and Tennessee Railroad. It is mountains — mountains all around, mountains interminable: now running in straight ranges with almost mathematical precision, now rising into pyramidal points, now jagged and indented by the blue sky. A companion compared the knotted expanse to "tobacco hills." Yet more striking was the homely phrase of an old lady who had never lived above tidewater, and who, having been transported in the night-time on a swift railroad over the Blue Ridge,



FISHER'S VIEW.

looked in the morning from the windows of the cars, and exclaimed, "Law sakes! what a *bumpy* country!"

The name of the view is taken from Fisher, the artist, who made a picture of it last season, declaring that he had seen nothing in Europe to equal its wild and unkempt variety. It is seldom, indeed, that a mountain scene is so little disturbed by "clearings," or any signs of cultivation. Except the buildings of the Alleghany Springs, which lie at our feet, there is nothing in the intervening valleys to indicate the presence of man; while, in the distance, the huge mountains, dark, forbidding and sombre, do

not relent from their frown until far away the dark blue grows fainter and fainter, and they soften to meet the embraces of the sky and mingle in the same light cerulean hue.

LITTLE STONY FALLS.

LITTLE STONY CREEK is a tributary worthy of New River. We had to ride seven miles from Eggleston's Springs to find it, hid as it is in a deep and narrow valley. Hitching our steeds at a saw-mill, we provided ourselves with veritable pilgrims' staffs to aid us on the rugged path to the Falls, half a mile below.

The stream has an average width of fifteen or eighteen feet, but the descent is great, and the water rushes through a deep channel with the volume and contention of a mountain torrent. At times it darts by us with arrowy swiftness; a cape of rock wounds its side, and it writhes for a moment as if in torment; again it passes into cascades,

was to "coon" a small tree, thick with branches, that was found lower down fallen across the chasm. The process is to straddle the tree and work the body along by the hands, with the necessity of "spraddling" in a very ungraceful manner whenever a limb jutting out from the body of the tree is encountered.

I was some time working my passage, and I found that Warren, who was in my rear, had been amusing himself with making a pencil sketch of the performance.

But there was no time for idling, for the sound of the Falls was already in our ears. Spanning a turn of the stream, we came to a decayed wooden walk just on the brow of the Falls, and affording an excellent view. The water descends sixty feet clear; breaks in wild confusion upon a succession of short falls, and then rocks itself in a wide, worn basin fifty feet deep. The impetuosity of the stream has before been spoken of, but here it is grand: it does not fall, but it *leaps* far out into the air, and we might easily stand between it and the wall of blank rock that measures the descent.

With a fierce, almost



LITTLE STONY FALLS.

with here and there a divided current wandering playfully away to a worn basin, and throwing up drops of silvery water far into the air.

The path was rough and difficult enough to please my romantic notions. At one place, where we had to cross the stream, we found the rude bridge had been swept away, and our only resource

deafening, sound the stream springs over the chasm. It is fearfully lifelike, and makes one involuntarily shudder as the torrent, with frothy lip and wild scream, leaps past us to the torture of the rocks below.

At the foot of the Falls the scene and sounds are less terrific. We hear the incessant trampling of the waters on a

succession of short falls below. There are graceful shadows on the rocky face of the cliff; miniature rainbows hang around the falling waters; and for a hundred yards, such is the force of the main fall, the mist floats in the sunbeams and dances in our faces. The framing of the picture is curious. The entire structure of rock is seamed like masonry, and the abutments are almost as well defined as if the hand of man had reared them. But the other surroundings of the scene overpower the suggestion of Art having intruded here.

A mountain crested with towering plumes guards the scene, and Nature reigns in unbroken grandeur around.

THE LURAY VALLEY.

THE Valley of Virginia properly extends from the wall of the Alleghany to the edge of the terrace known as the Atlantic slope, which rises above the maritime or Atlantic plain—this latter at its extremity south of Virginia joining the plain of the Mississippi. The features of it are ridges of hills and



THE LURAY VALLEY.

long valleys running parallel to the mountains. It is rich in soil and cultivation, and has an immense water-power in the streams and rivers which, flowing from the mountains across it, are precipitated over its rocky edge to the plains below. It has been calculated that Rockbridge county alone has in water-power and sites a capacity for manufacturing greater than that of the whole State of Massachusetts!

In a more limited and more common acceptation, the Valley of Virginia has its head in the tract of country between Lexington and Staunton, becoming well

defined toward the latter place, thence gradually widening toward the Potomac, and debouching into the hill region of Pennsylvania. In the late war it was a prominent theatre of strategy, as it afforded the most obvious avenue for an attack on Washington, exposing that city to constant danger from a flank movement.

The most remarkable flexure or minor formation of the valley occurs near the middle of it. About half-way between Staunton and the Potomac two ranges of mountains run parallel for twenty-five miles, uniting in Massanutten (Mes-

inetto) Mountain, which divides the branches of the Shenandoah, and ends abruptly on the south in Rockingham county. This is the Luray Valley—a beautiful vale branching off from and thence running parallel to that main gallery through which the troops of Stonewall Jackson marched in 1862, and where that warrior won his first

spaces of the deep blue sky, at which we look from the narrow vales jutting on the stream, are edged round with dark tree-tops; and beyond is the forest full of whispered mysteries, within which are the dramas of a thousand creations—the birth, life and death of unseen flowers. The picture must be badly stripped in winter. What differences,

indeed, wrought by the seasons on all this "pomp of groves and garniture of fields!" Now tresses of newly-budded flowers hung up in the forest, now "honeycombs of green," and on the warm fields the freckled wings of the butterfly; anon the yellow leaves, and the owl's cry of coming winter.

DRY CREEK.

A RADIUS of about forty miles, sweeping from the Greenbrier White Sulphur as a centre, will describe a circle containing the most important part of the Springs Region of Virginia. Within this circle we have to the north the famous cluster of springs in Bath county—the Warm, the Hot, the Healing and the Alum Springs; the distance to the

former measured by the common route of travel being thirty-five miles; to the east, the Sweet Springs, seventeen miles from the common centre; to the south, the Salt Sulphur Springs, twenty-four miles, and the Red Sulphur Springs, forty-one miles; and to the west, the Blue Sulphur Springs, twenty-two miles.

In leaving this centre of the Springs Region in any direction, we can scarce-



VIEW ON DRY CREEK.

and imperishable laurels. It was terribly devastated at a later day by Sheridan.

The beauties of this valley have often been told. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the Shenandoah in this part of its course. Straying by its banks, we watch the waters rippling under the mottled arms of the sycamores. There is the swell of turf and slanting branches on the hillside; the

ly fail to meet refreshing views of mountain scenery. They lie on every hand. A general description might suit them all, and we select from our sketch-book but one, taken from the scenery of the Greenbrier. It is on Dry Creek, a few miles from the White Sulphur, and may be regarded as a specimen of the extent and combination of mountain views in this part of Virginia. The mountains are not so high or so steep as where the Alleghany ridge is more severely defined; the views are softer; there is more breadth of landscape; there is more for the eye to distinguish and to combine; and the distant mountains, instead of being thrust up as boundaries to our vision, "swell from the vale," and are lost in pleasing indistinctness near the rim of the horizon. In fact, each of the characteristic pictures of mountain scenery in Virginia has its merits: that which rises in clear and abrupt outlines against the sky, and gives bold and distinct effects, and that which in infinite variety of landscape reaches to the limits of vision, and with a mingling of effects yet prefers the picturesque to the sublime.

TROUT POOL.

THE Healing Springs are three miles distant from the Hot, and eight miles from the Warm Springs. The scenes around invite the visitor to numerous walks and repay him with varied recrea-

tions. The valley is hemmed on every side by the coolest and deepest shades, while the buildings shine pleasantly through the trees. On one side, the Warm Springs Mountain pierces the sky with its long bleak boundary, and lower ledges of rock guard recesses which we shrink at first from exploring, but once secluded in which we find places of re-



TROUT POOL.

pose and enjoy a delightful and perfect solitude. At the end of a short walk is a cascade, falling into a gorge where the sun at noonday penetrates with shorn rays and distributes a soft and shaded light. It shines, however, with full splendor on the snowy wreaths which the falling water has twined on the great rocks.

A pleasant recreation is here for the angler, who with pliant rod draws "the gamest of game fish," the speckled trout, from his native element. The sport is as much that of hunting as of fishing, as the angler has to steal upon this timid fish, disporting in the clear, crystal stream, with as silent and stealthy a tread as if still-hunting for deer. He creeps softly along the stream, concealing himself behind a rock, bush or bluff, careful to throw no shadow on the water: from his cover he casts his line with a long pole; the hook is taken at once greedily, if the trout has not been alarmed; and the glittering spoil, with its purple and gold yet reeking with water, is thrown panting on the green sward. It is a fine sport, but we must avoid noise, and practice a careful step, or we spoil the catch. The mountain trout is a gem to look at, and a sweet morsel for the palate when the last offices of the kitchen have been done for him.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THERE was a time when the Natural Bridge was esteemed among the greatest wonders of this continent. Of late years it has languished in obscurity and neglect, visited only by stray travelers from the Virginia Springs, or by frugal pic-nic parties from the near town of Lexington and the neighborhood: so at least we inferred from a notice extraordinary posted at the hotel, warning visitors who omit to patronize the larder that they will be charged fifty cents a head for the privilege of looking at the Bridge! The neglect of this sublime spectacle, once so attractive to the multitude of sight-seers, is difficult to be explained when we consider the easy access to it.

The common route is by way of Lynchburg, thence thirty-eight miles on the James River and Kanawha Canal. The canal divides immediately at the foot of the Blue Ridge, one section extending up the North River to the town of Lexington, and the other pursuing the banks of the James to Buchanan,

short of which you can stop at the mouth of Cedar Creek, within two miles of the Natural Bridge. From a few miles above Lynchburg the route by the canal is adorned with mountain scenery of the richest and most varied description, and the traveler passes slowly, going scarcely more than three miles an hour, through an almost continuous gallery of pictures. The writer on his trip had the advantage of a moonlit night and of the company of some musical ladies. As the boat moves slowly and so easily that unless for passing objects you can imagine it at rest, you see an horizon broken and pierced with mountain spurs; at one time under the shadow of great cliffs, again passing along silver-clad willows, where the James flows placidly through meadows with the trophy of shivered moonbeams on its bosom; in the distance mountains with twinkling fires on them, or the red glare of burning woods kindled by stray fires during the drought; and so, in this dioramic procession, with the music of sweet voices in the air, and the melancholy wail of the boatman's horn occasionally intruding, we travel on to the rugged backbone of the Blue Ridge.

Here, where the James River emerges from the mountains on the line of Amherst and Rockbridge counties, the scene is surpassingly picturesque. Overlooking Balcony Falls, the pyramid-shaped mountain throws in the night its pointed shadow on the mingled waters of the James and North Rivers like a great spear-head to divide them. Where it terminates in the water it falls in a precipitous cliff, the rocky face of which looked at once grand and weird as we saw it in the moonlight. A branch of the canal, as we have said, proceeds up the North River, while that along the banks of the James, which we pursue to our destination, passes into a wilder scene.

The stage-road, coincident here with the canal—either conveyance being at the choice of the traveler—affords a succession of views of the most picturesque and romantic character. As the

traveler enters the gap of the Blue Ridge from the east, the winding course of the stage-coach carries him up the mountain's side until he has gained an elevation of hundreds of feet above the James, over the waters of which the zig-zag and rotten road hangs fearfully. On every side are gigantic mountains, intersected by black ravines; and a mountain rivulet, slight and glittering from amid the primal forest, dashes across the path, and, leaping from rock to rock, goes joyously on its way.

On the North River the scenes are quieter. Emerging here, the traveler sees a beautiful and fertile country opening before him, while the blue outlines still farther west of distant mountains in Rock-bridge bound his vision. The waterscenery is beautiful. Lovely valleys debouch upon the stream; there are peaceful shadows in the steel-blue waters; and on the broad shoulders of the cattle on the banks we see the drapery of the shadows of the trees beneath which they rest. The fisherman standing leg-deep in the water can see his face as in a mirror.

But at present our way does not lie through these scenes. The canal-boat is taking us along the James in the moonlit night, and by the time the day has broken we are within two miles of the Natural Bridge. A rickety team awaits us at the lock-house where we disembark. Through an air filled with golden vapor, and with the mists of the

morning yet hanging in the trees by the wayside, we proceed on our journey. The old stage-coach lumbers along under the thick, overhanging boughs of the forest pines, which scrape its top or strike in through the windows, scattering the dew-drops in the very faces of the passengers, or perhaps smiting their cheeks with the sharp-pointed leaves.



SCENE ON NORTH RIVER.

The first view of the Bridge is obtained half a mile from it at a turn in the stage-road. It is revealed with the suddenness of an apparition. Raised a hundred feet above the highest trees of the forest, and relieved against the purple side of a distant mountain, a whitish-gray arch is seen, in the distance as perfect and clean-cut as the Egyptian inventor of the arch could have defined.

The tops of trees are waving in the interval, and we are relieved from the first impression that it is man's masonry, the work of art, on finding that it supports some fifteen or twenty feet of soil, in which trees and shrubbery are firmly imbedded—the verdant crown and testimony of Nature's great work. Here too we are divested of a notion which we believe is the popular one, that the Bridge is merely a huge slab of rock thrown across a chasm, or some such hasty and violent arrangement. It is no such thing. The arch and the approaches to it are formed of one solid rock: the average width of that portion which forms the Bridge is eighty feet, and beyond this the rock extends for a hundred feet or so in mural precipices, divided by only a single fissure, that makes a natural pier on the upper side of the Bridge, and up which climb the hardy firs, ascending step by step on the noble rock-work till they overshadow you.

This mighty rock, a single mass sunk in the earth's side, of which even what appears is stupendous, is of the same geological character—limestone covered to the depth of from four to six feet with alluvial and clayey earth. The span of the arch runs from forty-five to sixty feet wide, and its height to the under line is one hundred and ninety-six feet, and to the head two hundred and fifteen feet. The form of the arch approaches the elliptical: the stage-road which passes over the Bridge runs from north to south, with an incline of thirty-five degrees, and the arch is carried over on a diagonal line—the very line of all others the most difficult for the architect to realize, and the one best calculated for picturesque effects. It is the proportions of Art in this wild, strange work of Nature, its adjustment in the very perfection of mechanical skill, its apparently deliberate purpose, that render it an object of interest and of wonder. The deep ravine over which it shoots, and which is traversed by the beautiful Cedar Creek, is not otherwise easily passed for several miles, either above or below the

Bridge. It is needful to the spot, and yet so little likely to have survived the great fracture the evidences of which are visible around, and which has made a fissure of about ninety feet through the breadth of a rock-ribbed hill, that we are at first disposed to reflect upon it as the work of man. It is only when we contemplate its full measure of grandeur that we are assured it is the work of God. We have the pier, the arch, the studied angle of ascent; and that nothing might be wanted in the evidences of design, the Bridge is guarded by a parapet of rocks, so covered with fine shrubs and trees that a person traveling the stage-road which runs over it would, if not informed of the curiosity, pass it unnoticed.

But let him approach through the foliage to the side. More than two hundred feet below is the creek, apparently motionless, except where it flashes with light as it breaks on an obstruction in the channel: there are trees, attaining to grander heights as they ascend the face of the pier; and far below this bed of verdure the majestic rock rises with the sharpness of a wall, and the spectator shrinks from contemplating the grand but cruel depths, and turns away with dizzy sensations. But the most effective view is from the base of the Bridge, whither you descend by a circuitous and romantic path. To escape from the hot sun into these verdant and cool bottoms is of itself a luxury, and it prepares you for the deliberate enjoyment of the scene. Everything reposes in the most delightful shade, set off by the streaming rays of the sun, which shoot across the head of the picture far above you, and sweeten with softer touches the solitude below. Standing by the rippling, gushing waters of the creek, and raising your eyes to the arch, massive and yet light and beautiful from its height, its elevation apparently increased by the narrowness of its piers and by its projection on the blue sky, you gaze on this marvel of Nature with increased astonishment. When you have sustained this view of the arch raised against the sky, its black patches

here and there shaped by the imagination into grand and weird figures—among them the eagle, the lion's head, and the heroic countenance of Washington: when you have taken in the proportions and circumstances of this elevated and wide span of rock—so wide that the skies seem to slope from it to the horizon—you are called to investigate other features of the scene which strain the mind and the eyesight less, and are distributed around in almost endless variety. Looking through the arch, the eye is engaged with a various vista. Just beyond rises the frayed, unseamed wall of rock; the purple mountains stand out in the background: beneath them is a row of hills and matted woods enclosing the dell below, while the creek coursing away from them appears to have been fed in their recesses. A few feet above the bridge the stream deflects, and invites to a

point of view of the most curious effect. Taking a few steps backward, we see the interval of sky between the great abutments gradually shut out: thus apparently joined or lapped over, they give the effect of the face of a rock, with a straight seam running down it, and the imagination seizes the picture as of mighty gates closed upon us, and leaving no outlet from the contracted circle of mountains and hills. Now let us move across to a position fronting where these gates apparently close. Slowly they seem to swing open on unseen and noiseless hinges; wider and wider grows the happy interval of sky, until at last wide open stands the gateway raised above the forest, resting as it were on the brow of heaven—a world lying beyond it, its rivers and its hills expanding themselves to the light and splendor of the unshadowed day.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

IN February last, returning from Washington to Philadelphia, Mr. Jay Cooke found as his companions the Russian and Spanish ministers and some of their attachés. An interesting conversation upon the subject of our great rebellion took place, and mutual inquiries were made as to various incidents and circumstances connected with each of these countries—Russia, Spain and the United States. M. de Catacazy, the Russian minister, was particularly eloquent when describing his own country and its institutions, and especially ardent in expressions of love and affection for the Emperor Alexander. An incident showing the regard and sympathy felt for the United States by the emperor is worthy of being related: When M. de Catacazy was summoned to the Imperial palace to receive his instructions before sailing for Amer-

ica, he found the emperor engaged in writing a letter to the empress, who was absent. The emperor soon completed his letter, and turned to converse with the minister, his whole manner showing the earnestness and affability of his nature. "I have sent for you," said the emperor, "to give you instructions as to the conduct of your mission. I wish you to assure the American nation of our earnest and hearty sympathy and respect. Whatever you can do to draw the two nations more closely together, and to unite our interests more and more inseparably, you will be expected to do. The friendship between the two nations has been, and must continue to be, based on reciprocal appreciation and discretion. All my instructions are summed up in these few words. I have nothing more to say."

In further continuing the conversa-

tion, which now turned upon the subject of the emancipation of the serfs, M. de Catacazy, with great enthusiasm, narrated the following deeply interesting incidents connected with that great event. These incidents are familiar to all intelligent Russians, although probably now for the first time made known to the American people. Nothing was farther from the thoughts or intentions of the emperor Nicholas, the father of the present emperor, or of his advisers, or of the nobles of Russia, than the act consummated by the present emperor—the universal emancipation of the serfs. When a boy of nine years, Alexander, sitting one morning at the breakfast-table with the emperor and empress, his governess standing near, was observed to be leaning his head upon his hand, and apparently in deep thought. His mother asked him, "What are your thoughts my son?" As the boy hesitated, the question was repeated, when, looking up with an earnest and deeply serious air, he said, "I was thinking how, when I become emperor, I can make free all my poor countrymen who are now slaves." His mother was startled by this answer, whilst the emperor Nicholas turned pale. The governess, fearing that the charge might be made that her influence over the child had caused this strange and unaccountable remark, was much disconcerted. The empress earnestly questioned the boy as to the origin of this extraordinary thought. After some hesitation he answered that he had learned it in church and from God's word, wherein the duty of loving one's neighbor as one's self, and of doing unto all men as we would have them do unto us, was so often and so earnestly inculcated. He thought that it was not right that those poor people should for ever remain slaves. The subject was not again alluded to, but the young prince pondered all such things in his heart, and as he grew older grew stronger in his determination to confer this great boon upon his subjects.

On his accession to the throne, Alexander immediately sent for a man of

eminent piety and honesty, as well as of a strong intellect, and entrusted his thoughts and plans to him. These two, in the recesses of the palace, with God's eye upon them, and with an earnest desire within them to carry out in the best manner possible the great plan of emancipation, devised and put into operation that vast scheme, the result of which has been the freedom of all the serfs of Russia.

At this point M. de Catacazy impressively asked, "How much do you think, Mr. Cooke, our noble emperor gave up of the revenues of himself and his immediate family?"

Mr. C. replied that he could not form an idea.

"He gave up more than twenty millions of dollars of *annual revenue*!"

"How many serfs, think you, were liberated by one stroke of the emperor's pen? Why, over sixty millions. And how many families were raised from a position of slavery to become owners of homesteads? Why, over twenty millions of separate families; and now no slave, no serf, can be found in all the wide domain of the Russian empire."

"What is the population of the Russian empire at present, and what are its divisions?"

"The population is about eighty-two millions, of which between fifty and sixty millions are emancipated serfs; some seven or eight hundred thousand, not more, are of the noble classes, heretofore the owners of the serfs and all the lands; some seven to eight hundred thousand belong to the clergy; the remainder, some eighteen millions, is made up of merchants, mechanics, professional men, etc. Under the old régime slaves could not own land, but they were required to reside, generation after generation, on the same lands. The nobles did not own the slaves, but as they owned the land to which the slaves by law were attached, it amounted to the same thing. The merchants and some few other classes, not serfs, could own a small portion of land. The absolute power to regulate the oc-

cupation of the serf and to grant or refuse his claim to redeem himself was vested in the land-owner. Many serfs were thus controlled who had risen to a respectable station as merchants or mechanics.

"The following authentic anecdote has been told of Count Scheremetieff, the richest nobleman in Russia, who owned the land upon which four hundred thousand serfs were employed, and who is still engaged in immense enterprises throughout the entire dominion of Russia—manufacturing, mining and agricultural operations. It is said that by the decree of the emperor he had to part with at least one million acres of land, to furnish homesteads for his four hundred thousand serfs. This rich nobleman, being very fond of oysters, and desiring to give a grand dinner in St. Petersburg on one occasion when this luxury could not be had from the ordinary sources of supply, made it known that any serf of his who should supply him with a certain quantity of oysters for this feast, should have his freedom. Now, it frequently happened that amongst the serfs there were some who were permitted to leave the estates and enter into various pursuits in life; some even attaining to a high position in professional and mercantile pursuits, but still dependent as serfs upon the land to which they were attached, and deprived of all the privileges of freedom—even of the few accorded to such members of the mercantile and mechanical classes as had never been serfs. Count Scheremetieff owned a serf who had become eminent as a merchant in St. Petersburg. This man had frequently offered any price for his freedom, but hitherto had been unable to obtain it. He now saw his opportunity, and with great tact and energy secured the required supply for his master's table, and thus purchased his own freedom. The name of the enfranchised serf is Smouroff, and he is worth six millions of dollars."

The emperor Alexander has tried to deal justly by his nobles, as well as to place it in the power of every freedman

to obtain a home. The nobles were called upon to relinquish about a third of their land, to be distributed in small parcels among the emancipated serfs, who were required to pay for it in labor or otherwise, at a fair valuation. The terms were made easy, the payment being extended over a period of forty-nine years, in equal annual installments; and in order to avoid difficulty or contention between the former masters and serfs, the imperial government assumed these payments to the land-owner, and the serf made his payments to the government. It was also provided that the land-owner could receive his pay from the government at once, upon a discount of twenty per cent.—a very moderate rate of interest for forty-nine years. By these wise and judicious measures no injustice has been done to the nobility, while at the same time an incentive to labor and to effort has been given to those who have suddenly found themselves transferred from slavery to freedom. Had this policy been pursued in our own country, justice would have been secured to the freedmen, while all classes would have participated in the beneficial results.

Under the present laws of Russia any one can hold land who has the industry and energy to acquire it. The moral and material results of this wholesale emancipation have, as yet, only begun to develop themselves; but to give an idea of what has already been accomplished, M. de Catacazy stated that the emancipated serfs have already, under a system of taxation, established over fifteen thousand schools for the education of their children, and the number is constantly increasing.

As an illustration of the physical and material development consequent on this movement, he cited the fact that since the emancipation over eleven thousand miles of railroad have already been built, and eight thousand miles more are at this time in process of construction.

The story which recently went the rounds of our press that the emperor

Alexander was addicted to habits of intemperance is pronounced by those who know him to be false and without foundation. The present emperor ascended the throne in February, 1854. The empress Mary was formerly a German duchess. Their first-born son is dead. The names of the surviving children are—Alexander, Waldemar, Alexis, Serge and Mary.

The third son, Alexis, who is said to be contemplating a visit to this country during the present year, is in the naval service. Somewhat more than a year ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flag-ship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Alexis to take charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman declined to obey the order. It was peremptorily repeated: "I, your commanding officer, order you into the boat." "Admiral, I cannot obey you," said the young prince. "It would not become the son of the emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you to the last." "But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so."

"I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," rejoined the youthful hero.

In due time almost the entire crew reached the shore in safety, only some four or five having perished in the transit from the ship. Among the last to land were the admiral and the grand duke Alexis. Tents were hastily erected from the sails and spars of the ship saved from the wreck, and the rigid discipline of ship-life was promptly resumed. The young prince was placed under arrest for his previous disobedience of orders. As soon as possible, the Russian minister at Copenhagen was informed of the facts, and telegraphed them to the emperor, from whom he received the following reply: "I approve the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

There is a vast field opened for American enterprise in Russia. It is well known that American engineers and capitalists have always been warmly welcomed by the government and people of Russia, and this fact has undoubtedly tended as much as any other to unite the two countries sympathetically together.

OLD BOOK SHOPS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

A PAGE printed or written, though apparently one of the most ephemeral, is often in fact one of the most enduring, of human productions. The number of volumes still in existence which date from before the invention of printing is enormous, while the printed volumes are almost innumerable. In this year of grace, 1870, the modern civilized world has used the art of printing a little more than four centuries. We are too apt to think that the activity of the press is peculiarly a characteristic

of the present, but examination shows that from its first invention it justified the proverb that of the making of books there is no end. A short and simple enumeration of the titles and editions of the *incunabula*—that is, of the books printed before the year 1500—made with all a German bibliographer's conciseness by Hain, in his *Repertorium Bibliographicum*, occupies four good-sized octavo volumes, printed in small type and with all possible abbreviations.

Altogether, we have here enumerated

16,312 publications, consisting of different works, or different editions of the same work, made in about the space of forty years. It has been estimated that an average edition with the old printers was about five hundred copies.* It would hardly be less than that, since many of the publishers at that time did not possess a sufficient supply of type to set up an entire volume, much less to keep the forms locked up and ready to print from as the demand declared itself, but each sheet was printed in the required number, and then the form broken up and re-distributed, in order to give the type for printing the next. A smaller sale than five hundred copies would hardly therefore repay the labor of publishing, even though things were cheaper then than now.

Supposing that these 16,312 editions consisted each of 500 copies, this would give us eight millions one hundred and fifty-six thousand volumes printed and offered for sale in Europe within a space of a little over forty years. In this view of the case the publishing activity of the fifteenth century will not compare unfavorably with that of the nineteenth. Within that time, also, the art was exercised in two hundred and twelve different cities of Europe, which fact of itself does much to account for the general diffusion of books at a time when railroads and expresses were things of the distant future. The speedy reduction in the prices of books shows, too, that the supply was large. From manu-

script notes written on the fly-leaves of many of the early copies in the Imperial Library at Paris, M. Van Praet, the well-known bibliographer, and the librarian of that collection, has given us the means of judging of the prices of books at this time. A copy of the *Civitate Dei*, printed at Rome in 1467, and bought from the printers, Sweynheym and Pannartz, cost eight gold crowns and ten baiocchi, say \$18. A volume of *Commentaries* upon the same work, printed at Mayence in 1473, folio, by Peter Schœffer, and containing also the *Fasciculus Temporum*, was bought from the printer himself for four crowns by the prebend of Sainte Croix at Paris, though the regular price, as the note goes on to say, was eleven crowns. This shows that then, as now, clergymen had the privilege of buying books at an irregular discount. In 1493, however, a copy of the *Legenda Sanctorum*, printed at Nuremberg in 1488, 4to, and containing 529 pages, was bought for a crown, or about \$6 of our money. At the end of the *Catholicon*, printed at Rouen in 1499, are some verses telling how common books had then become, and how cheap, so that the poor even could have volumes which formerly kings and princes could scarcely buy. The last two of these verses are:

"Quem modo rex, quem vix princeps modo rarus habebat,

Quisque sibi librum pauper habere potest."

A singular proof of the avidity with which the press of that early time seized upon anything new, and one which is peculiarly interesting to an American, is the fact that as many as six different editions of the letter written by Columbus, giving a description of his discovery, were printed within a year after his return, and that these were printed in Paris and Rome. The letter was written in Spanish by Columbus before his return to Spain, while, on his voyage home, he lay off the island of St. Mary, one of the Azores, and was addressed to Sanchez, or Sanxis, the Crown treasurer.

The text of these various editions is a Latin translation made by Leander de

*Petit Radel, in his *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques*, makes the number of editions of the fifteenth century 14,750, and calculates the number of copies in each edition at 435. This estimate he arrives at as an average between 275 and 1100, which were the figures given by Sweynheym and Pannartz, the first printers in Rome, in a petition to Pope Sixtus IV., as the least and the greatest number of their editions. Using these data, he averages the volumes printed in Europe before 1500 at 5,153,000. This is better bibliography than arithmetic. Hain's enumeration of the works printed during the fifteenth century is, however, the more complete, and was published after the appearance of the *Recherches*; while to estimate the average edition at 500 copies is probably nearer the truth than 435, since in 1470, Vindelin de Spire found an edition of 400 copies of Sallust so quickly exhausted that he printed another the next year, as appears from this second edition. In 1526, Colineus printed at Paris an edition of 24,000 copies of the *Colloquies* of Erasmus.

Cosco. It is also exceedingly probable that many other editions have been lost. In the *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima* we have enumerated fourteen different publications mentioning the discovery of America, and published in 1493, which shows that the press of the time was prompt in diffusing important intelligence.

The demand for books during the earlier existence of the press is also shown by facts like this: that the publishing house of Aldus issued during its existence as many as twenty-one editions of Cicero's *Familiar Letters*, while Renouard's *Annales des Alde*, which consists of a complete list of the publications of this single house, is a work occupying four octavo volumes.

When the facts of the productiveness of the press and the indestructibility of books are taken together, it is evident that the four centuries during which the art has been practiced in Europe must have left immense stores of books there.

In France and in England, Paris and London are especially the centres for old books, any important collection in either of these countries being almost invariably sent to the capital when the possessor wishes to dispose of it. In our country, where the distances are so enormous, there is nothing analogous in the old book trade to this centralization in France and England. In Great Britain this centralization is all but complete. London absorbs nearly the whole trade in old books of that all-preserving, compact, snug little island. Edinburgh has some old book shops and a good deal of literary activity, but it is all of a more or less provincial kind. The publishing interest of Dublin was formerly very considerable, and that city still offers some opportunities for game to the book-hunter. The second known copy of the quarto *Hamlet* of 1603 was brought up to London in 1856 by a Dublin bookseller, who had bought it from a student of Trinity College, who had brought it up to Dublin in his trunk from Nottinghamshire. Tradition says that the lucky bookseller bought it for a shilling, because it wanted the title-

page. He sold it to Mr. Boone, the well-known London bookseller, for seventy pounds. Mr. Boone sold it to Mr. Halliwell, the Shakespearian collector, for one hundred and twenty pounds. From Mr. Halliwell's hands it passed into the British Museum, that bourne from which no traveling volume ever returns.

It is a singular fact, showing that there is a providence which presides over the destinies of books, that up to that time the only copy known of this 1603 quarto edition of *Hamlet* was one in the possession of the duke of Devonshire, who bought it in 1825 for two hundred and fifty pounds from Payne & Foss, the famous booksellers of that period. It was bound up in a volume with twelve other plays, and had been in the possession of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Shakespeare editor. Payne & Foss paid for it one hundred and eighty pounds. It had the title-page, but was deficient in the last page of the text, so that this Dublin copy gave us the whole of the text of this edition.

This complete text, and that of the quarto of 1604, which is almost equally scarce — only three copies, it is said, being known — were published in facsimile together in 1860. This reprint is so arranged that the texts front each other on the opposite sides of the open pages, and thus show in a striking manner the corrections, emendations and additions made by the author. Those to whom the play of *Hamlet* is only the Cibberized, Garrickized, Kembleized, theatreized version ordinarily represented on the stage, should read this volume carefully, while to the student of Shakespeare or of literary history it is invaluable.

In Birmingham, in Liverpool, in Oxford, and in a few other English towns, there is some trade in old books, but nothing of any importance. London is the great mart. From all over England book-buyers and collectors look there for their prizes; and their collections, in turn, if sold after their death, are sent there again to be disposed of, and are generally sold at auction. Hence

the book-auctions of London are very important in every point of view. The business is almost entirely in the hands of two firms—Wilkinson in Wellington street, Strand, and Puttich, in Leicester Square, in the house formerly occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The season for sales commences early in the fall, and lasts through the winter, well into the summer. The sales commence at one o'clock, and, as the catalogues say, "most punctually" or "precisely." The books are generally on view a day or two before the sale. During the season there are no more interesting places of resort in London than the auction-shops. Between these two establishments and Christie's in King street, Pall Mall, whose specialty is pictures and all kinds of artistic collections, but who has also frequent sales of books, an amateur will always find entertainment.

Besides these, there is Hodgson, in Chancery lane, who seems to have the monopoly of legal sales of the books which most probably come out of Chancery suits, for of all possible rubbish what is offered at these sales takes the lead. Here are mountains of old theology, miles of defunct law, solid masses of old novels and other light reading, which are just old enough to have lost all interest, and yet not old enough to have any value—ephemeral publications which have outlived their day. Sometimes, but rarely, there are good books to be obtained here, and at low prices, but as a general rule there can be no duller reading than a catalogue of these sales, unless it be the books themselves.

It is, however, worth one visit to admire the business-like rapidity with which the sale is conducted. Precisely at the minute indicated on the catalogue, the auctioneer, a thorough-looking business man, of the English type, with a clean-shaved chin, side whiskers, an immaculate shirt collar, and his dress constructed on the English ideal—intended apparently to combine all possible ugliness with all possible comfort—ascends the sort of rostrum, and while taking

off his hat, as a sort of salutation to the company, says, "Gentlemen, the sale will commence. What shall I have for Number One? Shall I say five shillings? four shillings? three shillings? one shilling? sixpence? Mr. Jones.—Lot Number Two. Shall I say three shillings? two shillings? Mr. Smith.—Lot Number Three," etc. This is kept up until the sale is finished, when the auctioneer, while he is resuming his hat, says, "Gentlemen, the sale is ended: I am obliged for your kindness;" and leaves his rostrum as rapidly as he entered it. To buy at these sales requires a constant and vigilant attention.

Where the books all go to is a wonder. Probably to the junk-shops, and thence to the mills, since they often sell for less than they are worth as old paper by the pound. It is said, however, that Australia is slowly developing a literary taste, and yearly absorbs all the dead stock of the circulating libraries of England. Perhaps much of the theology and law goes there, since nothing gives such an air of learning to a study or an office as rows of reverend and wise-looking volumes, while not one client or parishioner in a thousand but will take them on trust, or who has the knowledge himself, should he have his suspicions, to discover their worthlessness.

In the auctions at the West End things are conducted in a different manner. There is the same punctuality and the same amount of business transacted, but the style is different, as is the company who attend. The chief booksellers of London are represented here, either in person or by proxy. If the sale is an important one, the room will be filled with London booksellers and amateurs, with most likely several from the Continent. When the sale is one which will peculiarly interest American buyers, the catalogues will have been published long enough beforehand to have been circulated in this country, and there will be many orders from here.

The books sell generally at their market values, though of course there

are, as at all auctions, bargains to be obtained.

For example, a few years ago a collection of American newspapers, made by Gordon during the war of the Revolution to serve as his material for writing the history of that struggle, and comprised in five volumes, were sold for not quite two pounds a volume. But then they were very badly catalogued, and the sale took place during the height of the late war, and Englishmen generally were of the opinion then that this country was irretrievably ruined. Fortunately, they were secured for this country, and are now in the private collection of a gentleman of New York.

Many such opportunities do not occur, for the growing taste for book-collecting, both in England and America, has made the investment in choice and rare books so certain and profitable that the booksellers do not let them pass easily.

The number and importance of these sales are surprising, and appear to be yearly increasing. It is said that some years ago, Lilly, the well-known bookseller, undertook to purchase everything important which was offered, but soon had to give up this idea, as beyond the capacity of any one man's purse.

The stocks of the London booksellers, gathered as they are from these sales, are of course most interesting to the student. It would be difficult to say which firm among the old booksellers of London is the chief: they have most of them specialties, but the following general classification may serve: In Piccadilly and Pall Mall are those who find their customers among the rich and fashionable. Here are costly books in splendid bindings, fit for centre-tables, ladies' boudoirs and libraries, which are purchased more for ostentation than for use. As there is, however, in England a wealthy and cultivated class, here can also be found good books and choice. A set of Harper's double-columned novels, bound in full morocco and heavily gilt, such as is displayed in the carved cases of the gaudily-frescoed

room called the library in a certain Fifth avenue mansion, would hardly find a purchaser in London. The culture, like the wealth, of its aristocracy is too old for such a naïve display as that.

In Pall Mall, in close vicinity to the clubs, the old book stores are still elegant, but more learned. Here is Quaritch, while in Bond street, in the midst of the aristocratic shopping quarter, is Boone's shop, containing one of the most extensive and best-selected stocks of rare and valuable old books in London. It has been gathered from the auction sales during a series of years, and by the personal visits of Mr. Boone himself to all the cities and towns of Europe where a rare or choice volume was to be found. The old gentleman is to be met anywhere and everywhere on the Continent where books are for sale.

In a walk from the foot of Regent's street, down the Strand to Temple Bar, with an excursion through King William street to Leicester Square or Covent Garden, might be found nearly all that is most distinctive in the old book trade of London.

In King William street are several establishments, the most noteworthy of which is Bumstead's, whose specialty is curious books, such as have any eccentricity about them. His stock comes under the head of "old," since it is his rule to buy nothing printed after 1800. About Covent Garden and Drury lane will be found books in all conditions, suited to all persons. Here is Bohn's great stock—he of the guinea catalogue, a volume surpassed in thickness only by the London Post-Office Directory. Of late years, however, his passion has been more for gaining a reputation as editor of the works he publishes. His name in this capacity is upon a more numerous army of volumes than even Dumas claims as his own, and, it is whispered by the captious, with even less right. This idiosyncrasy, however, does not affect either the magnitude or the value of his collection. Not far from here will be found J. Russell Smith,

well known for his reprints of old English authors. His stock is choice.

In one of the dirtiest of the King streets with which London abounds is Lilly's shop. To step from the street, with its squalor and filth, its second-hand clothing stores, green-groceries and itinerant peddlers (who seem to remain always stationary and never to sell more than a penny's worth at a time), into this shop, with its immense stock of rare and valuable books, selected with skill and knowledge from the sales of the past twenty or thirty years, seems almost like some of the magical transformations of the *Arabian Nights*.

Lower down the Strand, as it approaches Temple Bar, we come to Holywell street, thickly clustered upon both sides with small shops, whose specialty is the flash and sporting class of literature which has made the name synonymous, to London ears, with moral filth. The indecent trade of London seems to centre here, though some reputable shops have remained in the street, despite its loss of character.

Just below this we come to Temple Bar. Here was formerly Richard Carlile's shop, the focus for the publication and sale of the "liberal" or atheistic books of fifty or sixty years ago. He published a cheap print which he labeled "God for a Shilling," and hung it conspicuously in his window. It was a face made up from pictorial representations of isolated texts from the Psalms and other parts of the Bible. The excitement it caused was very great, and his windows were frequently broken by zealots of the time. Persecution, however, only increased his trade, and being one of that class of persons who delight in it, he enjoyed the excitement none the less because it gave his publications the notoriety they would not otherwise have had. Finally, the matter got into the courts, and Lord Eldon, who has the honor of appearing as a prominent actor in all the shameful suits of the time in which bigotry and persecution invoked the willing co-operation of the law, sentenced him several times to imprisonment. Carlile

was, however, unconquerable as long as enough notice was taken of him to keep him notorious. Finally, when the authorities became tired and left him severely alone, his business, being deprived of the stimulus of their gratuitous advertising, dwindled away. The odor of "liberalism" still clings, however, to this locality, and Hone's *Apocryphal New Testament* is still published near Temple Bar. Around this locality also most of the sidewalk shops or stalls are kept, and unquestionably some of the identical stalls are still standing from which Lamb, when he lived in the Temple, hard by, joyfully purchased many of his treasures.

The nameless something which so broadly distinguishes everything French from everything English is seen in the difference between the book-shops of Paris and those of London. The English ways are solid and stolid, the French are light, but neat and precise. It is a difference between quantity and quality. The English book-shops are large and crowded with enormous stocks—the French book-shops are small, but neatly arranged and well selected. All along the *quais*, from Notre Dame to the Palace of the Corps Législatif, fronting the Seine and looking over to the Louvre, the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, as they lie along in a line upon the opposite bank, are to be found the French booksellers' *boutiques*, and here centres the old book trade of Paris.

Sauntering along this half mile or so, we start from Notre Dame, leave the Musée de Cluny on our left, with the Sorbonne, the Collège de France and the schools just beyond it; pass before the Mazarin Library, in which the Academy holds its sessions, then the École des Beaux Arts, the house in which Voltaire died, and finally the headquarters of the Legion of Honor. In this short walk we have passed from the Lutetia of the Romans, through the Paris of the Middle Ages—represented in the University—the Paris of the Bourbons, that of the Revolution, to the Paris of to-day. At one end lies the students' quarter,

and at the other the Faubourg St. Germain. What more fitting and appropriate spot in which to rummage among old books, those silent but eloquent historians of the past?

All along the stone parapet which borders the river side of the street, the *bouquinists*—that is, the sellers of *bouquins*, which is the trade term for such old volumes as are approximating or have already reached the condition of trash—display their wares in open boxes. These are arranged according to the price. All in the first box, say two francs a volume; then in the next box those for a franc and three quarters; and so on down to those for five centimes, or a cent, apiece.

At the French book-auction sales the volumes which are not considered worth the cost of cataloguing are sold in lots of ten to fifty volumes at a time. The volumes to be sold are never shown before the sale, and are sold at so much the lot. The *bouquinist* obtains his supply here, and his almost invariable rule is (he being generally as ignorant of the value of books as a swine is of pearls) to put those volumes which to his unprejudiced judgment appear to be valuable in the box of highest price. If after a reasonable time they still remain unsold, they are moved down to the next, and so on till they arrive at the lowest. A frequenter of the *quais*, who is aware of this fact, can amuse himself, if he choose, by speculating upon this peculiarity. He sees, for example, a book he wants in the two-franc box: if he leaves it, some one else may snap it up, but should this not happen, he will be able in a certain time to have it for a franc and a half, or even for a franc. To adjust this balance of contingencies is an intricate problem, in which theory goes for nothing, and only long experience is of any avail. Even the most skillful sometimes fail, but even then there has been the pleasurable excitement of speculation, the same excitement which throngs the Stock Exchange, and makes bulling or bearing gold so passionately pursued by thousands.

There are often great bargains to be picked up in these boxes, and many collectors daily make their rounds. Numerous traditions and stories are current concerning the treasures which have thus been secured for a trifle. It is said that a complete set of what is called the Elzevir Molière was thus picked up, volume by volume, by a persistent collector, who added to his vigilance the virtue of early rising, and was thus enabled to be on the ground when the *bouquinists* arranged their wares in the morning. To a French collector this is similar to finding, one by one, all the various quarto Shakespeares, and securing them for as many shillings. Such a result would almost repay a lifetime spent in ceaseless search, even looking at the matter simply as a money speculation.

The book auctions of Paris take place generally in a house in the Rue des Bons Enfants, a street running near the Palais Royal. Here in the season there are as many as four or five sales an evening in as many different rooms. The book auctions of Paris take place here always in the evening. At the Hôtel Druot, which is up above the Boulevard des Italiens, and which is chiefly occupied for the sale of pictures, furniture, curiosities, etc., sales of books sometimes occur, and generally in the daytime. In the Rue des Bons Enfants the books on view during the daytime are for sale in the evening.

A French book auction is conducted in quite a different way from an English one. In London the auctioneer and his assistants are all that are required, but things are managed otherwise in France. There to sell a book at auction are required—first, the *commissaire-priseur*, or auctioneer, who holds his office by appointment of the government, and is obliged to give security that he will perform his duties honestly and faithfully. Like all official or semi-official persons in France, he is a gentlemanly person. With him come a crier, who is a man of stentorian voice, and a clerk to keep the accounts, etc. Besides these, comes some

bookseller, who has made out the catalogue, and is called an expert, and who assists at the sale. With him is some one to take the books from the shelves, place them on the table, and replace them when sold.

The commissaire-priseur, and his clerk and the bookseller, seat themselves behind a table which separates them from the audience: the crier and the assistant stand to perform their duties. Having saluted the company, the commissaire says, "Gentlemen, the sale will commence." "Lot Number One," says the bookseller, while his assistant places it on the table. Then, reading the title from the catalogue, he puts a price upon it, say ten francs. "Ten francs," says the commissaire. "Ten francs!" cries the crier. If no one present accepts, "Shall I say nine?" says the commissaire. "Nine francs!" cries the crier; and so on until some one accepts the offer. Then the bids commence, and may rise much above the price at which the book was placed upon the table.

When the sale is in full blast the noise is at times deafening. Surging above it all is the voice of the crier, bawling out the bids as he catches them or as they are given him by the commissaire or the expert, who are both on the lookout for them, and who are also both frequently repeating them, and encouraging the competition by appeals to the buyers or commendations of the lot offered.

The trade is always well represented at any sale of importance, and the books sell generally at their market value. There is always added in the bills five per cent. for the expenses, and this item enhances the price of expensive lots considerably.

The catalogues of these auction sales are carefully made. The books are classified by subjects, and not being merely anonymous auctioneer lists, but prepared by a bookseller, who signs his name to them and has a professional pride in their accuracy and completeness, they are frequently of real value. In England the books are arranged alphabetically and classed by the form,

and as each day's sale is made up of a portion of each class, the catalogue is valueless for reference, since it has to be read through in order to find any special object in it.

Though enormous quantities of books are sold at these auctions, and though the Parisian booksellers are constantly making excursions to other parts of France, and even to England and other countries, for the purpose of replenishing their stocks, yet their shops are small, and none of them contain a quarter of the number of books to be found in any one of a dozen shops in London. The tasteful way in which the books are arranged, and generally their excellent condition, together with the skill with which they have been selected, make these shops seductive places even in that city of seductions.

Book-binding in Paris is very cheap and excellent. Of course a Capé, a Simier, or any one of the leaders in this art, can ask his own price, but then his work, by its neatness, its accuracy and artistic finish, justifies him. Good half-binding in real morocco, edges uncut, top and back gilt, will cost about three francs a volume, on the average; that is, sixty cents, in gold. The same, in an imitation morocco, that which we generally get here for real, is about a franc and a half, or thirty cents an octavo volume. At these prices the work is done with a neatness and accuracy almost impossible to find here. This fact, and the superiority of the climate of Paris, make the stock of the booksellers there look much more attractive than that of the London shops. There, the dampness, the fogs and the constant cloud of soot soon render the books even in the shops tarnished and dirty, while those exposed in the open air on the stalls become almost hopelessly grimy and filthy.

The Parisian booksellers, as a class, are also better informed concerning their wares than those of London. Many of them are students and expert bibliographers: especially is this so with those who unite with their regular trade the profession of experts at the auction

sales. In proof of this statement it is only necessary to refer those of our readers who are curious in matters of bibliography to such publications as the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, the *Journal de l'Amateur des Livres*, the *Archives du Bibliophile*, the *Ami des Livres*, and others, all of which are published by

booksellers as supplementary attractions to the regular sale catalogues of their stocks, and to which many of the best-informed students of literature in France contribute. The business of old books, thus conducted, rises to the dignity of a profession. And why should it not always be so? E. H.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER X.

MR. HART AND CAPTAIN STUBBER.

WHEN George Hotspur left Humblethwaite, turned out of the house by the angry baronet early in the morning—as the reader will remember—he was at his own desire driven to Penrith, choosing to go south rather than north. He had doubted for a while as to his immediate destination. The Allinghams were still at Castle Corry, and he might have received great comfort from her ladyship's advice and encouragement. But, intimate as he was with the Allinghams, he did not dare to take a liberty with the earl. A certain allowance of splendid hospitality at Castle Corry was at his disposal every year, and Lord Allingham always welcomed him with thorough kindness. But George Hotspur had in some fashion been made to understand that he was not to overstay his time; and he was quite aware that the earl could be very disagreeable upon occasions. There was a something in the earl of which George was afraid; and, to tell the truth, he did not dare to go back to Castle Corry. And then, might it not be well for him to make immediate preparation in London for those inquiries respecting his debts and his character which Sir Harry had decided to make? It would be very difficult for him to

make any preparation that could lead to a good result; but if no preparation were made, the result would be very bad indeed. It might perhaps be possible to do something with Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber. He had no other immediate engagements. In October he was due to shoot pheasants with a distinguished party in Norfolk, but this business which he had now in hand was of so much importance that even the pheasant-shooting and the distinguished party were not of much moment to him.

He went to Penrith, and thence direct to London. It was the habit of his life to give up his London lodgings when he left town at the end of the season, and spare himself the expense of any home as long as he could find friends to entertain him. There are certain items of the cost of living for which the greatest proficient in the art of tick must pay, or he will come to a speedy end; and a man's lodging is one of them. If indeed the spendthrift adapts himself to the splendor of housekeeping, he may, provided his knowledge of his business be complete and his courage adequate, house himself gloriously for a year or two with very small payment in ready money. He may even buy a mansion with an incredibly small outlay, and, when once in it, will not easily allow himself to be extruded. George Hotspur, however, not from any want

of knowledge or of audacity, but from the nature of the life he chose to lead, had abstained from such investment of his credit, and had paid for his lodgings in St. James street: He was consequently houseless at the moment, and on his arrival in London took himself to a hotel close behind the military club to which he belonged.

At this moment he was comparatively a rich man. He had between three and four hundred pounds at a bank in which he kept an account when possessed of funds. But demands upon him were very pressing, and there was a certain Captain Stubber who was bitter against him, almost to blood, because one Mr. Abraham Hart had received two thousand pounds from the proceeds of Sir Harry's generosity. Captain Stubber had received not a shilling, and had already threatened Cousin George with absolute exposure if something were not done to satisfy him.

George, when he had ordered his dinner at his club, wrote the following letter to Lady Allingham. He had intended to write from Penrith in the morning, but when there had been out of sorts and unhappy, and had disliked to confess, after his note of triumph sounded on the previous evening, that he had been turned out of Humblethwaite. He had got over that feeling during the day, with the help of sundry glasses of sherry and a little mixed curaçoa and brandy which he took immediately on his arrival in London; and, so supported, made a clean breast of it, as the reader shall see:

"DEAR LADY A," he said: "Here I am, back in town, banished from heaven. My darling, gentle future papa-in-law gave me to understand, when I told him the extent of my hopes last night, that the outside of the park gates at Humblethwaite was the place for me; nevertheless he sent me to Penrith with the family horses; and, taking it as a whole, I think that my interview with him, though very disagreeable, was not unsatisfactory. I told him everything that I could tell him. He was kind enough

to call me a blackguard (!!!) because I had gone to Emily without speaking to him first. On such occasions, however, a man takes anything. I ventured to suggest that what I had done was not unprecedented among young people, and hinted that while he could make me the future master of Humblethwaite, I could make my cousin the future Lady Hotspur; and that in no other way could Humblethwaite and the Hotspurs be kept together. It was wonderful how he cooled down after a while, saying that he would pay all my debts if he found them—satisfactory. I can only say that I never found them so.

"It ended in this: that he is to make inquiry about me, and that I am to have my cousin unless I am found out to be very bad indeed. How or when the inquiries will be made I do not know, but here I am to prepare for them.

"Yours always most faithfully,

G. H.

"I do not like to ask Allingham to do anything for me. No man ever had a kinder friend than I have had in him, and I know that he objects to meddle in the money matters of other people. But if he could lend me his name for a thousand pounds till I can get these things settled, I believe I could get over every other difficulty. I should as a matter of course include the amount in the list of debts which I should give to Sir Harry; but the sum at once, which I could raise on his name without trouble to him, would enable me to satisfy the only creditor who will be likely to do me real harm with Sir Harry. I think you will understand all this, and will perceive how very material the kindness to me may be; but if you think that Allingham will be unwilling to do it, you had better not show him this letter."

It was the mixed curaçoa and brandy which gave George Hotspur the courage to make the request contained in his postscript. He had not intended to make it when he sat down to write, but as he wrote the idea had struck him that if ever a man ought to use a friend

this was an occasion for doing so. If he could get a thousand pounds from Lord Allingham, he might be able to stop Captain Stubber's mouth. He did not believe that he should be successful, and he thought it very probable that Lord Allingham might express vehement displeasure. But the game was worth the candle, and then he knew that he could trust the countess.

London was very empty, and he passed a wretched evening at his club. There were not men enough to make up a pool, and he was obliged to content himself with a game of billiards with an old half-pay naval captain, who never left London, and who would bet nothing beyond a single shilling on the game. The half-pay navy captain won four games, thereby paying for his dinner, and then Cousin George went sulkily to bed.

He had come up to town expressly to see Captain Stubber and Mr. Hart, and perhaps also to see another friend from whom some advice might be had; but on the following morning he found himself very averse to seeking any of these advisers. He had applied to Lady Allingham for assistance, and he told himself that it would be wise to wait for her answer. And yet he knew that it would not be wise to wait, as Sir Harry would certainly be quick in making his promised inquiries. For four days he hung about between his hotel and his club, and then he got Lady Allingham's answer. We need only quote the passage which had reference to George's special request:

"Gustavus says that he will have nothing to do with money. You know his feelings about it. And he says that it would do no good. Whatever the debts are, tell them plainly to Sir Harry. If this be some affair of play, as Gustavus supposes, tell that to Sir Harry. Gustavus thinks that the baronet would without doubt pay any such debt which could be settled or partly settled by a thousand pounds."

"D—d heartless, selfish fellow! quite incapable of anything like true friendship," said Cousin George to him-

self, when he read Lady Allingham's letter.

Now he must do something. Hitherto, neither Stubber, nor Hart, nor the other friend knew of his presence in London. Hart, though a Jew, was much less distasteful to him than Captain Stubber, and to Mr. Abraham Hart he went first.

Mr. Abraham Hart was an attorney—so called by himself and friends—living in a genteel street abutting on Gray's Inn road, with whose residence and place of business, all beneath the same roof, George Hotspur was very well acquainted. Mr. Hart was a man in the prime of life, with black hair and a black beard, and a new shining hat, and a coat with a velvet collar and silk lining. He was always dressed in the same way, and had never yet been seen by Cousin George without his hat on his head. He was a pleasant-spoken, very ignorant, smiling, jocosely man, with a slightly Jewish accent, who knew his business well, pursued it diligently, and considered himself to have a clear conscience. He had certain limits of forbearance with his customers—limits which were not narrow; but when those were passed he would sell the bed from under a dying woman with her babe, or bread from the mouth of a starving child. To do so was the necessity of his trade, for his own guidance in which he had made laws. The breaking of those laws by himself would bring his trade to an end, and therefore he declined to break them.

Mr. Hart was a man who attended to his business, and he was found at home even in September. "Yes, Mr. 'Oshspur, it's about time something was done now, ain't it?" said Mr. Hart, smiling pleasantly.

Cousin George, also smiling, reminded his friend of the two thousand pounds paid to him only a few months since.

"Not a shilling was mine of that, Captain 'Oshspur—not a brass fardin'. That was quite neshesshary just then, as you know, Captain 'Oshspur, or the fat must have been in the fire. And what's up now?"

Not without considerable difficulty Cousin George explained to the Jew gentleman what was "up." He probably assumed more inclination on the part of Sir Harry for the match than he was justified in doing, but was very urgent in explaining to Mr. Hart that when inquiry was made on the part of Sir Harry as to the nature of the debt, the naked truth should not be exactly told.

"It was very bad, vasn't it, Captain 'Oshspur, having to divide with that fellow Stubber the money from the 'Orse Guards? You vas too clever for both of us there, Mr. 'Oshspur; veren't you now, Captain 'Oshspur? And I've two cheques still on my 'ands which is marked 'No account!' 'No account' is very bad. Isn't 'No account' very bad on a cheque, Captain 'Oshspur? And then I've that cheque on Drummond, signed— God knows how that is signed! There ain't no such person at all. Baldebeque! That's more like it than nothing else. When you brought me that, I thought there was a Lord Baldebeque; and I know you live among lords, Captain 'Oshspur."

"On my honor I brought it you just as I took it at Tattersall's."

"There was an expert as I showed it to says it is your handwriting, Captain 'Oshspur."

"He lies!" said Cousin George, fiercely.

"But when Stubber would have half the sale-money for the commission—and wanted it all too!—Lord! how he did curse and swear! That was bad, Captain 'Oshspur."

Then Cousin George swallowed his fierceness for a time, and proceeded to explain to Mr. Hart that Sir Harry would certainly pay all his debts if only those little details could be kept back to which Mr. Hart had so pathetically alluded. Above all, it would be necessary to preserve in obscurity that little mistake which had been made as to the pawning of the commission. Cousin George told a great many lies, but he told also much that was true. The Jew did not believe one of the lies, but then

neither did he believe much of the truth. When George had finished his story, then Mr. Hart had a story of his own to tell:

"To let you know all about it, Captain 'Oshspur, the old gent has begun about it already."

"What, Sir Harry?"

"Yes, Sir 'Arry. Mr. Boltby—"

"He's the family lawyer."

"I suppose so, Captain 'Oshspur. Vell, he vas here yesterday, and vas very polite. If I'd just tell him all about everything, he thought as 'ow the baronet would settle the affair off-and. He vas very generous in his offer, vas Mr. Boltby; but he didn't say nothin' of any marriage, Captain 'Oshspur."

"Of course he didn't. You are not such a fool as to suppose he would."

"No; I ain't such a fool as I looks, Captain 'Oshspur, am I? I didn't think it likely, seeing what vas the nature of his interrogatories. Mr. Boltby seemed to know a good deal. It is astonishing how much them fellows do know."

"You didn't tell him anything?"

"Not much, Captain 'Oshspur—not at fust starting. I'm a-going to have my money, you know, Captain 'Oshspur. And if I see my vay to my money one vay, and if I don't see no vay the other vay, vhy, what's a man to do? You can't blame me, Captain 'Oshspur. I've been very indulgent with you—I have, Captain 'Oshspur."

Cousin George promised, threatened, explained, swore by all his gods, and ended by assuring Mr. Abraham Hart that his life and death were in that gentleman's keeping. If Mr. Hart would only not betray him, the money would be safe and the marriage would be safe, and everything would easily come right. Over and above other things, Cousin George would owe to Mr. Abraham Hart a debt of gratitude which never would be wholly paid. Mr. Hart could only say that he meant to have his money, but that he did not mean to be "ungenteel." Much in his opinion must depend on what Stubber would do. As for Stubber, he couldn't speak to Stubber himself, as he and Stubber

"were two." As for himself, if he could get his money he certainly would not be "ungenteel." And he meant what he said—meant more than he said. He would still run some risk rather than split on an old customer such as "Captain 'Oshspur." But now that a sudden way to his money was opened to him, he could not undertake to lose sight of it.

With a very heavy heart Cousin George went from Mr. Hart's house to the house-of-call of Captain Stubber. Mr. Boltby had been before him with Hart, and he augured the worst from Sir Harry's activity in the matter. If Mr. Boltby had already seen the captain, all his labor would probably be too late. Where Captain Stubber lived, even so old a friend of his as Cousin George did not know. And in what way Captain Stubber had become a captain, George, though he had been a military man himself, had never learned. But Captain Stubber had a house-of-call in a very narrow, dirty little street near Red Lion Square. It was close to a public-house, but did not belong to the public-house. George Hotspur, who had been very often to the place-of-call, had never seen there any appurtenances of the captain's business. There were no account-books, no writing-table, no ink even, except that contained in a little box with a screw which Captain Stubber would take out of his own pocket. Mr. Hart was so far established and civilized as to keep a boy whom he called a clerk, but Captain Stubber seemed to keep nothing. A dirty little girl at the house-of-call would run and fetch Captain Stubber if he were within reach, but most usually an appointment had to be made with the captain. Cousin George well remembered the day when his brother captain first made his acquaintance. About two years after the commencement of his life in London, Captain Stubber had had an interview with him in the little waiting-room just within the club doors. Captain Stubber then had in his possession a trumpery note of hand with George's signature, which, as he stated, he had

"done" for a small tradesman with whom George had been fool enough to deal for cigars. From that day to the present he and Captain Stubber had been upon most intimate and confidential terms. If there was any one in the world whom Cousin George really hated, it was Captain Stubber.

On this occasion Captain Stubber was forthcoming after a delay of about a quarter of an hour. During that time Cousin George had stood in the filthy little parlor of the house-of-call in a frame of mind which was certainly not to be envied. Had Mr. Boltby also been with Captain Stubber? He knew his two creditors well enough to understand that the Jew, getting his money, would be better pleased to serve him than to injure him. But the captain would from choice do him an ill turn. Nothing but self-interest would tie up Captain Stubber's tongue. Captain Stubber was a tall, thin gentleman, probably over sixty years of age, with very seedy clothes and a red nose. He always had Berlin gloves, very much torn about the fingers, carried a cotton umbrella, wore—as his sole mark of respectability—a very stiff, clean, white collar round his neck, and invariably smelt of gin. No one knew where he lived, or how he carried on his business; but, such as he was, he had dealings with large sums of money, or at least with bills professing to stand for large sums, and could never have been found without a case in his pocket crammed with these documents. The quarter of an hour seemed to George to be an age, but at last Captain Stubber knocked at the front door and was shown into the room.

"How d'ye do, Captain Stubber?" said George.

"I'd do a deal better, Captain Hotspur, if I found it easier sometimes to come by my own."

"Well, yes; but no doubt you have your own profit in the delay, Captain Stubber."

"It's nothing to you, Captain Hotspur, whether I have profit or loss. All you 'as got to look to is to pay me what

you owe me. And I intend that you shall, or by G— you shall suffer for it! I'm not going to stand it any longer. I know where to have you, and have you I will."

Cousin George was not quite sure whether the captain did know where to have him. If Mr. Boltby had been with him, it might be so; but then Captain Stubber was not a man so easily found as Mr. Hart, and the connection between himself and the captain might possibly have escaped Mr. Boltby's inquiries. It was very difficult to tell the story of his love to such a man as Captain Stubber, but he did tell it. He explained all the difficulties of Sir Harry's position in regard to the title and the property, and he was diffuse upon his own advantages as head of the family, and of the need there was that he should marry the heiress.

"But there is not an acre of it will come to you unless he gives it you?" inquired Captain Stubber.

"Certainly not," said Cousin George, anxious that the captain should understand the real facts of the case to a certain extent.

"And he needn't give you the girl?"

"The girl will give herself, my friend."

"And he needn't give the girl the property?"

"But he will. She is his only child."

"I don't believe a word about it. I don't believe such a one as Sir Harry Hotspur will lift his hand to help such as you."

"He has offered to pay my debts already."

"Very well. Let him make the offer to me. Look here, Captain Hotspur, I am not a bit afraid of you, you know."

"Who asks you to be afraid?"

"Of all the liars I ever met with, you are the worst."

George Hotspur smiled, looking up at the red nose of the malignant old man as though it were a joke; but that which he had to bear at this moment was a heavy burden. Captain Stubber probably understood this, for he repeated his words:

"I never knew any liar nigh so bad as you. And then there is such a deal worse than lies. I believe I could send you to penal servitude, Captain Hotspur."

"You could do no such thing," said Cousin George, still trying to look as though it were a joke, "and you don't think you could."

"I'll do my best, at any rate, if I don't have my money soon. You could pay Mr. Hart two thousand pounds, but you think I'm nobody."

"I am making arrangements now for having every shilling paid to you."

"Yes, I see. I've known a good deal about your arrangements. Look here, Captain Hotspur, unless I have five hundred pounds on or before Saturday, I'll write to Sir Harry Hotspur, and I'll give him a statement of all our dealings. You can trust me, though I can't trust you. Good-morning, Captain Hotspur."

Captain Stubber did believe in his heart that he was a man much injured by Cousin George, and that Cousin George was one whom he was entitled to despise. And yet a poor wretch more despicable, more dishonest, more false, more wicked or more cruel than Captain Stubber could not have been found in all London. His business was carried on with a small capital borrowed from a firm of low attorneys, who were the real holders of the bills he carried, and the profits which they allowed him to make were very trifling. But from Cousin George during the last twelve months he had made no profit at all. And Cousin George in former days had trodden upon him as on a worm.

Cousin George did not fail to perceive that Mr. Boltby had not as yet applied to Captain Stubber.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. MORTON.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS before Saturday, and this was Tuesday! As Cousin George was taken westward from Red Lion Square in a cab, three or four dif-

ferent lines of conduct suggested themselves to him. In the first place, it would be a very good thing to murder Captain Stubber. In the present effeminate state of civilization, and with the existing scruples as to the value of human life, he did not see his way clearly in this direction, but entertained the project rather as a beautiful castle in the air. The two next suggestions were to pay him the money demanded, or to pay him half of it. The second suggestion was the simpler, as the state of Cousin George's funds made it feasible; but then that brute would probably refuse to take the half in lieu of the whole when he found that his demand had absolutely produced a tender of ready cash. As for paying the whole, it might perhaps be done. It was still possible that with such prospects before him as those he now possessed, he could raise a hundred or hundred and fifty pounds; but then he would be left penniless. The last course of action which he contemplated was to take no further notice of Captain Stubber, and let him tell his story to Sir Harry if he chose to tell it. The man was such a blackguard that his entire story would probably not be believed; and then was it not almost necessary that Sir Harry should hear it? Of course there would be anger, and reproaches, and threats, and difficulty. But if Emily would be true to him, they might all by degrees be leveled down. This latter line of conduct would be practicable, and had this beautiful attraction—that it would save for his own present use that charming balance of ready money which he still possessed. Had Allingham possessed any true backbone of friendship, he might now, he thought, have been triumphant over all his difficulties.

When he sat down to his solitary dinner at his club, he was very tired with his day's work. Attending to the affairs of such gentlemen as Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber—who well know how to be masterful when their time for being masterful has come—is fatiguing enough. But he had another task to perform before he went to bed, which

he would fain have kept unperformed were it possible to do so. He had written to a third friend to make an appointment for the evening, and this appointment he was bound to keep. He would very much rather have stayed at his club and played billiards with the navy captain, even though he might again have lost his shillings. The third friend was that Mrs. Morton to whom Lord Allingham had once alluded. "I supposed that it was coming," said Mrs. Morton, when she had listened, without letting a word fall from her own lips, to the long rambling story which Cousin George told her—a rambling story in which there were many lies, but in which there was the essential truth that Cousin George intended, if other things could be made to fit, to marry his cousin Emily Hotspur. Mrs. Morton was a woman who had been handsome—dark, thin, with great brown eyes and thin lips, and a long, well-formed nose: she was in truth three years younger than George Hotspur, but she looked to be older. She was a clever woman, and well read too, and in every respect superior to the man whom she had condescended to love. She earned her bread by her profession as an actress, and had done so since her earliest years. What story there may be of a Mr. Morton who had years ago married and ill-used and deserted her, need not here be told. Her strongest passion at this moment was love for the cold-blooded reprobate who had now come to tell her of his intended marriage. She had indeed loved George Hotspur, and he had been sufficiently attached to her to condescend to take aid from her earnings.

"I supposed that it was coming," she said in a low voice when he brought to an end the rambling story which she had allowed him to tell without a word of interruption.

"What is a fellow to do?" asked George.

"Is she handsome?"

George thought that he might mitigate the pain by making little of his cousin: "Well, no—not particularly. She looks like a lady."

"And I suppose I don't." For a moment there was a virulence in this which made poor George almost gasp. This woman was patient to a marvel, long-bearing, affectionate, imbued with that conviction so common to women and the cause of so much delight to men—that ill-usage and suffering are intended for women; but George knew that she could turn upon him, if goaded far enough, and rend him. He could depend upon her for very much, because she loved him; but he was afraid of her. "You didn't mean that, I know," she added, smiling.

"Of course I didn't."

"No; your cruelties don't lie in that line: do they, George?"

"I'm sure I never mean to be cruel to you, Lucy."

"I don't think you do. I hardly believe that you ever mean anything, except just to get along and live."

"A human must live, you know," said George.

In ordinary society, George Hotspur could be bright, and he was proud of being bright. With this woman he was always subdued, always made to play second fiddle, always talked like a boy, and he knew it. He had loved her once, if he was capable of loving anything; but her mastery over him wearied him, even though he was, after a fashion, proud of her cleverness, and he wished that she were—well, dead, if the reader choose that mode of expressing what probably were George's wishes. But he had never told himself that he desired her death. He could build pleasant castles in the air as to the murder of Captain Stubber, but his thoughts did not travel that way in reference to Mrs. Morton.

"She is not pretty, then—this rich bride of yours?"

"Not particularly: she's well enough, you know."

"And well enough is good enough for you, is it? Do you love her, George?"

The woman's voice was very low and plaintive as she asked the question. Though from moment to moment she could use her little skill in pricking him

with her satire, still she loved him; and she would vary her tone, and as at one minute she would make him uneasy by her raillery, so at the next she would quell him by her tenderness. She looked into his face for a reply when he hesitated. "Tell me that you do not love her," she said, passionately.

"Not particularly," replied George.

"And yet you would marry her?"

"What's a fellow to do? You see how I am fixed about the title. These are kinds of things to which a man situated as I am is obliged to submit."

"Royal obligations, as one might call them."

"By George, yes!" said George, altogether missing the satire. From any other lips he would have been sharp enough to catch it. "One can't see the whole thing go to the dogs after it has kept its head up so long. And then, you know, a man can't live altogether without an income?"

"You have done so, pretty well."

"I know that I owe you a lot of money, Lucy; and I know also that I mean to pay you."

"Don't talk about that. I don't know how at such a time as this you can bring yourself to mention it." Then she rose from her seat and flashed into wrath, carried on by the spirit of her own words: "Look here, George: if you send me any of that woman's money, by the living God, I will send it back to herself. To buy me with her money! But it is so like a man."

"I didn't mean that. Sir Harry is to pay all my debts."

"And will not that be the same? Will it not be her money? Why is he to pay your debts? Because he loves you?"

"It is all a family arrangement. You don't quite understand."

"Of course I don't understand. Such a one as I cannot lift myself so high above the earth. Great families form a sort of heaven of their own, which poor broken, ill-conditioned, wretched, common creatures such as I am cannot hope to comprehend. But, by Heaven! what a lot of the vilest clay goes to the mak-

ing of that garden of Eden! Look here, George: you have nothing of your own?"

"Not much, indeed."

"Nothing. Is not that so? You can answer me, at any rate."

"You know all about it," he said—truly enough, for she did know.

"And you cannot earn a penny?"

"I don't know that I can. I never was very good at earning anything."

"It isn't gentlemanlike, is it? But I can earn money."

"By George, yes! I've often envied you. I have indeed."

"How flattering! As far as it went you should have had it all—nearly all—if you could have been true to me."

"But, Lucy, about the family?"

"And about your debts? Of course I couldn't pay debts which were always increasing. And of course your promises for the future were false. We both knew that they were false when they were made. Did we not?" She paused for an answer, but he made none. "They meant nothing; did they? He is dead now."

"Morton is dead?"

"Yes: he died in San Francisco, months ago."

"I couldn't have known that, Lucy: could I?"

"Don't be a fool! What difference would it have made? Don't pretend anything so false. It would be disgusting on the very face of it. It mattered nothing to you whether he lived or died. When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"Your marriage with this ill-looking young woman, who has got money, but whom you do not even pretend to love."

It struck even George that this was a way in which Emily Hotspur should not be described. She had been acknowledged to be the beauty of the last season—one of the finest girls that had ever been seen about London; and as for loving her, he did love her. A man might be fond of two dogs or have two pet horses, and why shouldn't he love two women? Of course he loved his cousin. But his circumstances at

the moment were difficult, and he didn't quite know how to explain all this.

"When is it to be?" she said, urging her question imperiously.

In answer to this he gave her to understand that there was still a good deal of difficulty. He told her something of his position with Captain Stubber, and defined—not with absolute correctness—the amount of consent which Sir Harry had given to the marriage.

"And what am I to do?" she asked.

He looked blankly into her face. She then rose again, and unlocking a desk with a key that hung at her girdle, she took from it a bundle of papers.

"There!" she said—"there is the letter in which I have your promise to marry me when I am free, as I am now. It could not be less injurious to you than when locked up there, but the remembrance of it might frighten you." She threw the letter to him across the table, but he did not touch it. "And here are others which might be taken to mean the same thing. There! I am not so injured as I might seem to be, for I never believed them. How could I believe anything that you would say to me—anything that you would write?"

"Don't be down on me too hard, Lucy."

"No, I will not be down upon you at all. If these things pained you, I would not say them. Shall I destroy the letters?" Then she took them, one after another, and tore them into small fragments. "You will be easier now, I know."

"Easy? I am not very easy, I can tell you."

"Captain Stubber will not let you off so gently as I do. Is that it?"

Then there was made between them a certain pecuniary arrangement, which, if Mrs. Morton trusted at all the undertaking made to her, showed a most wonderful faith on her part. She would lend him two hundred and fifty pounds toward the present satisfaction of Captain Stubber; and this sum, to be lent for such a purpose, she would consent to receive back again out of Sir Harry's money. She must see a certain man-

ager, she said, but she did not doubt but that her loan would be forthcoming on the Saturday morning. Captain George Hotspur accepted the offer, and was profuse in his thanks. After that, when he was going, her weakness was almost equal to his vileness.

"You will come and see me?" she said as she held his hand. Again he paused a moment. "George, you will come and see me?"

"Oh, of course I will."

"A great deal I can bear, a great deal I have borne, but do not be a coward. I knew you before she did, and have loved you better, and have treated you better than ever she will do. Of course you will come?"

He promised her that he would, and then went from her.

On the Saturday morning Captain Stubber was made temporarily happy by the most unexpected receipt of five hundred pounds.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUNT BECOMES HOT.

SEPTEMBER passed away with Captain Hotspur very unpleasantly. He had various interviews with Captain Stubber, with Mr. Hart and with other creditors, and found very little amusement. Lady Allingham had written to him again, advising him strongly to make out a complete list of his debts and to send them boldly to Sir Harry. He endeavored to make out the list, but had hardly the audacity to do it even for his own information. When the end of September had come, and he was preparing himself to join the party of distinguished pheasant-shooters in Norfolk, he had as yet sent no list to Sir Harry, nor had he heard a word from Humblethwaite. Certain indications had reached him, continued to reach him from day to day, that Mr. Boltby was at work, but no communication had been made actually to himself, even by Mr. Boltby. When and how and in what form he was expected to send the schedule of his debts to Sir Harry he did not know; and

thus it came to pass that when the time came for his departure from town, he had sent no such schedule at all. His sojourn, however, with the distinguished party was to last only for a week, and then he would really go to work. He would certainly himself write to Sir Harry before the end of October.

In the mean time, there came other troubles, various other troubles. One other trouble vexed him sore. There came to him a note from a gentleman with whom his acquaintance was familiar though slight, as follows:

"DEAR HOTSPUR: Did I not meet you at the last Goodwood meeting? If you don't mind, pray answer me the question. You will remember, I do not doubt, that I did—that I lost my money too, and paid it. Yours ever,

"F. STACKPOOLE."

He understood it all immediately. The Stackpooles had been at Humblethwaite. But what business had the man to write letters to him with the object of getting him into trouble? He did not answer the note, but nevertheless it annoyed him much. And then there was another great vexation. He was now running low in funds for present use. He had made what he feared was a most useless outlay in satisfying Stubber's immediate greed for money, and the effect was, that at the beginning of the last week in September he found himself with hardly more than fifty sovereigns in his possession, which would be considerably reduced before he could leave town. He had been worse off before, very much worse; but it was especially incumbent on him now to keep up that look of high feather which cannot be maintained in its proper brightness without ready cash. He must take a man-servant with him among the distinguished guests: he must fee gamekeepers, pay railway fares, and have loose cash about him for a hundred purposes. He wished it to be known that he was going to marry his cousin. He might find some friend with softer heart than Allingham, who would lend him a few hundreds on being made

to believe in this brilliant destiny; but a roll of bank-notes in his pocket would greatly aid him in making the destiny credible. Fifty pounds, as he well knew, would melt away from him like snow. The last fifty pounds of a thousand always go quicker than any of the nineteen other fifties.

Circumstances had made it impossible for him to attend the Leger this year, but he had put a little money on it. The result had done nothing for or against him—except this, that whereas he received between one and two hundred pounds, he conceived the idea of paying only a portion of what he had lost. With reference to the remainder, he wrote to ask his friend if it would be quite the same if the money were paid at Christmas. If not, of course it should be sent at once. The friend was one of the Allingham set, who had been at Castle Corry, and who had heard of George's hopes in reference to his cousin. George added a postscript to his letter: "This kind of thing will be over for me very soon. I am to be a Benedict, and the house of Humblethwaite and the title are to be kept together. I know you will congratulate me. My cousin is a charming girl, and worth all that I shall lose, ten times over." It was impossible, he thought, that the man should refuse him credit for eighty pounds till Christmas, when the man should know that he was engaged to be married to twenty thousand a year! But the man did refuse. The man wrote back to say that he did not understand this kind of thing at all, and that he wanted his money at once. George Hotspur sent the man his money, not without many curses on the illiberality of such a curmudgeon. Was it not cruel that a fellow would not give him so trifling an assistance when he wanted it so badly? All the world seemed to conspire to hurt him just at this most critical moment of his life. In many of his hardest emergencies for ready money he had gone to Mrs. Morton. But even he felt that just at present he could not ask her for more.

Nevertheless, a certain amount of

cash was made to be forthcoming before he took his departure for Norfolk. In the course of the preceding spring he had met a young gentleman in Mr. Hart's small front parlor who was there upon ordinary business. He was a young gentleman with good prospects and with some command of ready money, but he liked to live, and would sometimes want Mr. Hart's assistance. His name was Walker, and though he was not exactly one of that class in which it delighted Captain Hotspur to move, nevertheless he was not altogether disdained by that well-born and well-bred gentleman. On the third of October, the day before he left London to join his distinguished friends in Norfolk, George Hotspur changed a cheque for nearly three hundred pounds at Mr. Walker's banker's. Poor Mr. Walker! But Cousin George went down to Norfolk altogether in high feather. If there were play, he would play. He would bet about pulling straws if he could find an adversary to bet with him. He could chink sovereigns about at his ease, at any rate, during the week. Cousin George liked to chink sovereigns about at his ease. And this point of greatness must be conceded to him—that, however black might loom the clouds of the coming sky, he could enjoy the sunshine of the hour.

In the mean time, Mr. Boltby was at work, and before Cousin George had shot his last pheasant in such very good company, Sir Harry was up in town assisting Mr. Boltby. How things had gone at Humblethwaite between Sir Harry and his daughter must not be told on this page; but the reader may understand that nothing had as yet occurred to lessen Sir Harry's objection to the match. There had been some correspondence between Sir Harry and Mr. Boltby, and Sir Harry had come up to town. When the reader learns that on the very day on which Cousin George and his servant were returning to London by the express train from Norfolk, smoking many cigars and drinking many glasses—George of sherry, and the servant probably of beer and spirits alter-

nately—each making himself happy with a novel (George's novel being French, and that of the servant English sensational),—the reader, when he learns that on this very day Sir Harry had interviews with Captain Stubber and also with Mrs. Morton, will be disposed to think that things were not going very well for Cousin George. But then the reader does not as yet know the nature of the persistency of Emily Hotspur.

What Sir Harry did with Captain Stubber need not be minutely described. There can be no doubt that Cousin George was not spared by the captain, and that when he understood what might be the result of telling the truth, he told all that he knew. In that matter of the five hundred pounds Cousin George had really been ill-treated. The payment had done him no sort of service whatever. Of Captain Stubber's interview with Sir Harry nothing further need now be said. But it must be explained that Sir Harry, led astray by defective information, made a mistake in regard to Mrs. Morton, and found out his mistake. He did not much like Mrs. Morton, but he did not leave her without an ample apology. From Mrs. Morton he learned nothing whatever in regard to Cousin George—nothing but this, that Mrs. Morton did not deny that she was acquainted with Captain Hotspur. Mr. Boltby had learned, however, that Cousin George had drawn the money for a cheque payable to her order, and he had made himself nearly certain of the very nature of the transaction.

Early on the morning after George's return he was run to ground by Mr. Boltby's confidential clerk, at the hotel behind the club. It was so early, at least, that George was still in bed. But the clerk, who had breakfasted at eight, been at his office by nine, and had worked hard for two hours and a half since, did not think it at all early. George, who knew that his pheasant-shooting pleasure was past, and that immediate trouble was in store for him, had consoled himself over night with a good deal of curaçoa and seltzer and brandy, and had taken these comforting

potations after a bottle of champagne. He was consequently rather out of sorts when he was run to ground in his very bed-room by Boltby's clerk. He was cantankerous at first, and told the clerk to go and be d—d. The clerk pleaded Sir Harry. Sir Harry was in town, and wanted to see his cousin. A meeting must of course be arranged. Sir Harry wished that it might be in Mr. Boltby's private room. When Cousin George objected that he did not choose to have any interview with Sir Harry in presence of the lawyer, the clerk very humbly explained that the private room would be exclusively for the service of the two gentlemen. Sick as he was, Cousin George knew that nothing was to be gained by quarreling with Sir Harry. Though Sir Harry should ask for an interview in presence of the lord mayor, he must go to it. He made the hour as late as he could, and at last three o'clock was settled.

At one, Cousin George was at work upon his broiled bones and tea laced with brandy, having begun his meal with soda and brandy. He was altogether dissatisfied with himself. Had he known on the preceding evening what was coming, he would have dined on a mutton chop and a pint of sherry, and have gone to bed at ten o'clock. He looked at himself in the glass, and saw that he was bloated and red, and a thing foul to behold. It was a matter of boast to him—the most pernicious boast that ever a man made—that in twenty-four hours he could rid himself of all outward and inward sign of any special dissipation; but the twenty-four hours were needed, and now not twelve were allowed him! Nevertheless, he kept his appointment. He tried to invent some lie which he might send by a commissioner, and which might not ruin him. But he thought upon the whole that it would be safer for him to go.

When he entered the room he saw at a glance that there was to be war—war to the knife—between him and Sir Harry. He perceived at once that if it were worth his while to go on with the thing at all, he must do so in sole de-

pendence on the spirit and love of Emily Hotspur. Sir Harry at their first greeting declined to shake hands with him, and called him Captain Hotspur.

"Captain Hotspur," he said, "in a word, understand that there must be no further question of a marriage between you and my daughter."

"Why not, Sir Harry?"

"Because, sir—" and then he paused—"I would sooner see my girl dead at my feet than entrust her to such a one as you. It was true what you said to me at Humblethwaite. There would have been something very alluring to me in the idea of joining the property and the title together. A man will pay much for such a whim. I would not unwillingly have paid very much in money, but I am not so infamously wicked as to sacrifice my daughter utterly by giving her to one so entirely unworthy of her as you are."

"I told you that I was in debt, Sir Harry."

"I wanted no telling as to that, but I did want telling as to your mode of life, and I have had it now. You had better not press me. You had better see Mr. Boltby. He will tell you what I am willing to do for you upon receiving your written assurance that you will never renew your offer of marriage to Miss Hotspur."

"I cannot do that," said Cousin George, hoarsely.

"Then I shall leave your creditors to deal with you as they please. I have nothing further to suggest myself, and I would recommend that you see Mr. Boltby before you leave the chambers."

"What does my cousin say?" he asked.

"Were you at Goodwood last meeting?" asked Sir Harry. "But of course you were."

"I was," he answered. He was obliged to acknowledge so much, not quite knowing what Stackpoole might have said or done. "But I can explain that."

"There is no need whatever of any explanation. Do you generally borrow money from such ladies as Mrs. Morton?" Cousin George blushed when

this question was asked, but made no answer to it. It was one that he could not answer. "But it makes no difference, Captain Hotspur. I mention these things only to let you feel that I know you. I must decline any further speech with you. I strongly advise you to see Mr. Boltby at once. Good-afternoon."

So saying, the baronet withdrew quickly, and Cousin George heard him shut the door of the chambers.

After considering the matter for a quarter of an hour, Cousin George made up his mind that he would see the lawyer. No harm could come to him from seeing the lawyer. He was closeted with Mr. Boltby for nearly an hour, and before he left the chamber had been forced to confess to things of which he had not thought it possible that Mr. Boltby should ever have heard. Mr. Boltby knew the whole story of the money raised on the commission, of the liabilities to both Hart and Stubber, and had acquainted himself with the history of Lord Baldebeque's cheque. Mr. Boltby was not indignant, as had been Sir Harry, but intimated it as a thing beyond dispute that a man who had done such things as could be proved against Cousin George—and as would undoubtedly be proved against him if he would not give up his pursuit of the heiress—must be disposed of with severity, unless he retreated at once of his own accord. Mr. Boltby did indeed hint something about a criminal prosecution and utter ruin, and—incarceration.

But if George Hotspur would renounce his cousin utterly, putting his renunciation on paper, Sir Harry would pay all his debts to the extent of twenty thousand pounds, would allow him five hundred a year on condition that he would live out of England, and would leave him a further sum of twenty thousand pounds by his will, on condition that no renewed cause of offence were given.

"You had better perhaps go home and think about it, Mr. Hotspur," said the lawyer.

Cousin George did go away and think about it.

ON THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

II.

AS to the single or multiple origin of man, science as yet furnishes no answer. It is very probable that, in many cases, the species of one genus have descended from corresponding species of another by change of generic characters only. It is a remarkable fact that the orang possesses the peculiarly developed malar bones and the copper color characteristic of the Mongolian inhabitants of the regions in which this animal is found, while the gorilla exhibits the prognathic jaws and black hue of the African races near whom he dwells. This kind of geographical imitation is very common in the animal kingdom.

5. *The Mosaic Account.*

As some persons imagine that this hypothesis conflicts with the account of the creation of man given in Genesis, a comparison of some of the points involved is made below.

First: In Genesis i. 26, 27 we read, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," etc. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Those who believe that this "image" is a physical, material form, are not disposed to admit the entrance of anything ape-like into its constitution, for the ascription of any such appearance to the Creator would be impious and revolting. But we are told that "God is a Spirit," and Christ said to his disciples after his resurrection, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Luke xxiv. 39. It will require little further argument to show that a mental and spiritual image is what is meant, as it is what truly exists. Man's conscience, intelligence and creative ingenuity show that he possesses an

"image of God" within him, the possession of which is really necessary to his limited comprehension of God and of God's ways to man.

Second: In Gen. ii. 7 the text reads, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." The fact that man is the result of the modification of an ape-like predecessor nowise conflicts with the above statement as to the materials of which his body is composed. Independently of origin, if the body of man be composed of dust, so must that of the ape be, since the composition of the two is identical. But the statement simply asserts that man was created of the same materials which compose the earth: their condition as "dust" depending merely on temperature and subdivision. The declaration, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," must be taken in a similar sense, for we know that the decaying body is resolved not only into its earthy constituents, but also into carbonic acid gas and water.

When God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, we are informed that he became, not a living body, but "a living soul." His descent from a pre-existent being involved the possession of a living body; but when the Creator breathed into him we may suppose that He infused into this body the immortal part, and at that moment man became a conscientious and responsible being.

II. METAPHYSICAL EVOLUTION.

It is infinitely improbable that a being endowed with such capacities for gradual progress as man has exhibited, should have been full fledged in accom-

plishments at the moment when he could first claim his high title, and abandon that of his simious ancestors. We are therefore required to admit the growth of human intelligence from a primitive state of inactivity and absolute ignorance; including the development of one important mode of its expression—speech; as well as that of the moral qualities, and of man's social system—the form in which his ideas of morality were first displayed.

The expression "evolution of morality" need not offend, for the question in regard to the *laws* of this evolution is the really important part of the discussion, and it is to the opposing views on this point that the most serious interest attaches.

That the theory of physical development is consistent with Genesis will, I think, before long be admitted by most persons; but the correlation of the facts of metaphysical evolution with the theologies of some of the churches will require more care.

The two views of evolution already treated of, held separately, are quite opposed to each other. The first (and generally received) lays stress on the influence of external surroundings, as the stimulus to and guidance of development: it is the counterpart of Darwin's principle called Natural Selection in material progress. This might be called the *Conflict theory*. The second view recognizes the workings of a force whose nature we do not know, whose exhibitions accord perfectly with their external surroundings (or other exhibitions of itself), without being under their influence or more related to them, as effect to cause, than the notes of the musical octave or the colors of the spectrum are to each other. This is the *Harmonic theory*. In other words, the first principle deduces perfection from struggle and discord; the second, from the coincident progress of many parts, forming together a divine harmony comparable to music. That these principles are both true is rendered extremely probable by the actual phenomena of development, material and

immaterial. In other words, struggle and discord ever await that which is not in the advance, and which fails to keep pace with the harmonious development of the whole.

All who have studied the phenomena of the creation believe that there exists in it a grand and noble harmony, such as was described to Job when he was told that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

a. *Development of Intelligence.*

If the brain is the organ of mind, we may be surprised to find that the brain of the intelligent man scarcely differs in structure from that of the ape. Whence, then, the difference of power? Though no one will now deny that many of the Mammalia are capable of reasoning upon observed facts, yet how greatly the results of this capacity differ in number and importance from those achieved by human intelligence! Like water at the temperatures of 50° and 53°, where we perceive no difference in essential character, so between the brains of the lower and higher monkeys no difference of function or of intelligence is perceptible. But what a difference do the two degrees of temperature from 33° to 31° produce in water! In like manner the difference between the brain of the higher ape and that of man is accompanied by a difference in function and power, on which man's earthly destiny depends. In development, as with the water so with the higher ape: some Rubicon has been crossed, some flood-gate has been opened, which marks one of Nature's great transitions, such as have been called "Expression points" of progress.

What point of progress in such a history would account for this accession of the powers of the human intelligence? It has been answered, with considerable confidence, The power of speech. Let us picture man without speech. Each generation of men would learn nothing from its predecessors. Whatever originality or observation might yield to a man would

die with him. Each intellectual life would begin where every other life began, and would end at a point only differing with its original capacity. Concert of action, by which man's power over the material world is maintained, would not exceed, if it equaled, that which is seen among the bees; and the material results of his labors would not extend beyond securing the means of life and the employment of the simplest modes of defence and attack.

The first men, therefore, are looked upon by the developmentalists as extremely embryonic in all that characterizes humanity, and they appeal to the facts of history in support of this view. If they do not derive much assistance from written history, evidence is found in the more enduring relics of human handiwork.

The opposing view is, that the races which present or have presented this condition of inferiority or savagery have reached it by a process of degradation from a higher state—as some believe, through moral delinquency. This position may be true in certain cases, which represent perhaps a condition of senility, but in general we believe that savagery was the condition of the first man, which has in some races continued to the present day.

β. Evidence from Archaeology.

As the object of the present essay is not to examine fully into the evidences for the theories of evolution here stated, but rather to give a sketch of such theories and their connection, a few facts only will be noticed.

Improvement in the Use of Materials. As is well known, the remains of human handiwork of the earliest periods consist of nothing but rude implements of stone and bone, useful only in procuring food and preparing it for use. Even when enterprise extended beyond the ordinary routine, it was restrained by the want of proper instruments. Knives and other cutting implements of flint still attest the skill of the early races of men from Java to the Cape of Good Hope, from Egypt to Ireland,

and through North and South America. Hatchets, spear-heads and ornaments of serpentine, granite, silix, clay slates, and all other suitable rock materials, are found to have been used by the first men, to the exclusion of metals, in most of the regions of the earth.

Later, the probably accidental discovery of the superiority of some of the metals resulted in the substitution of them for stone as a material for cutting implements. Copper—the only metal which, while malleable, is hard enough to bear an imperfect edge—was used by succeeding races in the Old World and the New. Implements of this material are found scattered over extensive regions. So desirable, however, did the hardening of the material appear for the improvement of the cutting edge that combinations with other metals were sought for and discovered. The alloy with tin, forming bronze and brass, was discovered and used in Europe, while that with silver appears to have been most readily produced in America, and was consequently used by the Peruvians and other nations.

The discovery of the modes of reducing iron ores placed in the hands of man the best material for bringing to a shape convenient for his needs the raw material of the world. All improvements in this direction made since that time have been in the quality of iron itself, and not through the introduction of any new metal.

The prevalent phenomena of any given period are those which give it its character, and by which we distinguish it. But this fact does not exclude the coexistence of other phenomena belonging to prior or subsequent stages. Thus, during the many stages of human progress there have been men more or less in advance of the general body, and their characteristics have given a peculiar stamp to the later and higher condition of the whole. It furnishes no objection to this view that we find, as might have been anticipated, the stone, bronze and iron periods overlapping one another, or men of an inferior culture supplanting in some cases a

superior people. A case of this kind is seen in North America, where the existing "Indians," stone-men, have succeeded the mound-builders, coppermen. The successional relation of discoveries is all that it is necessary to prove, and this seems to be established.

The period at which the use of metallic implements was introduced is unknown, but Whitney says that the language of the Aryans, the ancestors of all the modern Indo-Europeans, indicates an acquaintance with such implements, though it is not certain whether those of iron are to be included. The dispersion of the daughter races, the Hindoos, the Pelasgi, Teutons, Celts, etc., could not, it is thought, have taken place later than 3000 B. C.—a date seven hundred years prior to that assigned by the old chronology to the Deluge. Those races coexisted with the Egyptian and Chinese nations, already civilized, and as distinct from each other in feature as they are now.

Improvement in Architecture. The earliest periods, then, were characterized by the utmost simplicity of invention and construction. Later, the efforts for defence from enemies and for architectural display, which have always employed so much time and power, began to be made. The megalithic period has left traces over much of the earth. The great masses of stone piled on each other in the simplest form in Southern India, and the circles of stones planted on end in England at Stonehenge and Abury, and in Peru at Silustani, are relics of that period. More complex are the great Himyaritic walls of Arabia, the works of the ancestors of the Phenicians in Asia Minor, and the titanic workmanship of the Pelasgi in Greece and Italy. In the iron age we find granitic hills shaped or excavated into temples; as, for example, everywhere in Southern India. Near Madura the circumference of an acropolis-like hill is cut into a series of statues in high relief, of sixty feet in elevation. Easter Island, composed of two volcanic cones, one thousand miles from the west coast of South America, in the bosom of the

Pacific, possesses several colossi cut from the intrusive basalt, some in high relief on the face of the rock, others in detached blocks removed by human art from their original positions and brought nearer the sea-shore.

Finally, at a more advanced stage, the more ornate and complex structures of Central America, of Cambodia, Nineveh and Egypt, represent the period of greatest display of architectural expenditure. The same amount of human force has perhaps never been expended in this direction since, though higher conceptions of beauty have been developed in architecture with increasing intellectuality.

Man has passed through the block-and-brick building period of his boyhood, and should rise to higher conceptions of what is the true disposition of power for "him who builds for aye," and learn that "spectacle" is often the unwilling friend of progress.

No traces of metallic implements have ever been found in the salt-mines of Armenia, the turquoise-quarries in Arabia, the cities of Central America or the excavations for mica in North Carolina, while the direct evidence points to the conclusion that in those places flint was exclusively used.

The simplest occupations, as requiring the least exercise of mind, are the pursuit of the chase and the tending of flocks and herds. Accordingly, we find our first parents engaged in these occupations. Cain, we are told, was, in addition, a tiller of the ground. Agriculture in its simplest forms requires but little more intelligence than the pursuits just mentioned, though no employment is capable of higher development. If we look at the savage nations at present occupying nearly half the land surface of the earth, we shall find many examples of the former industrial condition of our race preserved to the present day. Many of them had no knowledge of the use of metals until they obtained it from civilized men who visited them, while their pursuits were and are those of the chase, tending domestic animals, and rudimental agriculture.

γ. The Development of Language.

IN this department the fact of development from the simple to the complex has been so satisfactorily demonstrated by philologists as scarcely to require notice here. The course of that development has been from monosyllabic to polysyllabic forms, and also in a process of differentiation, as derivative races were broken off from the original stock and scattered widely apart. The evidence is clear that simple words for distinct objects formed the bases of the primal languages, just as the ground, tree, sun and moon represent the character of the first words the infant lisps. In this department also the facts point to an infancy of the human race.

δ. Development of the Fine Arts.

IF we look at representation by drawing or sculpture, we find that the efforts of the earliest races of which we have any knowledge were quite similar to those which the untaught hand of infancy traces on its slate or the savage depicts on the rocky faces of hills. The circle or triangle for the head and body, and straight lines for the limbs, have been preserved as the first attempts of the men of the stone period, as they are to this day the sole representations of the human form which the North American Indian places on his buffalo robe or mountain precipice. The stiff, barely-outlined form of the deer, the turtle, etc., are literally those of the infancy of civilized man.

The first attempts at sculpture were marred by the influence of modism. Thus the idols of Coban and Palenque, with human faces of some merit, are overloaded with absurd ornament, and deformed into frightful asymmetry, in compliance with the demand of some imperious mode. In later days we have the stiff, conventionalized figures of the palaces of Nineveh and the temples of Egypt, where the representation of form has somewhat improved, but is too often distorted by false fashion or imitation of some unnatural standard, real or artistic. This is distinguished as the day of archaic sculpture, which disap-

peared with the Etruscan nation. So the drawings of the child, when he abandons the simple lines, are stiff and awkward, and but a stage nearer true representation; and how often does he repeat some peculiarity or absurdity of his own! So much easier is it to copy than to conceive.

The introduction of the action and pose of life into sculpture was not known before the early days of Greece, and it was there that the art was brought to perfection. When art rose from its mediæval slumber, much the same succession of development may be discovered. First, the stiff figures, with straightened limbs and cylindric drapery, found in the old Northern churches—then the forms of life that now adorn the porticoes and palaces of the cities of Germany.

ε. Rationale of the Development of Intelligence.

THE history of material development shows that the transition from stage to stage of development, experienced by the most perfect forms of animals and plants in their growth from the primordial cell, is similar to the succession of created beings which the geological epochs produced. It also shows that the slow assumption of main characters in the line of succession in early geological periods produced the condition of inferiority, while an increased rapidity of growth in later days has resulted in an attainment of superiority. It is not to be supposed that in "acceleration" the period of growth is shortened: on the contrary, it continues the same. Of two beings whose characters are assumed at the same rate of succession, that with the quickest or shortest growth is necessarily inferior. "Acceleration" means a gradual increase of the rate of assumption of successive characters in the same period of time. A fixed rate of assumption of characters, with gradual increase in the length of the period of growth, would produce the same result—viz., a longer developmental scale and the attainment of an advanced position. The first is in part the rela-

tion of sexes of a species; the last of genera, and of other types of creation. If from an observed relation of many facts we derive a law, we are permitted, when we see in another class of facts similar relations, to suspect that a similar law has operated, differing only in its objects. We find a marked resemblance between the facts of structural progress in matter and the phenomena of intellectual and spiritual progress.

If the facts entering into the categories enumerated in the preceding section bear us out, we conclude that in the beginning of human history the progress of the individual man was very slow, and that but little was attained to; that through the profitable direction of human energy, means were discovered from time to time by which the process of individual development in all metaphysical qualities has been accelerated; and that up to the present time the consequent advance of the whole race has been at an increasing rate of progress. This is in accordance with the general principle, that high development in intellectual things is accomplished by rapidity in traversing the preliminary stages of inferiority common to all, while low development signifies sluggishness in that progress, and a corresponding retention of inferiority.

How much meaning may we not see, from this stand-point, in the history of the intelligence of our little ones! First they crawl, they walk on all fours: when they first assume the erect position they are generally speechless, and utter only inarticulate sounds. When they run about, stones and dirt, the objects that first meet the eye, are the delight of their awakening powers, but these are all cast aside when the boy obtains his first jackknife. Soon, however, reading and writing open a new world to him; and finally as a mature man he seizes the forces of nature, and steam and electricity do his bidding in the active pursuit of power for still better and higher ends.

So with the history of the species: first the quadrumanes—then the speaking

man, whose humble industry was, however, confined to the objects that came first to hand, this being the "stone age" of pre-historic time. When the use of metals was discovered, the range of industries expanded wonderfully, and the "iron age" saw many striking efforts of human power. With the introduction of letters it became possible to record events and experiences, and the spread of knowledge was thereby greatly increased, and the delays and mistakes of ignorance correspondingly diminished in the fields of the world's activity.

From the first we see in history a slow advance as knowledge gained by the accumulation of tradition and by improvements in habit based on experience; but how slow was this advance while the use of the metals was still unknown! The iron age brought with it not only new conveniences, but increased means of future progress; and here we have an acceleration in the rate of advance. With the introduction of letters this rate was increased many fold, and in the application of steam we have a change equal in utility to any that has preceded it, and adding more than any to the possibilities of future advance in many directions. By its power, knowledge and means of happiness were to be distributed among the many.

The uses to which human intelligence has successively applied the materials furnished by nature have been—First, subsistence and defence: second, the accumulation of power in the shape of a representative of that labor which the use of matter involves; in other words, the accumulation of wealth. The possession of this power involves new possibilities, for opportunity is offered for the special pursuits of knowledge and the assistance of the weak or undeveloped part of mankind in its struggles.

Thus, while the first men possessed the power of speech, and could advance a little in knowledge through the accumulation of the experiences of their predecessors, they possessed no means of accumulating the power of labor, no

control over the activity of numbers—in other words, no wealth.

But the accumulation of knowledge finally brought this advance about. The extraction and utilization of the metals, especially iron, formed the most important step, since labor was thus facilitated and its productiveness increased in an incalculable degree. We have little evidence of the existence of a medium of exchange during the first or stone period, and no doubt barter was the only form of trade. Before the use of metals, shells and other objects were used: remains of money of baked clay have been found in Mexico. Finally, though in still ancient times, the possession of wealth in money gradually became possible and more common, and from that day to this avenues for reaching this stage in social progress have ever been opening.

But wealth merely indicates a stage of progress, since it is but a comparative term. All men could not become rich, for in that case all would be equally poor. But labor has a still higher goal; for, thirdly, as capital, it constructs and employs machinery, which does the work of many hands, and thus cheapens products, which is equivalent in effect to an accumulation of wealth to the consumer. And this increase of power may be used for the intellectual and spiritual advance of men, or otherwise, at the will of the men thus favored. Machinery places man in the position of a creator, operating on Nature through an increased number of "secondary causes."

Development of intelligence is seen, then, in the following directions: First, in the knowledge of facts, including science; second, in language; third, in the apprehension of beauty; and, as consequences of these, the accumulation of power by development—First, of means of subsistence; and second, of mechanical invention.

Thus we have two terms to start with in estimating the beginning of human development in knowledge and power: First, the primary capacities of the human mind itself; second, a material

world, whose infinitely varied components are so arranged as to yield results to the energies of that mind. For example, the transition points of vaporization and liquefaction are so placed as to be within the reach of man's agents; their weights are so fixed as to accord with the muscular or other forces which he is able to exert; and other living organizations are subject to his convenience and rule, and not, as in previous geological periods, entirely beyond his control. These two terms being given, it is maintained that the present situation of the most civilized men has been attained through the operation of a law of mutual action and reaction—a law whose results, seen at the present time, have depended on the acceleration or retardation of its rate of action; which rate has been regulated, according to the degree in which a third great term, viz., the law of moral or (what is the same thing) true religious development has been combined in the plan. What it is necessary to establish in order to prove the above hypothesis is—

I. That in each of the particulars above enumerated the development of the human species is similar to that of the individual from infancy to maturity.

II. That from a condition of subserviency to the laws of matter, man's intelligence enables him, by an accumulation of power, to become in a sense independent of those laws, and to pursue a course of intellectual and spiritual progress.

III. That failure to accomplish a moral or spiritual development will again reduce him to a subserviency to the laws of matter.

This brings us to the subject of moral development. And here I may be allowed to suggest that the weight of the evidence is opposed to the philosophy, "falsely so called," of necessitarianism, which asserts that the first two terms alone were sufficient to work out man's salvation in this world and the next; and, on the other hand, to that anti-philosophy which asserts that all things in human progress, intellectual and

moral, are regulated by immediate Divine interposition instead of through instrumentalities. Hence the subject divides itself at once into two great departments—viz., that of the development of mind or intelligence, and that of the development of morality.

That these laws are distinct there can

be no doubt, since in the individual man one of them may produce results without the aid of the other. Yet it can be shown that each is the most invaluable aid and stimulant to the other, and most favorable to the rapid advance of the mind in either direction.

EDWARD D. COPE.

OUR CASTLES.

I SAT down to write an essay upon private life in America, with observations upon certain of its discomforts. But I found that any argument I might wish to offer would lack a major premiss, and that I was arrested by a fact similar to that which shortened the labors of the learned naturalist Pontopidan when he undertook to describe the reptiles of Iceland. There is no private life in America.

By private life I mean essentially that phase of social existence which is illustrated by the old English adage, "Every man's house is his castle." No American's house can be called his castle, for no American's house contains any place from which curiosity or impertinence is bound to recoil under the certain penalty of a kick.

"Minding one's own business" has ever seemed to me one of the loftiest of the virtues. To a quiet man the older civilizations of Europe have no greater charm than the fascinating possibility they hold out of a life of serene retirement, into the sequestered shades of which the letters of introduction of Mr. or Mrs. Meddle shall be no passport. To be hospitable is of course an essential quality of a magnanimous people, but what merit can be claimed for a hospitality that consists in keeping the latch-string always out under penalty of being ostracised, and permits one no option in the selection of his entertainment? That can only be a

tavern which is under obligation to provide for man and beast alike.

The Frenchman, the social being *par excellence*, with all his fondness for *éclat*, all his gregarious instincts, can yet withdraw from his salons, his cafés, his boulevards, his theatres, into a private place of his own—his *home*—into which no intruder is admitted, and where madame may transact her domestic affairs without danger of interruption. John Bull never goes out from home but he takes his house with him, like the tortoise, wherever he travels. It is his especial quarrel with us that his tortoise-shell is not sacred against the fire-coal of impertinence and intrusion in New York and Boston, as it is in Paris, and Vienna, and Rome. He builds his house of stout brick, garnishes his garden wall with broken bottles, and chains and bars his front door, inside of which he is "both king and bishop," the freest and most independent of human beings, because he knows that what he says and what he thinks will go no farther. *Hic securus quies*, he boasts, and in that assurance finds unlimited resources for enjoyment and unchecked impulses to freedom. His own thoughts are an atmosphere in which he can bathe, unconstrained by the dread of contact with mephitic vapors intruding from outdoors.

It follows from this that while abroad a person can have two distinct lives—a

life out-doors and a life in-doors—the American has but one life. He must take the street into his house, and make his closet a thoroughfare. The American lady can copy the French lady's salon, but not the French lady's boudoir. The American gentleman's house is built not of brick, but of glass, and he can never be at ease so long as the stones are not chained down.

This difference between ourselves and foreign nations is wider perhaps than is generally supposed. The American wit has a shrewd inventive turn, but seems radically impatient of imitation. It would rather blaze a path for itself through the wilderness than pursue roads already laid out. Doubtless this is an independent tendency of mind, but doubtless it often leads to incommmodity, sometimes to mishaps. The new road may run up a tree or end untimely in a morass: the new invention may be already covered by an existing patent. It is perhaps on account of this instinct that we have failed equally to copy the wholesome features of private life as it exists abroad, and to invent a clever substitute for them. It seems as if, when our social fabric was first built, there was no corner left for the private closet, nor have our subsequent alterations of the structure made provision for it. We have hence grown up, as it were, ignorant of such conveniences, and scorning to believe in their utility. When some foreigner, tortured beyond all endurance by an evil so new to his experiences and so irritating to his sensibilities, escapes home to tell his neighbors how disagreeable our manners are, we are fatally prone to grow indignant, and accuse him of libel or of caricature. When an American, like Mr. Willis or Mrs. Stowe, after being admitted more or less freely to some European interiors, returns with an eager pen to describe the newly-discovered regions, and there is a consequent outcry of indignation for violated privacy, we are sincerely astonished to find the people abroad so touchy and thin-skinned, and that they should object so vehemently to having revealed what we

take such pleasure in showing. Now and then, to be sure, a more than usually ferocious invasion of privacy, a more than usually impertinent charge of the light brigade of those Bashibazouks, the "Interviewers," or a more than usually disgusting betrayal of sacred confidences, provokes a sort of mild indignation and gentle uneasiness in our bosoms; but the feeling is feeble and ephemeral, and by no means implies that we are capable of sympathizing with Chuzzlewit's horror of Pogram, or of comprehending Fredrika Bremer's bewildered longing to "be let alone for one single hour."

The *crimen læsæ majestatis* against the American people is the attempt to enact private life and assert private judgment. We make no provision of exclusiveness for ourselves, and we suspect it—nay more, we do not tolerate it—in others. He is always a Jesuit, a conspirator or an aristocrat in our eyes who builds his garden wall so high that we cannot see over it, or puts a double lock upon his front door. And so complaisant are we to custom that this treasonable practice of privacy, and this felonious privilege of thinking for one's self, are as little known to the tribunals of society as was the crime of parricide to the ancient courts of Rome. It was somewhat a matter of wonder to the stranger in Athens, on occasion of the performance of Aristophanes' play of the *Clouds*, that Socrates should make himself so unusually conspicuous, and give the whole audience an opportunity of observing what manner of person the hero of the piece really was. Every American would be fully as complaisant each day of his life, nor think himself a philosopher on that account. Washington was the most dignified of Americans, yet an American still. When Charles Wilson Peale was painting his portrait, said Gilbert Stuart, "I looked in to see how the old gentleman was getting on with the picture, and to my astonishment I found the general surrounded by the whole [Peale] family. They were peeling him, sir. As I went away I met Mrs. Washington.

'Madam,' said I, 'the general's in a perilous situation.' 'How, sir?' 'He is beset, madam—no less than five upon him at once: one aims at his eye—another at his nose—another is busy with his hair—his mouth is attacked by a fourth—and the fifth has him by the button; in short, madam, there are five painters at him, and you, who know how much he has suffered when only attended by one, can judge of the horrors of his situation?' '* And every one of us is in like manner the public's servant. Every one of us yields implicit obedience to that universal Agrarian law of the land which constrains us to divide with our neighbors what in other countries is deemed the most exclusively personal possession of the individual—our privacy. We are scarcely conscious of doing this until the fact comes nakedly home to us. It seems eminently proper for us to expect, in our damp morning's paper, an account of Grant's views on Cuba or Fisk's opinion of Erie summed up for us by some eminent interviewer's hand. We naturally look to the same source for a résumé of Beecher's sermon, an abstract of Boutwell's speech, or a description of Père Hyacinthe's appearance. But how when Corbin's sick room is invaded? How when, armed with impudence and note-book, the same esurient caterer to a depraved taste scales our own castle walls, as he would scale high heaven if he were ordered—

"Græculus esuriens ad cælum jusseris ibit"—

and puts our own domestic concerns into his crisp paragraphs?

I take it to be a bad state of society when Paul Pry is lifted from his natural place as a blackguard and put among gentlemen. I take it to be unwholesome for any people to recognize as a legitimate profession the practice of peeping in at windows and listening at keyholes. Yet, this is our case, nor is it wise for us to try to disguise the fact. When the American Godiva shall ride through the streets of the American Coventry—and when the occasion de-

mands it, she will do it full as heroically and as single-heartedly as her prototype did—the programme of arrangements will be materially changed from that which was pursued in the city and times of the "grim earl" whom legend and Tennyson have famed. "Peeping Tom," no longer a "low churl compact of thankless earth," but a spruce and appreciative reporter for some "first-class daily," full of enterprise and *chique*, will by no means have to seek the materials for his "special" through the dim channel of an auger-hole "bored in fear." On the contrary, armed with his note-book and opera-glass by way of credentials, he will claim, and will be accorded, the best place along the whole line of the procession. The sublime performance once over, the grim earl will invite him to dinner, and will present him to the blushing and agitated *débutante*, who, in her turn, will be sure to hand him a bouquet or a piece of jewelry as a memorial of the occasion, and an incentive to him to give attractiveness to his report and produce a faithful inventory of her charms. So are things done now—not that Tom is more inclined to peep, nor Godiva less capable of doing the deed of martyrdom, but simply because such is "the custom of the country."

That license of the press which editors call "enterprise," and which cannot stoop too low nor employ too much baseness in its pursuit of novelty, is the infamy and the curse of our country. We treat the sins of the reporters as venial, and we read the report, thus as it were making ourselves *participes criminis*. And what crimes these are which we tacitly sanction—crimes such as lying, stealing, slandering, forging, bearing false-witness, deep villainies of malignity and scandal—meannesses reeking with dishonor and contempt! The "newspaper-man" of our day is our own creature, born of our own impulses, fashioned to suit our urgent demands; and he is a creature before whom the Gnathos, the sycophants, the succession-hunters of imperial Rome must hide their diminished heads. This

* Dunlap's History of Arts of Design in America.

chartered libertine, this licensed corsair, this legitimated Paul Pry, with brazen front and unchallenged feet, goes ramping up and down the land, seeking for notabilities upon whom he may lay his pruriginous finger, and novelties which he may sliver into the shapelessness of paragraphic scandal. He never pauses, he never spares, he never blushes. His boast is

"Populus me sibilat
At mihi plaudo"

if he can fill a noticeable column. It is his trade to fawn, to lie, to flatter, and then to betray the bosom that shelters and bite the hand that caresses him. It is his business to be a knave, and his usefulness to his employer is in direct proportion to his ingenuity in rascality. Careless, reckless, unscrupulous, conscious of his power and confident of his hold upon the very framework of society, he sits like Satan atop the tree of knowledge, surveying the whole fair land with cormorant eyes, and bringing a truly diabolical ingenuity to aid him in his pursuit of evil. So perfect is his system becoming that modesty has no place, timidity no shelter, honesty no rest, provided they can furnish him a paragraph. The proud victim has no resort—

"None but the plain and passive fortitude
To suffer and be silent."

In the presence indeed of this overgrown and monstrous evil the man of worth must endure incalculable torture. Merit ceases to aspire; genius learns to dread achievement; honest industry tries in terror to escape from its rewards. Even thought is not free, and our very dreams are dangerous, lest they should escape over our lips and be brought to the scrutiny of this Inquisition, whose apparitors are ever upon the watch, and whose flunkies dance attendance at every key-hole.

"Nothing hath privilege against the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour (we see) is free
(Not our religious and most sacred times)
From this one kind of cruelty: all matter,
Nay, all occasion, pleaseth. Madman's rage,
The idleness of drunkards, woman's nothing,
Jesters' simplicity—all, all is good
That can be catch'd at."*

* Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*.

The pity of it is, these men embrace most of the literary talent of the country, and our ingenuous youth is drawn to the daily press and its corruptions by the attraction of profitable employment. Profitable! Is there profit to a man in slicing his mind into paragraphs and blackening his soul in that mad rush for novelty which hourly demands a new victim and a fresh sacrifice? Fluency, wit, impudence, enterprise are the qualities most in demand, and to perfect these all the higher functions of a man are cast out to flounder in the ditch. So it happens that pride, and dignity, and manhood, and scholarship are driven to go upon crutches, while the Bohemian bestrides the gulf of literature, a colossus with front of brass and lungs of leather and feet of clay.

The extent of this evil can scarcely be exaggerated, nor its injuriousness extravagantly stated. Virtually, the American has no private life in its presence. If the practice had the excuse of wonder, and were confined to the modest gratification of a laudable curiosity in respect to public men, it might be excused. "Men in great place," we have Bacon's authority for affirming, "are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business." The discomfort of notoriety is a necessary mortgage upon their title-deeds to honor; and, as old Judge Brackenridge says in his quaint and homely dialect, "When a man becomes a member of a public body, he is like a raccoon or other beast that climbs up the fork of a tree—the boys pushing pitchforks or throwing stones or shooting arrows at him, the dogs barking in the mean time."† But the American Paul Pry fishes in shallow as well as in deep water, and takes sprats as well as whales. The puniest minnow of our brooks is not safe from the impartial sweep of his unscrupulous drag-net. A couple of years ago there was a lottery in a Western city, the chief prize in which was drawn by a quiet and apparently unsophisticated gentleman residing in one of the rural

† *Modern Chivalry*. By Hugh Henry Brackenridge.

districts of Illinois. Straightway, "the man who drew the Opera-House" became public property, and was converted into a lion of the first magnitude. The columns of the newspapers were stocked with neat little biographies of him, and piquant sketches of his personal appearance, his manners and his domestic relations. Celebrations were got up and suppers bestowed upon him, in commemoration of his success: he was viewed, reviewed and interviewed: his conversations were published, and his most private and peculiar correspondence unsparingly invaded and outraged. At his home there was a perfect irruption of good-will and curiosity upon the part of neighbors and strangers, and the private letter in which he gives an account of these intrusions—a private letter to his brother-in-law, which was seized upon and published with the most contemptuous disregard of both propriety and property—exhibits such an extravagance of curiosity and of encroachment on domestic privacy as is seldom encountered. He writes: "I was very much astonished, last evening, at about 7 o'clock, by the sudden appearance of two men making their appearance in our bed-room, where I was reading by the side of my wife's bed" [his wife was seriously ill], "with the sudden announcement that I had drawn the Opera-House in Chicago. . . . I had a slight acquaintance with Mr. B., one of the men: the other, from Waterloo, was an entire stranger. . . . I bore the congratulations of my new friends with commendable fortitude, and dismissed them with suitable acknowledgments. After the lapse of half an hour I was the recipient of sundry calls from neighbors and friends in the village, all highly excited. The report had flown like lightning, and the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. I bore a hand at receiving the company, answered their numerous questions with as much dignity as I could assume, and in a state of semi-unconsciousness of what it all meant started off to commune with Frank on the curious appearance of things. I had been there

but a few minutes when a halloo was made at the door for Mr. L.: 'Is Mr. L. here?' Well, I went to the door and acknowledged that I was that person, and went at him with the question of, 'What do you want?' "Why," said the poor frozen fellow, 'I have a despatch for you from Belleville. You have drawn the Opera-House.' I received the document, and, after asking of Sally the privilege of reading it by the light of her lamp, I read as follows: 'A. H. L.—Crosby's Opera-House yours. Hold your ticket. (Signed) J. B. C.' I mentally returned thanks to my new friend C., and returned home considerably perplexed, and *not yet fully conscious of the reason of my being in the hands of so many new friends, who all seemed to show so strong a desire to show me attention.* . . . I had undressed myself, for it was growing late, and *was sitting in my long-tailed night-shirt, discussing the events of the evening,* when a thundering knock at the door announced that all was not over yet. Ma went to the door, and quickly returned with the intelligence that 'a man' wanted to see me, and that he said I had drawn 'Crosby's Opera-House.' 'The devil!' said I: 'I wish they had to swallow the Opera-House;' and, after dressing myself, went down to receive this new messenger. He bowed to me, I thought, as though I was a man of property, and in suitable style delivered his credentials," etc. Who is there that can read this simple and naïve statement of an obscure man's experiences under the pressure of a brief twenty-four hours' éclat, and then say that Chuzzlewit is a caricature, or that Miss Bremer has perpetrated exaggerations? The facts that such a matter should be so conspicuously paraded—that such a letter should have been published—that a man's bedroom should be thus invaded—that strangers should take such an intense interest in his concerns, and show that interest in such a nonchalant fashion—that because a man has drawn a prize in a lottery he should be thus searched through and pilloried,—how significant they all are of the truth of what I have

said, that there is no private life in America!

This is but one instance. He who reads the daily papers can recall ten thousand more. If two fools have made a stupid wager, such as compels one of them to saw a cord of wood, wheel a barrel of apples, drink a keg of beer or eat a bushel of oysters, and have met to decide it; if a banker robs his creditors, or a clerk dips in his master's till, or a prostitute shoots her keeper; if there is to be a hanging, a funeral, a feast, a fast, a wedding, a christening, a sermon, a speech; if there be anything notorious, or sickening, or filthy, or immoral, out of which a paragraph can in any wise be made, straightway the paragraphist is at hand, and the dish is served. Your private injury is seized, impaled and held up for public scrutiny, for all the world like a butterfly stuck upon a pin. Your domestic scandal is hung in the market-place as if it were a carcass of show-beef. Your wife's dress at the ball, the manuscript of your poem on your desk, your pew in church, your wine-list at home, your boy at school, your baby in the cradle,—nothing can escape, nothing is sacred. Alas if there be a blot on your 'scutcheon or a deficit at your banker's!

Infamous! you exclaim. Beyond a question; and yet I shrewdly mis-doubt if we do not, as a people, instead of repudiating, rather like this sort of thing, especially if we can seem to sacrifice our ease *pro bono publico*, as our politicians say when they have the burden of office inflicted upon their patriotic shoulders. It is quite common for us to contend that we consider ourselves, as Socrates said of himself upon the occasion before mentioned, "hosts at a public festival," and consequently that it is our duty, and should be our pleasure, to furnish "entertainment for the whole company." We plead constantly, in the language sneered at by old Montaigne, "Que nous ne sommes pas nayz pour nostre particulier, ains pour le public." And, in good truth, we are not actually amenable to the sneer, for this plea is not resorted to as a screen

to ambition or avarice, but is an indigenous practice of the land and a habit of thought of our people. What the private citizen demands the public functionary should sacrifice he does not feel entitled to withhold in his own case, since we are all sovereigns alike, and must treat upon terms of exalted equality. It is a necessary condition of those terms that, because Dick and Harry require to see Tom's fine house or to be entertained with Tom's fine thought, they must not attempt to sue out any writ of *quare clausum fregit* against Tom when he sifts the quality of *their* fine thoughts or peers in at the windows of *their* fine houses.

Not a few philosophers have contended that it is an idiosyncrasy of republics and a necessity of the democratic phase of thought to be intolerant of individuality, to prohibit the resort to private judgment, to ignore privacy and to exact a life in the streets. I shall not venture to decide what parentage our blemishes ought to claim, whether Americanism or republicanism, but I will say that History has a remarkable penchant for repeating herself. Who has not beheld the Athenian ostracism at work? Who has missed seeing Pisistratus at his humble toils, or Pericles worshipping the greasy citizens? Have I not seen Alcibiades cut off the tail of his dog, and Napoleon gild the dome of the Invalides? Do not all of us eat black broth with Lycurgus? Have we not all of us heard Cleon prohibit the people from wearing wreaths at their banquets? Have we not all of us heard Augustus protest his desire to remain a private citizen? Doth not the justice of Aristides, the glory of Themistocles, the fortune of Cymon, oppress us? In republican Venice I might not sail in any but a black gondola. In republican Massachusetts I may not drink anything stronger than cider. And it has long been my persuasion that, of those persons who so enthusiastically shout with the mob, more than half do so upon the same principle that constrains the house-builder in Oriental cities to place no decorations upon his outside

walls, lest they should attract some despotic eye.

Idiosyncrasy of republics or foible of the American people, whichever it grow out of, the mythic character of our private life is well established, and there is no maxim of Bacon less applicable to our condition than that in which he claims that "houses are built to live in, and not to look on." On the contrary, *our* houses are built to look at, and not to live in. They are not our property, but part of the common stock. Nor indeed do we hold any possessions in fee or in peculiar personal property. All that we have is more or less entailed upon a sense of supposititious public duty, or mortgaged to public opinion, or made a thoroughfare for public intrusion. We submit our right of private judgment to the impertinent correctives demanded by the *vox populi*. Our sentiments dance attendance upon what the crowd is suited with, like so many flunkies at the tail of a feast, and our very thoughts are subdued, like the dyer's hand, to the complexion of what they work in.

Moreover, private life, intrinsically regarded, being thus rendered at once an impossible and a worthless possession, we not only do not attempt to compass it, but actually grow impatient of such a thing, and repudiate it. General Ogle, when he was turned out of office and deprived of his public functions, is represented in the notable sketch of him by Dr. Elder as characteristically abandoning all his dignity of character, and making a sot and a beast of himself. A typical American, that! He will either die in harness or in the gutter. Indeed, our Americans nearly always, happily for themselves perhaps, choose to die in harness. Dr. Doran's list of actual "kings retired from business" is longer and more comprehensive than the whole catalogue of American sovereigns who have really withdrawn like Candide to his garden, or like Dioclesian to his cabbage-patch. The American king sometimes indeed goes into the country upon a pretence of retiring to his farm; but

this reticacy is very much like that of the tallow-chandler, who never could resist going down to the old place upon "smelting-days." He takes the shop with him in fact, and his country life exists merely in his own conceit. The rural shade for which he pretends to pant is, after all, only some pert villa perched upon the edge of town, like a pigeon-box against a wall—a turnpike show, made to catch all the dust and dishonor of the purlieu, and to inflict dyspepsia upon the owner, who,

"Gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air."

Here, in his snug bandbox, a thing for exhibition like himself, our sovereign gives himself uneasily to fancy-agriculture, grows big vegetables and costly fruit for the Fairs, and writes important letters to *The Country Gentleman*. If this be not what Cowper means by forgetting one's labors and yet finding no rest, it is hard to say what is.

Incalculable evils fall upon our society from this incessance of life in the crowd, life under inspection, life under the drill-sergeant. Incalculable diseases rack our body politic because we never rest, never sleep, never feel the subduing air of night and the mellowing shadows of darkness. All society is pervaded by a vein of hypocrisy, that lies so deep one fancies it is almost impossible for us to be genuine even with ourselves. Our houses not being insured against the intruder, but having, on the contrary, a window of Momus* made expressly for the impertinent to spy through, we sophisticate the very interior of the structure, erect wrong images there, simulate false appearances there, and wear, as it were, fictitious grimaces upon our very hearts, until seeming, not being, becomes our end of existence. How utterly false we are! how hollow, how basely counterfeit! It is the saddest fact to me in all our history, this, that the very constitution and framework of our society should

* "That window which Momus did require, who, seeing in the frame of men's hearts such angles and recesses, found fault that there was not a window to look into them."—*Bacon*.

incline us to deceit and compel us to become actors. And actors we assuredly are—"totus mundus histrionem agit"—nor do we ever venture to demand a "vos plaudite" of the people, unless, like Augustus, we claim it as the consummation of a lifelong course of pretence, of simulation and of self-repression;—actors quite as much to ourselves as to others, in that, fully awake to the shallow device and bitterly scorning it, we yet permit the "*blandæ mendaciæ linguæ*" to corrupt us, making us see all things *coulleur de rose*. In fact, we are not nearly so sensible as the clown in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for we have played the "lion fierce" so often and so lovingly that we quite forget to become "Snug the joiner" again; nor have we other people's ears to tell us that, after all, our most exquisite roaring is but a deplorably palpable bray.

These evils disgust our best men, and so bring other evils in their train. Our true leaders, our brave advance-guards, our good citizens, fly from us as from the plague. They are disgusted with the spectacle of our infirmities and debaucheries. They are disheartened and out of faith with that braying which persists in claiming leonine tones, yet cannot frighten a calf from his pasture. They ostracise and banish themselves, rather than lend their sanction to the infamies which they cannot strike down and the corruptions which they cannot purge away. Their disgust, their abhorrence—worse than all, their *silence*, so significant of the despair they have of our affairs—should smite us with panic and terror. If they would only pray, if they would only scold, if they would only curse, and with sublime invective and solemn anathema dismiss us to some *Purgatorio* or *Inferno*, as Dante did his erring Florentines, there would be something to give us encouragement. But this they have ceased to do. Each one for himself gives us up in despair and chilling silence. Each one passes us by on the other side with averted face, and the dog-faces continue our guides, unchallenged and unrebuked.

The curse of ill-bottomed vanity—so different from a rational and intelligent self-importance—sits all the time with hideous weight upon our shoulders. How shall we ever get out of this thrice-accursed maelstrom of over-weeningness which makes us the laughing-stock of the nations? When will the tide turn? When shall we cease to cry, wagging our ridiculous heads, that we are the people and wisdom shall die with us? How moral we are, how elegant, how happy! How much brighter the side the sun turns toward us, and how superior the quality of the oxygen and nitrogen that enter into the composition of our particular atmosphere! What incomparable institutions our sagacity and prudence have devised! Oh truly are we born in the purple, and truly are we kings by transcendent right divine! Oh truly the high song is set to sing our praises and charm our enraptured ears with the dulcet harmony of encomium! If we demand divine honors, the altars are dressed and the priests garlanded and filleted for the unblushing sacrifice. Shall we never come to see ourselves as others see us? Must all our statesmen outvie Pericles or Burleigh? Must all our soldiers be Hector, Agamemnon, Ajaxes—"invictissimi, serenissimi, multis trophæis ornatissimi, naturæ domini?" Must our women for ever spread their vain feathers wider than ever "Juno's bird" dared to do? and must "the eyes of the world" be upon us always, and our *amour propre* see but its own image in ten thousand mirrors?

"*Sæva indignatio*," however, does no good; nor is it probable that a whole volume of jeremiads will effect anything. This is an age of frivolity, and our intemperance does not display itself in the guise of passion, but in the wildness of the giddy whirl, and the mad, fantastic rush of our social career. We are dancing a national *cancan*, as it were, and we trip it so lightly that we spurn the solid ground and betake ourselves to an aerial limbo of superficiality, where every blast of doctrine, every zephyr of conceit, tosses us about

like empty garments. A turgid leaven of bombast helps our flights, inflating with nothingness, until, like Xerxes, we are ready to challenge Mount Athos and scourge the unsubmitive sea. We have inherited the simple and modest diction of Addison, but we are not satisfied to rant in less than "King Cambyse's vein," sturdy prodigals as we are. We have the sublimity of nature, of man, of art in our bosoms, yet choose to flounder in abysses of perpetual bathos. We know so much better; yet, like Panurge's sheep, follow our leaders out of a simple spirit of subserviency and empty complaisance.

Our very virtues themselves are open to the reproach cast by the philosophers of the Garden upon the doctrine of the Stoics—a *bonum theatrale*, a fair-weather, holiday virtue, a goodness merchantable because comely on the outside, made for show and parade and for public wear alone. Our morals are the morals of the crowd, not those of the individual: we get our politics from the corrupt hearts and facile lips of our demagogues; we learn our manners where we take our dinners—in the hotels. Sardon's *Famille Benoiton* made many visits to Saratoga and Long Branch before he caught them up for the French stage; and the *demi-monde* of New York and of Washington is, if anything, more chary of appearances than the great world which parodies it.

I have often, with grave forebodings and with no feeble sense of shame, compared the leisure hours and the private life of some of our leading men with those of leading men in other times and other countries. If there ever has been a typical statesman of modern America, that man was Stephen A. Douglas, a spirit over-full of all our virtues, all our glories and all our vices. If there be anywhere a typical statesman of modern England, that man is William E. Gladstone, once the hope and anchor of "Church-and-State" high Toryism, now the Radical prime minister of his country. How different the culture of these two men! how contrary

the influence they have exerted! how wide apart their tendencies! With a brain-power equally well developed in each; with equal command of that "daimonic" magnetism which is essential to the born leader of men; with equal eloquence, equal tact, equal personality,—how strangely diverse the paths they have pursued! How rounded, equable, serene, Jove-like one life seems!—how mean, inadequate, narrow, unsatisfactory the other! Why should the Senator from Illinois go down to posterity as the author of the "Nebraska Bill," the conductor of a memorable canvass, the perpetrator of some forcible speeches, and the beloved father of an extreme faction, when the ex-"scholar of Christ Church," the first lord of the treasury, the busiest man in Europe, not excepting Bismarck, has a reputation for scholarship and refinement second to none in his country? Why should Douglas have speculated only in Chicago town-lots, while Gladstone speculates upon the personality of Homer, and those "good old days when the world was young"? Webster delivers an address—Derby translates the *Iliad*; yet Webster was a scholar as well as Derby. Surely these things indicate a radical difference between our culture and English culture; nor can the utmost stretch and flight of our national vanity claim the superiority for our side of the ocean.

Shall we correct the defects in this culture? Assuredly we shall not do so so long as our whole people make the *digito monstrari* the end and aim of life; nor so long as acceptable certificates of reputation are to be had only under the pencil of the newspaper reporter; nor so long as our castles are but houses-of-call for the entertainment of man and beast. But it seems to me that a better time is coming, and that the day is by no means distant when the "interviewer" will be consigned to his place and the flunkey to his. This will make room for the gentleman to reappear in society, and will give him encouragement to do so in his genuine colors. There is beginning to grow up in our midst a class

of men who both think and have time to think—a class who are graceful in all the graces of leisure, taste, culture and refinement; a class at whose touch ignorance will assume all its deformity, as Satan under the spear of Ithuriel. These people will teach us what we need to know in respect of deportment.

They will teach us to appreciate "comfort, use and protection" as the true ends of social union. They will teach us the truth of Bacon's maxim, that "the sum of behavior is to retain a man's own dignity without intruding upon the liberty of others."

EDWARD SPENCER.

THE HUNGRY HEART.

A VILLAGE on the coast of Maine; in this village a boarding-house; in this boarding-house a parlor.

This parlor is, strictly speaking, a chamber: it is in the second story, and until lately it contained a bed, wash-stand, etc.; but a visitor from New York has taken a fancy to change it to a reception-room. In the rear, communicating with it, is a sleeping-closet.

The room is what you might expect to find in a village boarding-house: the floor of liliuptian extent; the ceiling low, uneven, cracked and yellow; the originally coarse and ugly wall-paper now blotched with age; the carpet thin, threadbare, patched and stained; the furniture of various woods and colors, and in various stages of decrepitude.

But a tiny bracket or two, three or four handsome engravings, two fresh wreaths of evergreens, two vases of garden flowers, a number of Swiss and French knickknacks, and a few prettily-bound books, give the little nest an air of refinement which is almost elegance.

You judge at once that the occupant must be a woman—a woman moreover of sensibility and taste; a woman of good society. Of all this you become positive when you look at her, take note of her gracious manner and listen to her cultured voice.

Her expression is singularly frank and almost childlike: it exhibits a rapid play of thoughts, and even of emotions:

it is both vivacious and refined, both eager and sweet. It would seem as if here were the impossible combination, the ideal union, so often dreamed of by poets and artists, of girlish simplicity and innocence with womanly cleverness and feeling.

In a large easy-chair reclines her rather small, slender and willowy form, starting slightly forward when she speaks, and sinking back when she listens. Her sparkling eyes are fixed on the eyes of her one visitor with an intentness and animation of interest which should be very fascinating.

He, a young man, not five years older than herself, very gentle in manner and with a remarkably sweet expression of face, evidently is fascinated, and even strongly moved, if one may judge by the feverish color in his cheeks, the eager inquiry of his gaze and the tremor of his lips.

The first words of hers which we shall record are a strange utterance to come from a woman:

"Let me tell you something which I have read lately. It sounds like a satire, and yet there is too much truth in it: 'Every woman in these days needs two husbands—one to fill her purse, and one to fill her heart; one to dress her, and one to love her. It is not easy to be the two in one.' That is what I have read, and it is only too true. Remember it, and don't marry."

A spasm of intense spiritual pain crossed the young man's fine and kindly face.

"Don't say such things, I beg of you!" he implored. "I am sure that in what you have quoted there is a slander upon most women. I know that it slanders you."

Her lips parted as if for a contradiction, but it was evidently very pleasant to her to hear such words from him, and with a little childlike smile of gratification she let him proceed.

"I have perfect confidence in you," he murmured. "I am willing to put all my chances of happiness in your hands. My only fear is that I am not half worthy of you—not a thousandth part worthy of you. Will you not listen to me seriously? Will you not be so kind?"

A tremor of emotion slightly lifted her hands, and it seemed for a moment as if she would extend them to him. Then there was a sudden revulsion: with a more violent shudder, evidently of a painful nature, she threw herself backward, her face turned pale, and she closed her eyes as if to shut him from her sight.

"I ought to ask your pardon," she whispered. "I never thought that it would come to this. I never meant that it should. Oh, I ask your pardon." Recovering herself with singular quickness, a bright smile dancing along the constantly changing curves of her lips, like sunbeams leaping from wavelet to wavelet, she once more leaned cordially toward him, and said in a gay yet pleading tone, "Let us talk of something else. Come, tell me about yourself—all about yourself, nothing about me."

"I cannot speak of anything else," he replied, after looking at her long in silence. "My whole being is full of you: I cannot think of anything else."

A smile of gratitude sweetly mastered her mouth: then it suddenly turned to a smile of pity; then it died in a quiver of remorse.

"Oh, we cannot marry," she sighed. "We must not marry, if we could. Let

me tell you something dreadful. People hate each other after they are married. I know: I have seen it. I knew a girl of seventeen who married a man ten years older—a man who was Reason itself. Her friends told her, and she herself believed it, that she was sure of happiness. But after three years she found that she did not love, that she was not loved, and that she was miserable. He was too rational: he used to judge her as he would a column of figures—he had no comprehension for her feelings."

There was a momentary pause, during which she folded her hands and looked at him, but with an air of not seeing him. In the recollection of this heart-tragedy of the past and of another she had apparently forgotten the one which was now pressing upon herself.

"It was incredible how cold and unsympathizing and dull he could be," she went on. "Once, after she had worked a week in secret to surprise him with a dressing-gown made by her own hands—labored a week, waited and hoped a week for one word of praise—he only said, 'It is too short.' Don't you think it was cruel? It was. I suppose he soon forgot it, but she never could. A woman cannot forget such slights: they do not seem little blows to her; they make her very soul bleed."

"Don't reproach *me* for it," whispered the young man with a pleading smile. "You seem to be reproving me, and I can't bear it. I am not guilty."

"Oh, not you," she answered quickly. "I am not scolding you. I could not."

She did not mean it, but she gave him a smile of indescribable sweetness: she had had no intention of putting out her hands toward him, but she did it. He seized the delicate fingers and slowly drew her against his heart. Her face crimson with feeling, her whole form trembling to the tiniest vein, she rose to her feet, turning away her head as if to fly, and yet did not escape, and could not wish to escape. Holding her in his arm, he poured into her ear a

murmur which was not words, it was so much more than words.

"Oh, *could* you truly love me?" she at last sobbed. "Could you *keep* loving me?"

After a while some painful recollection seemed to awaken her from this dream of happiness, and, drawing herself out of his embrace, she looked him sadly in the eyes, saying, "I must not be so weak. I must save myself and you from misery. Oh, I must. Go now—leave me for a while: do go. I must have time to think before I say another word to you."

"Good-bye, my love—soon to be my wife," he answered, stifling with a kiss the "No, no," which she tried to utter.

Although he meant to go, and although she was wretchedly anxious that he should go, he was far from gone. All across the room, at every square of the threadbare carpet, they halted to renew their talk. Minutes passed, an hour had flown, and still he was there. And when he at last softly opened the door, she herself closed it, saying, "Oh no! not yet."

So greedy is a loving woman for love, so much does she hate to lose the breath of it from her soul: to let it be withdrawn is like consenting to die when life is sweetest.

Thus it was through her, who had bidden him to go, and who had meant that he should go, that he remained for minutes longer, dropping into her ear whispers of love which at last drew out her confession of love. And when the parting moment came—that moment of woman's life in which she least belongs to herself—there was not in this woman a single reservation of feeling or purpose.

These people, who were so madly in love with each other, were almost strangers. The man was Charles Leighton, a native of Northport, who had never gone farther from his home than to Boston, and there only to graduate in the Harvard College and Medical School.

The lady was Alice Duvernois: her name was all that was known of her in the village—it was all that she had told

of herself. Only a month previous to the scene above described she had arrived in Northport to obtain, as she said, a summer of quiet and sea-bathing. She had come alone, engaged her own rooms, and for a time seemed to want nothing but solitude.

Even after she had made herself somewhat familiar with the other inmates of the boarding-house, nothing positive was learned of her history. That she had been married was probable: an indefinable something in her face and carriage seemed to reveal thus much: moreover, her trunks were marked "James Duvernois."

And yet, so young did she sometimes look, so childlike was her smile and so simple her manner, that there were curious ones who scouted the supposition of wifehood. People addressed her both as "Miss" and "Mrs."; at last it was discovered that her letters bore the latter title: then she became popularly known as "the beautiful widow."

It would be a waste of time to sketch the opening and ripening of the intimacy between Doctor Leighton and this fascinating stranger. On his part it was as nearly a case of love at first sight as perhaps can occur among people of the Anglo-Saxon race. From the beginning he had no doubts about giving her his whole heart: he was mastered at once by an emotion which would not let him hesitate: he longed with all his soul for her soul, and he strove to win it.

Well, we will not go over the story: we know that he had triumphed. Yes, in spite of her terror of the future, in spite of some withholding mystery in the past, she had granted him—or rather she had not been able to prevent him from seizing—her passionate affection. She had uttered a promise which, a month before, she would not have dreamed herself capable of making.

In so doing she had acquired an almost unendurable happiness. It was one of those mighty and terrible joys which are like the effect of opium—one of those joys which condense life and abbreviate it, which excite and

yet stupefy, which intoxicate and kill. With this in her heart she lived ten of her old days in one, but also she drew for those ten days upon her future.

After one of her interviews with Leighton, after an hour of throbbing, of trembling, of vivid but confused emotions, her face would be as pale as death, and her weakness such that she could hardly speak. The hands which, while they clung to his, had been soft and moist, became dry and hot as with fever, and then cold as ice. At night she could scarcely sleep: for hours her brain throbbed with the thought of him, and of what stood between him and her. In the morning she was heavy with headache, dizzy, faint, hysterical; yet the moment she saw him again she was all life, all freshness.

From the point of confession there was no more resistance. She would be his wife; she would be married whenever he wished; she seemed mad to reward him for his love; she wanted somehow to sacrifice herself for his sake. Yet, although she hesitated no longer, she sometimes gazed at him with eyes full of anxiety, and uttered words which presaged evil.

"If any trouble springs from this, you must pardon me," she more than once whispered. "I cannot help it. I have never, never, never been loved before; and oh, I have been so hungry, so famished for it, I had begun to despair of it. Yes, when I first met you, I had quite despaired of there being any love in the world for me. I could not help listening to you: I could not help taking all your words and looks into my craving heart; and now I am yours—forgive me!"

Stranger as she was in Northport, everybody trusted the frank sweetness in her face, and sought no other cause for admiring her and wishing her happiness. The whole village came to the church to witness her marriage and to doat upon a bridal beauty which lay far more in expression than in form or feature. A few words of description—inadequate notes to represent the precious gold of reality—must be given to one

who could change the stare of curiosity to a beaming glance of sympathy.

Small, slender, fragile; neither blonde nor brunette; a clear skin, with a hectic flush; light chestnut hair, glossy and curling; eyes of violet blue, large, humid and lustrous, which at the first glance seemed black because of the darkness, length and closeness of the lashes, and capable of expressing an earnestness and sweetness which no writer or artist might hope to depict; a manner which in solitude might be languid, but which the slightest touch of interest kindled into animation; in fine, white teeth that sparkled with gaiety, and glances that flashed happiness.

She was married without bridal costume, and there was no wedding journey. Leighton was poor, and must attend to his business; and his wife wanted nothing from him which he could not spare—nothing but his love. Impossible to paint her pathetic gratitude for this affection; the spiritual—it was not passionate—fondness which she bore him; the softness of her eyes as she gazed for minutes together into his; the sudden, tremulous outreachings of her hands toward him, as she just touches him with her finger and draws back, then leans forward and lies in his arms, uttering a little cry of happiness. Here was a heart that must long have hungered for affection—a heart unspeakably thankful and joyous at obtaining it.

"I have been smiling all day," she sometimes said to him. "People have asked me why I looked so gay, and what I had heard that was funny. It is just because I am entirely happy, and because the feeling is still a surprise. Shall I ever get over it? Am I silly? No!"

Her gladness of heart seemed to make her angelic. She rejoiced in every joy around her, and grieved for every sorrow. She visited the poor of her husband's patients, watched with them when there was need, made little collections for their relief, chatted away their forebodings, half cured them with her smile. There was something catch-

ing, comforting, uplifting in the spectacle of that overbrimming content.

The well were as susceptible to its influence as the sick. Once, half a dozen men and twice as many boys were seen engaged in recovering her veil out of a pond into which the wind had blown it; and when it was handed to her by a shy youth on the end of a twenty-foot pole, all felt repaid for their labors by the childlike burst of laughter with which she received it. Now and then, however, shadows fell across this sunshine. In those dark moments she frequently reverted to the unhappy couple of whom she had told Leighton when he first spoke to her of marriage. She was possessed to describe the man—his dull, filmy, unsympathetic black eyes, his methodical life and hard rationality, his want of sentiment and tenderness.

"Why do you talk of that person so much?" Leighton implored. "You seem to be charging me with his cruelty. I am not like him."

The tears filled her eyes as she started toward him, saying, "No, you are *not* like him. Even if you should become like him, I couldn't reproach you. I should merely die."

"But you know him so well?" he added, inquiringly. "You seem to fear him. Has he any power over you?"

For a moment she was so sombre that he half feared lest her mind was unstrung on this one subject.

"No," she at last said. "His power is gone—nearly gone. Oh, if I could only forget!"

After another pause, during which she seemed to be nerving herself to a confession, she threw herself into her husband's arms and whispered, "He is my—uncle."

He was puzzled by the contrast between the violence of her emotion and the unimportance of this avowal; but as he at least saw that the subject was painful to her, and as he was all confidence and gentleness, he put no more inquiries.

"Forget it all," he murmured, caressing her; and with a deep sigh, the

sigh of tired childhood, she answered, "Yes."

The long summer days, laden with happiness for these two, sailed onward to their sunset havens. After a time, as August drew near its perfumed death, Alice began to speak of a journey which she should soon be obliged to make to New York. She *must* go, she said to Leighton—it was a matter of property, of business: she would tell him all about it some day. But she would return soon; that is, she would return as soon as possible: she would let him know how soon by letter.

When he proposed to accompany her she would not hear of it. To merely go on with her, she represented, would be a useless expense, and to stay as long as she might need to stay would injure his practice. In these days her gayety seemed forced, and more than once he found her weeping; yet so innocent was he, so simple in his views of life, so candid in soul, that he suspected no hidden evil: he attributed her agitation entirely to grief at the prospect of separation.

His own annoyance in view of the journey centred in the fact that his wife would be absent from him, and that he could not incessantly surround her with his care. Whether she would be happy, whether she would be treated with consideration, whether she would be safe from accidents and alarms, whether her delicate health would not suffer, were the questions which troubled him. He had the masculine instinct of protection: he was as virile as he was gentle and affectionate.

The parting was more painful to him than he had expected, because to her it was such an undisguised and terrible agony.

"You will not forget me?" she pleaded. "You will never, never hate me? You will always love me? You are the only person who has ever made the world pleasant to me; and you have made it so pleasant! so different from what it was! a new earth to me! a star! I will come back as soon as this business will let me. Some day I will come

back, never to go away. Oh, will not that be delightful?"

Her extreme distress, her terror lest she might not return, her forebodings lest he should some day cease to love her, impressed him for a moment—only for a truant moment—with doubts as to a mystery. As he left the railway station, full of gratitude for the last glance of her loving eyes, he asked himself once or twice, "What is it?"

What was it?

We will follow her. She is ominously sad during the lonely journey: she is almost stern by the time she arrives in New York. In place of the summer's sweetness and gayety, there is a wintry and almost icy expression in her face, as if she were about to encounter trials to which she had been long accustomed, and which she had learned to bear with hardness if not with resentment.

No one meets her at the railway station, no one at the door of the sombre house where her carriage stops—no one until she has passed up stairs into a darkling parlor.

There she is received by the man whom she has so often described to Leighton—a man of thin, erect form, a high and narrow forehead, regular and imperturbable features, fixed and filmy black eyes, a mechanical carriage, an icy demeanor.

At sight of her he slightly bowed—then he advanced slowly to her and took her hand: he seemed to be hesitating whether he should give her any further welcome.

"You need not kiss me," she said, her eyes fixed on the floor. "You do not wish to do it."

He sighed, as if he too were unhappy, or at least weary; but he drew his hand away and resumed his walk up and down the room.

"So you chose to pass your summer in a village?" he presently said, in the tone of a man who has ceased to rule, but not ceased to criticise. "I hope you liked it."

"I told you in my letters that I liked it," she replied in an expressionless monotone.

"And I told you in my letters that I did not like it. It would have been more decent in you to stay in Portland, among the people whom I had requested to take care of you. However, you are accustomed to have your own way. I can only observe that when a woman will have her own way, she ought to pay her own way."

A flush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of irritation, crossed her hitherto pale face, but she made no response to the scoff, and continued to look at the floor.

After a few seconds, during which neither of them broke the silence, she seemed to understand that the reproof was over, and she quietly quitted the room.

The man pushed the door to violently with his foot, and said in an accent of angry scorn, "That is what is now called a wife."

Well, we have reached the mystery: we have found that it was a crime.

In the working of social laws there occur countless cases of individual hardship. The institution of marriage is as beneficent as the element of fire; yet, like that, it sometimes tortures when it should only have comforted.

The sufferer, if a woman, usually bears her smart tamely—with more or less domestic fretting and private weeping indeed, but without violent effort to escape from her bed of embers. Divorce is public, ugly and brutal: her sensibility revolts from it. Moreover, mere unhappiness, mere disappointment of the affections, does not establish a claim for legal separation. Finally, there is woman's difficulty of self-maintenance—the fact that her labor will not in general give her both comfort and position.

What then? Unloved, unable to love, yet with an intense desire for affection, and an immense capacity for granting it, her heart is tempted to wander beyond the circle of her duty. A flattering shape approaches her dungeon-walls; a voice calls to her to come forth and be glad, if only for a moment; there seems to be a chance of winning the adoration which has been her whole

life's desire; there is an opportunity of using the emotions which are burning within her. Shall she burst open the gate on which is written LEGALITY?

Evidently the temptation is mighty. Laden with a forsaken, wounded and perhaps angry heart, she is so easily led into the belief that her exceptional suffering gives her a right to exceptional action! She feels herself justified in setting aside law, when law, falsifying its purpose, violating its solemn pledge, brings her misery instead of happiness. She will not, or cannot, reflect that special hardships must occur under all law; that it is the duty of the individual to bear such chance griefs without insurrection against the public conscience; that entire freedom of private judgment would dissolve society.

Too often—though far less often than man does the like—she makes of her sorrow an armor of excuse, and enters into a contest for unwarrantable chances of felicity. Only, in general, she is so far conscious of guilt, or at least so far fearful of punishment, as to carry on her struggle in the darkness. Few, however maddened by suffering, openly defy the serried phalanx of the world. Still fewer venture the additional risk of defying it under the forms of a legality which they have ventured to violate.

Why is it that so few women, even of a low and reckless class, have been bigamists? It is because the feminine soul has a profound respect, a little less than religious veneration, for the institution of marriage; because it instinctively recoils from trampling upon the form which consecrates love; because in very truth it regards the nuptial bond as a sacrament. I believe that the average woman would turn away from bigamy with a deeper shudder than from any other stain of conjugal infidelity.

But there are exceptions to all modes of feeling and of reasoning.

Here is Alice Duvernois: she is a woman of good position, of intellectual quickness, of unusual sensitiveness of spirit; yet she has thought out this woe-ful question differently from the great

majority of her sex. To her, thirsty for sympathy and love, bound to a man who gives her neither, grown feverish and delirious with the torment of an empty heart, it has seemed that the sanctity of a second marriage will somehow cover the violation of a first.

This aberration we can only explain on the ground that she was one of those natures—mature in some respects, but strangely childlike in others—whom most of us love to stigmatize as impractical, and who in fact never become quite accustomed to this world and its rules.

On the very evening of her arrival home she put to her husband a question of infantile and almost incredible simplicity. It was one of the many observations which made him tell her from time to time that she was a fool.

"What do they do," she asked, "to women who marry two husbands?"

"They put them in jail," was his cool reply.

"I think it is brutal," she broke out indignantly, as if the iron gates were already closing upon her, and she were contesting the justice of the punishment.

"You are a pretty simpleton, to set up your opinion against that of all civilized society!" was the response of incarnate Reason.

From that moment she trembled at her danger, and quivered under the remorse which terror brings. At times she thought of flying, of abandoning the husband who did not love her for the one who did; but she was afraid of being pursued, afraid of discovery. The knowledge that society had already passed judgment upon her made her see herself in the new light of a criminal, friendless, hunted and doomed. The penalty of her illegal grasp after happiness was already tracking her like a bloodhound.

Yet when she further learned that her second marriage was not binding because of the first, her heart rose in mutiny. Faithful to the only love that there had been for her in the world, she repeated to herself, a hundred times a day, "It *is* binding—it *is*!"

She was in dark insurrection against her kind: at times she was on the point of bursting out into open defiance. She stared at Duvernois, crazy to tell him, "I am wedded to another."

He noticed the wild expression, the longing, wide-open eyes, the parted and eager lips, the trembling chin. At last he said, with a brutality which had become customary with him, "What are you putting on those airs for? I suppose you are imagining yourself the heroine of a romance."

With a glare of pain and scorn she walked away from him in silence.

It is shocking indeed to be fastened speechless upon a rack, and to be charged by uncomprehending souls with counterfeiting emotion. She was so constituted that she could not help laying up this speech of her husband's against him as one of many stolid misdoings which justified both contempt and aversion. In fact, his inability or unwillingness to comprehend her had always been, in her searching and sensitive eyes, his chief crime. To be understood, to be accepted at her full worth, was one of the most urgent demands of her nature.

The life of this young woman, not only within but without, was strange indeed. She fulfilled that problem of Hawthorne's—an individual bearing one character, living one life in one place, and a totally different one in another place—upon one spot of earth angelic, and upon another vile.

Stranger still, her harsher qualities appeared where her manner of life was lawful, and her finer ones where it was condemnable. At Northport she had been like sunlight to her intimates and like a ministering seraph to the poor. In New York she avoided society: she had no tenderness for misery.

The explanation seems to be that love was her only motive of feeling and action. Not a creature of reason, not a creature of conscience—she was only a creature of emotion, an exaggerated woman.

Unfortunately, her husband, methodical in life, judicial in mind, contemptu-

ous of sentiment, was an exaggerated man. Here was a beating heart united to a skeleton. The result of this unfortunate combination had been a wreck of happiness and defiance of law.

Duvernois had not a friend intelligent enough to say to him, "You *must* love your wife: if you cannot love her, you must with merciful deception make her believe that you do. You must show her when you return from business that you have thought of her: you must buy a bouquet, a toy, a trifle, to carry home to her. If you do these things, you will be rewarded; if not, you will be punished."

But had there been such a friend, Duvernois would not have comprehended him. He would have replied, or at least he would have thought, "My wife is a fool. She is not worth the money that I now spend upon her, much less the reflection and time that you call upon me to spend."

Two such as Alice and Duvernois could not live together in peace. Notwithstanding her old dread of him, and notwithstanding the new alarm with which she was filled by the discovery that she was a felon, she could not dissemble her feelings when she looked him in the face. Sometimes she was silently contemptuous—sometimes (when her nerves were shaken) openly hostile. Rational, impassive, vigorous as he was, she made him unhappy.

The letters of Leighton were at once a joy and a sorrow. She awaited them impatiently; she went every day to the delivery post-office whither she had directed them to be sent; she took them from the hands of the indifferent clerk with a suffocating beating of the heart. Alone, she devoured them, kissed them passionately a hundred times, sat down in loving haste to answer them. But then came the necessity of excusing her long absence, of inventing some lie for the man she worshiped, of deterring him from coming to see her.

During that woeful winter of terror, of aversion, of vain longing, her health failed rapidly. A relentless cough pursued her, the beautiful flame in her

cheek burned freely, and a burst of blood from the lungs warned her that her future was not to be counted by years.

She cared little: her sole desire was to last until summer. She merely asked to end her hopeless life in loving arms—to end it before those arms should recoil from her in horror.

No discovery. Her husband was too indifferent toward her to watch her closely, or even to suspect her. As early in June as might be she obtained permission to go to the seaside, and with an eagerness which would have found the hurricane slow she flew to Northport.

Leighton received her with a joy which at first blinded him to her enfeebled health.

"Oh, how could you stay so long away from me?" were his first words. "Oh, my love, my darling wife! thank you for coming back to me."

But after a few moments, when the first flush and sparkle of excitement had died out of her cheeks and eyes, he asked eagerly, "What is the matter with you? Have you been sick?"

"I am all well again, now that I see you," she answered, putting out her arms to him with that little start of love and joy which had so often charmed him.

It absolutely seemed that in the presence of the object of her affection this erring woman became innocent. Her smile was as simple and pure as that of childhood: her violet eyes reminded one of a heaven without a cloud. It must have been that, away from punishment and from terror, she did not feel herself to be guilty.

But the day of reckoning was approaching. She had scarcely begun to regain an appearance of health under the stimulus of country air and renewed happiness, when a disquieting letter arrived from Duvernois. In a tone which was more than usually authoritative, he directed her to meet him at Portland, to go to Nahant and Newport. Did he suspect something?

She would have given years of life to

be able to show the letter to Leighton and ask his counsel. But here her punishment began to double upon her: the being whom she most loved was precisely the one to whom she must not expose this trouble—the one from whom she was most anxious to conceal it.

In secret, and with unconfided tears, she wrote a reply, alleging (what was true) that her feeble health demanded quiet, and praying that she might be spared the proposed journey. For three days she feverishly expected an answer, knowing the while that she ought to go to Portland to meet Duvernois, should he chance to come, yet unable to tear herself away from Leighton, even for twenty-four hours.

In the afternoon of the third day she made one of her frequent visits of charity. At the house of a poor and bedridden widow she met, as she had hoped to meet, her husband. When they left the place he took her into his gig and carried her home.

It was a delicious day of mid June: the sun was setting in clouds of crimson and gold; the earth was in its freshest summer glory. In the beauty of the scene, and in the companionship of the heart which was all hers, she forgot, or seemed to forget, her troubles. One hand rested on Leighton's arm; her face was lifted steadily to his, like a flower to the light; her violet eyes were dewy and sparkling with happiness. There were little clutches of her fingers on his wrist whenever he turned to look at her. There were spasms of joy in her slender and somewhat wasted frame as she leaned from time to time against his shoulder.

Arrived at the house, she was loth to have him leave her for even the time required to take his horse to the stable.

"Come soon," she said—"come as quick as you can. I shall be at the window. Look up when you reach the gate. Look at the window all the way from the gate to the door."

In an instant, not even taking off her bonnet, she was sitting by the window waiting for him to appear.

A man approached, walking behind

the hedge of lilacs which bordered the yard, and halted at the gate with an air of hesitation. She turned ghastly white: retribution was upon her. It was Duvernois.

With that swift instinct of escape which sensitive and timorous creatures possess, she glided out of the room, through the upper hall, down a back stairway, into the garden behind the house, and so on to an orchard already obscure in the twilight. Here she paused in her breathless flight, and burst into one of her frequent coughs, which she vainly attempted to smother.

"I was already dying," she groaned. "Ah, why could he not have given me time to finish?"

From the orchard she could faintly see the road, and she now discovered Leighton returning briskly toward the house. Her first thought was, "He will look up at the window, and he will not see me!" Her next was, "They will meet, and all will be known!"

Under the sting of this last reflection she again ran onward until her breath failed. She had no idea where she should go: her only purpose was to fly from immediate exposure and scorn—to fly both from the man she detested and the man she loved. Her speed was quickened to the extent of her strength by the consideration that she was already missed, and would soon be pursued.

"Oh, don't let them come!—don't let them find me!" she prayed to some invisible power, she could not have said what.

Mainly intent as she was upon mere present escape from reproachful eyes, she at times thought of lurking in the woods or in some neighboring village until Duvernois should disappear and leave her free to return to Leighton. But always the reflection came up, "Now he knows that I have deceived him; now he will despise me and hate me, and refuse to see me; now I can never go back."

In such stresses of extreme panic and anguish an adult is simply a child, with the same overweight of emotions and

the same imperfections of reason. During the moments when she was certain that Leighton would not forgive her, Alice made wild clutches at the hope that Duvernois might. There were glimpses of the earlier days of her married life; cheering phantoms of the days when she believed that she loved and that she was beloved—phantoms which swore by altars and bridal veils to secure her pardon.

She imagined Duvernois overtaking her with the words, "Alice, I forgive your madness: do you also forgive the coldness which drove you to it?"

She imagined herself springing to him, reaching out her hands for reconciliation, putting up her mouth for a kiss, and sobbing, "Ah, why were you not always so?"

Then of a sudden she scorned this fancy, trampled it under her weary, aching feet, and abhorred herself for being faithless to Leighton.

At last she reached a sandy, lonely coast-road, a mile from the village, with a leaden, pulseless, corpse-like sea on the left, and on the right a long stretch of black, funereal marshes. Seating herself on a ruinous little bridge of unpainted and wormeaten timbers, she looked down into a narrow, sluggish rivulet, of the color of ink, which oozed noiselessly from the morass into the ocean. Her strength was gone: for the present farther flight was impossible, unless she fled from earth—fled into the unknown.

This thought had indeed followed her from the house: at first it had been vague, almost unnoticed, like the whisper of some one far behind; then it had become clearer, as if the persuading fiend went faster than she through the darkness, and were overtaking her. Now it was urgent, and would not be hushed, and demanded consideration.

"If you should die," it muttered, "then you will escape: moreover, those who now abhor you and scorn you, will pity you; and pity for the dead is almost respect, almost love."

"Oh, how can a ruined woman defend herself but by dying?" She wept

as she gazed with a shudder into the black rivulet.

Then she thought that the water seemed foul; that her body would become tangled in slimy reeds and floating things; that when they found her she would be horrible to look upon. But even in this there was penance, a meriting of forgiveness, a claim for pity.

Slowly, inch by inch, like one who proposes a step which cannot be retraced, she crept under the railing of the bridge, seated herself on the edge of the shaky planking and continued to gaze into the inky waters.

A quarter of an hour later, when the clergyman of Northport passed by that spot, returning from a visit to a dying saint of his flock, no one was there.

We must revert to the two husbands. Duvernois had long wondered what could keep his wife in a sequestered hamlet, and immediately on her refusal to join him in a summer tour he had resolved to look into her manner of life.

At the village hotel he had learned that a lady named Duvernois had arrived in the place during the previous summer, and that she had been publicly married to a Doctor Leighton. He did not divulge his name—he did not so much as divulge his emotions: he listened to this story calmly, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

At the door of the boarding-house he asked for Mrs. Duvernois, and then corrected himself, saying, "I mean Mrs. Leighton."

He must have had singular emotions at the moment, yet the servant-girl noticed nothing singular in his demeanor.

Mrs. Leighton could not be found. None of the family had seen her enter or go out: it was not known that she had been in the house for an hour.

"But there comes Doctor Leighton," remarked the girl as the visitor turned to leave.

Even in this frightful conjuncture the characteristic coolness of Duvernois did not forsake him: after a moment's hesitation and a quick glance at his rival, he said, "I do not know him: I will call again."

On the graveled walk which led from the yard gate to the doorstep the two men met and passed without a word—the face of the one as inexpressive of the strangeness and horror of the encounter as the mind of the other was unconscious of them.

Leighton immediately missed Alice. In a quarter of an hour he became anxious: in an hour he was in furious search of her.

Somewhat later, when Duvernois came once more to the house, accompanied by a fashionably-dressed youth, who, as it subsequently appeared, was his younger brother, he found the family and the neighborhood in wild alarm over the disappearance of Mrs. Leighton. The two at once returned to the hotel, procured saddle-horses and joined in the general chase.

It was ten o'clock at night, and the moon was shining with a vaporous, spectral light, when the maddest of chances brought the two husbands together over a body which the tide, with its multitudinous cold fingers, had gently laid upon the beach.

Leighton leaped from his horse, lifted the corpse with a loud cry, and covered the white wet face with kisses.

Duvernois leaned forward in his saddle, and gazed at both without a word or a movement.

"Oh, what could have led her to this?" groaned the physician, already too sure that life had departed.

"Insanity," was the monotoned response of the statue on horseback.

The funeral took place two days later: the coffin-plate bore the inscription, "Alice Leighton, aged 23." Duvernois read it, and said not a word.

"If you don't claim her as your wife," whispered the brother, "you may find it difficult to marry again."

"Do you think I shall want to marry again?" responded the widower with an icy stare.

He was aware that he had lost a shame and a torment, and not aware that she might have been an honor and a joy, if only he had been able to love.

J. W. DE FOREST.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC AND ANNEXATION.

SAINT DOMINGO—the first land in the Western hemisphere which was peopled by Europeans—sprang into wealth and prosperity so rapidly that the imagination would not be sorely taxed in attributing its marvelous growth to the potent wand of some enchanter. And in sober truth an enchanter there was, whose dazzling allurements induced thousands of Castilians to quit their native land, to brave innumerable hardships, and imbue their hands in the blood of millions of gentle and inoffensive beings who had received them as brothers and worshiped them as gods. This enchanter was Gold.

Fourteen years after the discovery of the island by Columbus, fifteen towns, all peopled by Castilians,* had sprung up, of which Santo Domingo† was the capital—a capital so splendid that Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo, speaking of it to the Emperor Charles V., said, "There is not a town in Spain worthy of being compared to it, whether from the agreeable nature of its situation, the beauty of its streets and squares, or the pleasantness of its environs;" adding that "his imperial majesty sometimes lodged in palaces which were neither so vast, so commodious nor so rich as many of the edifices in Santo Domingo."

Reared on the banks of the Ozama—in this place nearly a mile broad, with a depth of twenty-four feet, and capable of accommodating all the fleets of Spain—this city was, during the first half of the sixteenth century, the centre of attraction, the metropolis and entrepôt of the New World. Everything flowed into its capacious bosom; adventurers from every land flocked to it; projects for the conquest of the main land, of Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Margarita, Trinidad, were formed there; and the means of putting them into execution

might have been found in its wealth, adventurous spirit and teeming population. Its port was constantly crowded with vessels; the rich mines of silver discovered in the vicinity induced the emperor to establish a mint in the city, and, in short, every species of prosperity existed in Santo Domingo. Within the jurisdiction of its *Audiencia Real*, or supreme court of the colonies, were comprised Cuba, Porto Rico, Margarita, Trinidad, Maracaybo, Cumana and Guyana. It was the seat of an archbishopric; its cathedral, containing the bones of Columbus, rivaled the most celebrated in Europe, while its other churches were scarcely less magnificent; its public buildings, convents, monasteries and hospitals denoted the wealth of its inhabitants. Yet the very source of all this wealth and prosperity was the cause of its ruin.

The marvelous success of Cortez—once a clerk to the municipality of Azua—of Pizarro and other leaders, turned all heads. Every one was anxious to share in the spoils of the rich and populous countries portrayed in brilliant colors by adventurers who sought to fit out expeditions in Saint Domingo, the inhabitants of which island, having by this time almost annihilated the aborigines by excessive tasks, scanty food, and brutal butcheries of thousands upon thousands, abandoned their mines, their roads and their agriculture to rush in crowds to the *El Dorado* of Peru or to the vast plains of Mexico. Commerce was ruined, vessels ceased to visit the ports, and the country became so impoverished that the expenses of the government had to be met by drafts on the treasury of Mexico.‡ Forty years after the discovery of the island, out of three millions of original inhabitants not more than two hundred remained, and during that period from twelve to fifteen millions,

* Herrera.

† In this article the name *Santo Domingo* is applied to the town exclusively.

‡ Moreau de St. Méry.

men, women and children, are said to have been destroyed by the Christians.*

Such was the condition of Saint Domingo from the year 1550, fifty-eight years after the landing of Columbus, to the commencement of the eighteenth century.

But whilst this decay of the Spanish colony was rapidly and surely progressing, causes independent of the governments of Europe were at work, which, by strange and unforeseen means, were to restore to a portion of the island some of its former prosperity.

Bands of freebooters and buccaneers, requiring a safe and convenient place to which they might retreat in the intervals of their adventurous excursions, had established their headquarters in the little island of Tortuga, and using that diminutive and easily-defended spot as a base of operations, had, as early as 1630, formed establishments at what is now called Port de Paix, on the main island. These adventurers were a conglomeration of all nations, mainly, however, French, Spaniards and English, each of whom, at different times, held the command. Bearing down from this little island, the French established themselves in detached bands along the coast from Samana to Port de Paix. Their freebooters—privateers not always over-scrupulous as to whether they attacked hostile or friendly vessels—scoured the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico in quest of booty, or occupied themselves in the cultivation of the soil; while the buccaneers confined themselves mainly to the chase of the wild cattle—descendants of those introduced by the Spaniards†—and the curing of their meat in the *boucans*.‡

Advancing—to use the expression of Lepelletier de St. Rémy—"dagger in hand," and subject to be called upon at any moment to repel the attacks of their enemies, these Frenchmen, un-

assisted by their government, which ignored their existence as a colony, followed the sinuosities of the coast and laid the foundation of that magnificent province which eventually overshadowed its Spanish rival, and came to be the place designated when Saint Domingo was mentioned by any but the Spaniards, although (at least since the treaty of Ryswick in 1697) it never embraced quite a third of the island.

This treaty—the first in which Spain regularly ceded the western part of the island to the French—established the limits of the two territories, and put an end to the constant quarrels which had hitherto enfeebled the rival colonies, each being henceforward free to pursue unmolested its career, which, on the part of the French, was one of prosperity and wealth, but on that of the Spaniards one of poverty and decay. Had not this treaty, or some other of a like nature, been entered into, it is more than probable that the French colony would have greatly extended itself, and perhaps monopolized the island; for at different periods D'Ogeron, De Cussy, Ducasse, and the celebrated Count d'Estaing, governors of the French Antilles, entertained the project of capturing the Spanish portion.

This French idea of undivided possession was in fact finally accomplished by the treaty of Basle, July 22, 1795. But at that period a new element had sprung up, neutralizing in this quarter the effect of the French victories in Europe and the protocols and provisions of European diplomatists. The black race had asserted its power, and Toussaint l'Ouverture, the negro general, took possession of the Spanish part of the island in the name of the French government.

Since the memorable 6th of December, 1492, when Columbus landed in the little bay which he called St. Nicholas, the Indians, the Spaniards, the French, the English, the negroes and the mixed races have ruled over portions or the whole of Saint Domingo, and its vicissitudes have been so great, its misfortunes so severe and its wars

* Las Casas. Moreau de St. Méry, however, thinks the original number of inhabitants did not exceed two millions.

† Only four kinds of animals were found by the Spaniards, and none larger than a rabbit.

‡ Père Labat, who gives most graphic and interesting accounts of their manners.

so prolonged and sanguinary, that, as it would appear, nothing but its genial intertropical climate, its copious rains and the extraordinary fertility of its soil could have saved it from the desolation and decay which the passions of man have done so much to produce.

But the past has vanished: let us turn to the present, and by a cautious examination endeavor to discover the most judicious and effectual means of building up anew that prosperity which once made of this beautiful island a terrestrial paradise, and which seems to be its natural birth-right.

Let us at once admit that the novel experiment of African civilization, left to its own resources, has been a failure,* and then consider whether the time may not have arrived when, in the interests of the negro race itself, it will be well to interfere—not unwisely or precipitately, but advisedly and with every possible precaution for the welfare of the inhabitants.

Those of the western portion of the island have had more than half a century in which to forget their ancient animosity to the French, which was never a hatred such as a nation may feel toward a rival, but a hatred arising from the differences of color and of caste, from the relations of master and slave. The remains of this feeling are still

* At the time of the official recognition by France of the independence of Hayti, the credit of that republic stood higher at the Paris Bourse than that of France itself; whilst, during the revolution against Salnave it required from eight hundred to twelve hundred Haytian dollars to buy one dollar in coin.

A writer (in 1842) says: "The rural districts of Hayti are dead. In places where slavery produced sugar by thousands of tons, nothing is now raised but a few provisions, and syrup for the manufacture of tafia. The prolific wood of bayahonda covers with its thorns the cane-fields, the meadows and pasturages deserted by the hand of man; it encroaches on the villages, and, penetrating even to the heart of the towns, grows in the midst of the ruins, as if desirous of insulting the citizens." Another writer calls it "a sarcastic concert of Nature celebrating the absence of labor." Recently a journal of Port au Prince thus appreciated the situation: "Let us carefully notice the events which are taking place amongst us, and let us ask whether, in proportion to our first steps in our career, our advancement has not constantly slackened: let us ask if, from the state of matters most vital to our civilization, it is not proved that the country is stricken with immobility, and even decay."—

Quoted by *Lepelletier de St. Rémy*.

manifest in the jealousy with which the pure blacks watch the movements of the mulattoes and sang-mêlés, and in the struggles between them for the possession of political power or of the semblance of power. The prejudices of the Haytians have been anti-white rather than anti-French: their sympathies are with the Latin race; their language, religion, manners and ideas are French; and it may be fairly regarded as a matter of doubt whether any sudden amalgamation with an Anglo-Saxon race would prove beneficial to either party.

The inhabitants of the eastern portion possess the same sympathy with the Latin race, but circumstances, and the manners of the stock from which they spring, have created a national character totally different from that of their neighbors. Moreau de St. Méry has recorded his impressions of the Dominicans. "They exhibit," says he, "in general, a mixture of baseness and pride. Crawling and servile when necessary, they wish to appear proud. Submissive to those above them, they are haughty to those beneath them. Rancorous and vindictive to the death, they cannot comprehend that it is possible to be great and generous even toward an enemy." The portrait is not flattering, and it may be hoped that some of its harshness is to be attributed to prejudice.

The number of negro slaves has never been so great, either actually or relatively, in the eastern as in the western portion of the island, and the prejudice of color, which, until of late years, has, amongst other nations, placed so wide a gulf between the freedman and his descendants and the whites, has always been very feeble with the Spanish creoles. The Spanish colonial constitution recognized no difference between the civil status of a white and that of a freedman, and it is certain that the great majority of the inhabitants belong to the class of sang-mêlés.† M. Weuves jeune, a merchant of Cape François, states, in his description of the island, that the whole space from the capital

† Moreau de St. Méry.

to the Pointe des Salines is inhabited by a mixed race of Spaniards, Americans and negroes, and that it is doubtful whether a single person of unmixed blood can be found there. He adds: "We have passed over about three hundred marine leagues of the coast belonging to the Spaniards, if we can so call those whose blood is so mingled with that of the Caribs and the negroes that it is very rare to meet with a single man whose blood is without admixture."

When Toussaint took possession of the Spanish portion in 1801, the Audiencia Real had already been removed to Havana, and the subsequent rigor of Dessalines and the verification of land-titles introduced by Boyer induced nearly all the pure whites to emigrate to other islands; so that, with the exception of a kind of colony established in the Cibao district, and claiming descent from the Spanish and Carib races alone, it is doubtful whether any of the population are exempt from a greater or less proportion of negro blood.

A certain familiarity has always characterized the intercourse between the Spanish master and his servant, as represented in the works of Spanish authors, notably in those of Cervantes; and the Spanish creoles adopted this system of gentleness toward their slaves. To this familiarity, and perhaps also to the natural indolence of the Spanish character, may be traced that amalgamation of races which constituted so marked a difference between the French and Spanish parts of the island.*

The national pride of the Castilian has descended to his illegitimate children, who, with a foolish vanity, which, however, circumstances have rendered excusable, will rarely admit that they are anything but white, and who regard their neighbors of Hayti as of an inferior race. Hence probably has arisen an idea, once prevalent in the United

States, that the Dominicans are all white, whilst the Haytians are all black.

In general, the soil of the island is exceedingly fertile, though from the mountainous nature of the country it varies according to situation; but in this respect the eastern portion is more favored than Hayti, as in the former the mountain ranges are susceptible of cultivation, whilst in the latter they are more often arid.

The opening of the Bay of Samana lies between Cape Raphael and Cape Samana, the latter forming the most north-easterly point of the island, the distance between the two points being about twenty miles; but if the real opening of the bay be considered to lie between Point-à-Grappin and Point Icaco the distance will not be much more than half; whilst the actual passage by which vessels can enter is extremely narrow, as at the southern part of its opening there exists a key or reef extending in a northerly direction, and terminating in a point near Port Banister. Between the point of this reef and the port there is a rock called *Cayo de los Levantados*, or Levantados Key, and as the port, the key and the point of the reef are all susceptible of being fortified, it is clear that any vessels passing either to the north or south of Levantados Key must be subjected to a cross-fire at very short range; thus rendering the sole entrance to this magnificent bay impracticable for ordinary vessels. Should this passage, however, be forced, there are numerous other positions in the bay itself which could offer the most powerful resistance to any attack.

Reckoning from Cape Samana, the bay is about sixty miles long, but from Point-à-Grappin the distance is not more than forty miles, and its mean breadth may be placed at about fifteen miles. All the coves or indentures on its northern shore form safe and convenient ports suitable for repairing and careening vessels, well protected from every wind but the south, the force of which, however, must be much diminished by the mountain chains of the in-

* The French treatment of the freedmen was exceedingly harsh, including compulsory military service and forced labor in the making of roads. A mulatto could be neither a priest, lawyer, physician, surgeon, apothecary nor schoolmaster; while in the eastern part all these careers were open to him.—*Moreau de St. Méry.*

terior. Between Point Bannister and Point des Martiniquais the Spaniards planted the town of Samana, colonizing it with inhabitants brought from the Canary Islands, as they also did that of Savana-la-Mar, almost directly opposite to it on the main island. The best and most commodious port, however, is that under Point Martiniquais, which Moreau de St. Méry thinks should have been selected as the site of the town. A vast extent, salubrious air, the proximity of stone and wood for building purposes, clear and abundant water purified by cascades, should have given it the preference over the actual port of Samana.

At the head of the bay is the mouth of the Yuma River, the largest in the Dominican Republic, which is navigable for small craft for fifty miles into the interior. Near its source are the copper-mines of Maymon; it waters the tobacco-producing region of Cotuy; on its banks are magnificent forests capable of furnishing timber of every description, from that suitable for naval architecture to the finest and rarest cabinet woods; iron ore is found along its shores, and recently coal formations have been discovered in close proximity to this noble river. The possession of the Bay of Samana and the command of this invaluable stream would afford the means of establishing perhaps the finest naval arsenal and shipyard in the world.

Much space cannot be devoted to commenting on the strategical advantages of the Bay of Samana, which have been so frequently expatiated on that to do more than recapitulate them in the present paper appears unnecessary. Although the position of Samana, commanding the Mona Passage and the entrance to the Caribbean Sea, is undoubtedly a valuable one, the importance of its situation to the windward of Cuba and the Gulf of Mexico—so highly appreciated by writers in the last century and the first quarter of the present—has been relatively much diminished by the introduction of steam into the navy. Still, it must be admit-

ted that it is the strongest and most desirable point in all the Antilles. The soil of Saint Domingo is more fertile, and its productions more numerous, than those of Cuba, while it is more easily to be obtained than the latter island.

With a strange inconsistency, Samana has been called indifferently a peninsula and an island. Charlevoix in his text speaks of it as a peninsula, but in his map he makes it an island; whilst Moreau de St. Méry affirms that it is a peninsula, but in commenting upon this discrepancy he commits a curious error by saying that all the ancient authors have delineated it in their maps as an island, with the exception of Charlevoix. Weuves says clearly, and more than once, that it is an island, but he is doubtless mistaken, as the general opinion of more modern writers is opposed to this view. It is probable that the great *estero* in the Bay of Cosbeck, on the north, and the little *estero* at the head of the Bay of Samana, on the south of the peninsula—two low, marshy and alluvial encroachments on the sea—which at high water are partially covered by the tide, may have given to it an insular appearance, but it is certain that there is no passage for vessels in this place.

It will no doubt be remembered by many that during the presidency of General Pierce a secret mission was sent to Santo Domingo, at the suggestion of General Santana, at that time President of the Dominican Republic, with whom General W. L. Cazeneau, the agent of this government, entered into negotiations, resulting in the signature of a treaty, which, though never ratified, was generally understood to provide for the cession of Samana. Santana had then just been re-elected President by the people, defeating Baez, who had become unpopular with the Dominicans on account of his attachment to the clerical party and his endeavors to support himself by means of French influence. Such at least were the ostensible reasons for his defeat, though looking at the history of the republic since the

days of Boyer, we shall scarcely be uncharitable in attributing the election of Santana as much to the love of change as to any other motive. The treaty had been signed for a cession of part of the Dominican territory, but as it was a secret one, the people cannot have been consulted with regard to this alienation of a most valuable portion of the public domain; and this independent action on the part of Santana throws much light on his subsequent negotiations with Spain for the recovery of her ancient province.

When, in the spring of 1861, encouraged probably by the confusion prevailing in the United States, the Spanish government undertook to reannex its ancient colony, it found in the President a ready accomplice in that scheme, and his proclamation to the people declaring Saint Domingo an appurtenance of the Spanish Crown was rewarded with the title of lieutenant-general, a patent of nobility and other honors. That this cession was never accomplished by the will of the people—though believed perhaps at Madrid to have been—is clear from the desperate and successful efforts which the Dominicans made to shake off the yoke, and from the acknowledgment which the cabinet of Narvaez made to the Cortes in 1864, that it had been deceived in believing that Santana had acted in accordance with the will of the people. The address concluded with these words: "That it was a delusion to believe that the Dominican people, as a whole or in great majority, desired, and, above all, demanded, their annexation to Spain; . . . that, even by concentrating all our efforts and sacrifices in order to obtain a triumph, we should place ourselves in the sad position of holding the island entirely by *military occupation—a position full of difficulties and not exempt from dangerous complications*; that, taking the most favorable hypothesis—namely, that a portion of the people may show themselves devoted to us after a victory—the administrative system that would have to be established in those dominions must

either be little suitable to the usages and customs of the inhabitants, or very dissimilar to those of other colonial provinces."

The Spanish government, being convinced that "the game was not worth the candle," wisely resolved to retreat with the best grace it could assume, and acknowledged for a second time the independence of the Dominican Republic.

The two most prominent Presidents of that republic, though opposed to each other in politics, have ever been equally desirous of ceding, selling, or in some way disposing of their country to a foreign power. Indeed, the desire to dispossess themselves of a country of which Columbus wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella, "I assure your majesties that there is not in the world a better nation nor a better land," appears to be an endemic malady with the Dominican rulers, and this beautiful and fruitful island seems literally to go begging; for, during the recent war with Spain, the patriot authorities at Santiago offered to annex their country to Hayti,* but their offer was not accepted; and Cabral again, in 1867, sent an envoy to the United States to endeavor to lease the Bay of Samana.

These persistent efforts to annex the republic to some foreign state may be regarded in a twofold manner. When a Jimenes conspires with a Soulouque for the surrender of his country, and is rewarded with a sable dukedom; when a Santana

* Previously to this event, and soon after the successful revolution against the Haytian government headed by Santana in 1843, both Santana and Baez made overtures to the cabinet of Madrid; but not meeting with encouragement, they turned their attention to France, and their offers were so well received by the ministry of Louis Philippe that Admiral Mosges was ordered to assemble the Gulf fleet at Santo Domingo and proclaim the annexation of the country. The affair, however, got wind, and the order was countermanded. Again, in 1848, Baez, being in Paris, put himself in communication with the French government with the same object, but political troubles prevented any result. Thus, in the one case, we see the Dominican rulers soliciting annexation with Spain or France to protect themselves against the Haytians, and in the other desiring annexation with Hayti to protect themselves from Spain; while at the present moment the plea of fears of a Haytian invasion is put forward in order to bring about annexation with the United States.

proclaims the annexation of the republic to Spain, and is recompensed by a lieutenant-generalship and other titles; and when a Baez proposes to sell to the United States a portion or the whole of the territory,—we may look upon these acts as proceeding from treachery and corruption, dictated by ambition, by the desire of crushing a rival, or by the mere lust of money. On the other hand, it may be fair to suppose that these leaders, more capable of political foresight than their countrymen, more impressed by the facts of the scanty population and meagre fiscal resources, and convinced of the impossibility of developing the natural wealth of the country and launching it upon a career of national prosperity, have believed it wiser to seek the aid and protection of a foreign power—to let the feeble and drooping vine entwine itself around the stem of some sturdy oak, rising by its support and growing with its growth.

The questions, however, arise, whether the people themselves desire this protection; whether they consider themselves incapable of self-advancement; whether they believe that the benefits to be derived from annexation would compensate for the loss of their nationality and independence; whether they would prefer to be more wealthy and less free; in short, whether they would prefer to be merged into some other nation or to remain Dominicans. To all these questions the answer is undoubtedly, No!

Jimenes was obliged to flee from the anger of his countrymen. Santana's work was undone by a general rising of the whole people, who fought desperately against the Spaniards, vanquished them in numerous combats, burned some of the cities they held, starved them to death in others, and, driving them to their last stronghold, forced them to abandon all idea of conquest. The result of the negotiations entered into by Baez is still pending, but his opponent, Cabral, has published a protest, declaring that the popular vote in favor of annexation was a sham, and rejecting as false the statement that the

majority of the people are in favor of it. It has been shown how, in 1861, the Spanish government believed in the genuineness of a similar vote, and how, three years after, they were forced to admit their error and acknowledge the impossibility of holding the country except by military force. The protest of Cabral would point to a similar state of things at present.

The Dominican Republic is an extensive though thinly-peopled territory, but its numerous mountain ranges and the effect of its climate upon northern races peculiarly adapt it to guerrilla warfare, the insignificant number of its inhabitants being counterbalanced by its natural means of defence. Though it cannot be supposed that any first-class power—least of all, the United States—would fail to capture Saint Domingo and to hold it if so disposed, yet the process would be a slow, an expensive, and, above all, an odious one. It therefore becomes highly important to ascertain the real facts in regard to the sentiments of the population.

When the retiring Spanish lieutenant-governor, José de la Gándara, required, before evacuating Santo Domingo, a declaration on the part of the Dominican government that the cessation of hostilities was "a high and voluntary act of generosity on the part of Spain," which withdrew "purely and solely out of a noble and disinterested respect for the preference entertained by the Dominican people for an independent nationality," the demand was instantly refused. "The Dominican people," was the reply, "without regard to rank or color, have planted the white cross of the republic on the principle enunciated by the great mother of free nations, that 'America belongs to the Americans,' and we will endure all our trials over again sooner than desert it." And although Gándara threatened that he would "encircle the whole island in a fiery ring of ruin and desolation by means of a perpetual blockade and incessant raids on all its forts and large towns," the people were firm, and he was obliged to evacuate unconditionally.

In our own case, the most important preliminary step (after having satisfied ourselves as to the value of the acquisition) is to obtain a *clear, decided and unpartisan* declaration from a large majority of the Dominicans in regard to annexation. If this be favorable, there will still remain a question of no little importance in regard to the sentiments of the Haytian population; for the interests of the eastern and western republics are so intimately connected that whatever affects the one must influence the destiny of the other.

At the time when Santana delivered up his country to Spain, President Geffrard of Hayti issued a solemn and dignified protest against the annexation; a portion of which is here quoted. "No one can deny," says he, "that Hayti possesses a paramount interest in desiring that no foreign power should establish itself in the eastern part. From the moment that two nations inhabit the same island, their destinies, with regard to foreign attempts, are indivisible (*solidaires*). The political existence of the one is closely allied to that of the other, and they are bound to guarantee to each other their mutual safety." . . . "The Haytian government considers itself freed by that fact" (the action of Santana) "from every engagement, and recovers its ancient freedom of action, reserving to itself the use of all means which, according to circumstances, may be suitable to protect and guarantee its most precious interests." We are probably safe in assuming that the "means" hinted at in this passage is a foreign alliance in some form or other.

During the presidency of Geffrard, Salnave, his successor, assisted the Dominicans in their struggle with Spain, and in August, 1867, three months after he himself became President, he concluded a treaty with the Dominican Republic, by which the two governments engaged, "with all their forces and with their whole power, to maintain the integrity of their respective territories, and never to cede or alienate in favor of any foreign power any part whatever

of their territories, or of the adjacent islands dependent thereon," and, in addition, "to enter into a further treaty of defensive alliance in case of foreign invasion."

This treaty, evidently suggested by the Spanish attempt at annexation, is equally adverse to annexation to the United States. It would deprive neither of the contracting parties of the right to *lease* a portion of their territory for a definite time and a specific purpose. Such, at least, must have been the opinion of the Dominican government, as President Cabral sent an envoy, General Sujol, to this country to offer a *lease of Samana*; and it will be borne in mind that this is the same Cabral who now makes the protest against the annexation of the *whole island*.

But this is not all. At the end of last year, Mr. Evariste Laroche, the Haytian minister to Washington, made the following communication to the press: "There has appeared in the columns of the *Herald*, and of several other journals, a correspondence in which it is said that President Salnave and myself have offered to cede the Môle St. Nicolas to the United States in exchange for the *Algonquin* and other vessels. I beg you will have the goodness to contradict this assertion, which has not the slightest foundation. The Môle St. Nicolas neither belongs to President Salnave nor to me, but to the Haytian nation, which is not disposed to cede the smallest portion of its territory at any price; and the President and myself share the views of the nation.

"Once for all, it is well that public opinion in the United States should be settled on one point—namely, that the people of Hayti will never ratify any treaty, whatever it may be, tending toward the loss of its autonomy or the alienation of any part whatever of its territory. It may be that *intrigants* are making, or have made, such a proposition, but neither the American government nor the capitalists should allow themselves to be deceived by such individuals, who possess no national character."

The above facts are significant. Should the Dominicans cede any portion of the island to a foreign power, the Haytians would have a right under the above treaty to prevent the consummation of the act; and should any foreign power be induced by a Dominican government representing only a portion of the people to accept its proposal of annexation, the Haytians would be bound to assist the refractory portion. Thus in either case, the annexation of the Dominican Republic involves the possibility of a war with Hayti, justified on the part of the latter by its treaty rights and obligations, and demanding on our part a disregard of those engagements and a conquest over a people capable of a long and desperate resistance. Few persons having fresh in their memory the melancholy spectacle of a country—in many respects similar to Saint Domingo—almost depopulated by invasion, would counsel a repetition of the Paraguayan horrors for the sake of an idea, when far more desirable results might be obtained by adopting a policy of persuasion and example.

Mention has already been made of the advantages offered by Samana as a naval and coaling station. The peninsula is, however, by no means adapted to agriculture, one-third of its length, at the eastern end, being rugged and almost inaccessible, while the rest is so broken by mountain ranges that very little of the surface is available for cultivation. Savana-la-Mar, on the opposite side of the bay, is almost the only place in the vicinity where the culture of the soil might be carried on.* In respect to the strength of its position, the commodiousness of its bay and the infertility of its soil, Samana may be fitly compared to the Môle St. Nicolas, though it is on a larger scale. Nature would seem to have endowed each extremity of the favored island of Saint Domingo with an impregnable fortress and an admirable port, the possession of which by any naval power would give it as much command over the

Gulf of Mexico as that of both Gibraltar and Ceuta over the Mediterranean. Such being the case, it would seem necessary that any establishment founded at Samana with a view to its being self-supporting should be endowed with sufficient territory for that purpose, and, as this desideratum is not to be found on the shores of the bay, it must be sought elsewhere.

Nature, as if to further such a project, has separated from the rest of the island a narrow belt of land stretching along the northern coast. It runs from the Bay of Mancenilla, on the Haytien frontier, to that of Samana, being about one hundred and ninety miles in length by from six to ten in breadth, and comprising an area of some fifteen hundred square miles. It is enclosed, as in a frame, between the sea and the Monte Christi range of mountains, and, as a glance at the map will show, occupies an isolated position cut off from all but Samana, thus forming the most appropriate adjunct to that place. It possesses numerous outlets on the coast for the transport of its productions, which in no case would require to be conveyed across the mountains for shipment. It enjoys the refreshing breezes from the north and east, and is sheltered from the debilitating airs of the south; and whilst the eastern and southern coasts of Saint Domingo are, from July to October, frequently ravaged by hurricanes of terrible fury and destructive violence, this region has been entirely exempt from such visitations.† It was from the summit of the Monte Christi mountains that Columbus gazed, his eyes wearied with searching the horizon in quest of Terra Firma, but enraptured at the richness and fertility of the vast tropical carpet of verdure spread over the luxuriant plains at his feet. The three millions of inhabitants he probably found on the island have disappeared, and the tract is now known by the significant appellation of *La Despoblada* (The Depopulated).

A well-informed writer is of opinion that in less than ten years, with an en-

* Moreau de St. Méry and Weuves.

† Moreau de St. Méry.

terprising population, this region would exhibit from two to three hundred sugar plantations, producing, one with another, two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand pounds of sugar, making a total of from fifty to ninety millions of pounds, on an area which had never given more than five hundred and eighty thousand pounds of indigo before being planted with cane. There might also be established two hundred coffee plantations, with forty thousand plants on each; and in addition to these a hundred cotton plantations, producing in the aggregate a million pounds of cotton. These establishments would be susceptible of being doubled in regard to sugar—trebled and perhaps sextupled in respect to coffee and cotton.* Cattle-raising is at present the chief employment of the rural population, and it is well known that in tropical climates the larger kind of animals do not thrive near the sea, where it is too warm for them, and where they are deprived of the necessary shelter afforded by the forests farther inland. This district, therefore, would be of little service to its present possessors, but, if the figures of M. Weuves may be relied on, would prove of enormous benefit to others.

Let it then be assumed that a lease of this territory can be secured for twenty, fifty or a hundred years by our government, and the land relet at remunerative prices to individuals, who would not fail to take advantage of such an opportunity, and a colony with all the elements of prosperity would be at once created on a spot where it is most needed. The iron, copper, tin and coal mines along the river Yuma would draw capital to that region: the sugar, cotton, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, indigo, etc., which this territory is capable of producing would not fail to attract the enterprise of our people; and a district where now only a few goats are reared would be converted into a garden. A railroad from Monte Christi to Samana could be constructed at a small expense, as the country is perfectly level, and

* Weuves.

no costly tunneling or aqueducts would be required.

With the profits derived from subletting the land a naval station might be constructed and maintained at Samana, and a city built at Saint Martiniquais, or at some more favorable spot, if such can be found, which would shortly become the general rendezvous and entrepôt of commerce in the West Indies, entirely superseding St. Thomas, whose small harbor, rocky soil and limited extent would have condemned it to perpetual insignificance had not the Danish government, abandoning the usual European system, converted it into a free port. The same American energy which in a few years converted San Francisco from an unimportant village, having as its only trade the occasional shipment of a cargo of hides, into the emporium for the whole Pacific coast, would perform a like miracle for Samana, whose advantages have for nearly four hundred years been unappreciated by the Spaniards and their successors.

But St. Thomas is a free port, only a harbor duty of about one per cent. being levied on imports. Samana would thus have to contend against a rival, which was not the case with San Francisco. This drawback could only be met by making Samana a free port. Such a measure, in view of the difficulties which a new colony in a new country and a strange climate has to contend with, would be equally just and politic. The only loss to the government would be that of revenue on such foreign goods as the inhabitants might consume, whilst it would reap incalculable advantages from the establishment of such an emporium. As to our manufactures, the competition they would have to encounter would be confined to a new market, and would be amply compensated by their introduction to that market and their general diffusion throughout the Antilles.

It is fair to assume that a colony established upon this basis and composed of Americans could not fail to be crowned with success; and the benefits

resulting from it would naturally radiate on every side. The mother-country would receive its share, whilst the Dominicans, having at their doors a specimen of the government and industrious habits of our people, would instinctively study the principles at work and the machinery employed to utilize them. They would see this colony governed as a territory, thus gradually fitting themselves for a similar probation. They would learn that a President elected for four years was sure—except in the case of some grave misconduct—of remaining in office for the full term, and quietly making way for his successor when that term was accomplished. They would realize the fact that, however turbulent and noisy the different political parties might be before the election, the majority of votes was always respected, and the minority allowed freely to vent their emotions in fire-crackers and talk, without ever dreaming of taking up arms in favor of the defeated candidate; that *pronunciamientos* and political proscriptions were unknown; and that the popular government and the popular will were as nearly as possible identical.

Turning from this picture, they would naturally cast their eyes over their own land: they would see poverty in the midst of natural wealth, indolence and enervation by the side of activity and vigor; and the contrast would be too striking for the lesson to be misunderstood. Their ambition would be aroused by a spirit of emulation: they would crave for themselves a prosperity equal to that of their neighbors, and turn a deaf ear to the counsels of those petty chiefs who seek to foment revolutions for their own personal ends. They would welcome the Americans into their borders with joy, and the northern nation, allured to the fertile plains of the interior, would gradually form settlements throughout the land, bringing their arts and their industry with them; and by degrees the leaven of civilization would penetrate to every corner of the country, until the whole was leavened

from Samana to Tiburon, and a genuine and intelligent demand for admission to the Union was the result.

It has been shown that the inhabitants of the eastern part of Saint Domingo successively threw off the Spanish, the French, the Haytian, and again the Spanish yoke; that they have repeatedly manifested a desire to possess an autonomy of their own; that they have entered into a treaty to prevent the cession of their territory to any foreign power, whilst their rulers have at various times endeavored to sell it; and it is believed by the writer that there is as little ground at the present day for placing confidence in the statements of interested newspaper correspondents, declaring them unanimous in their wish for annexation to the United States, as there was in 1861 for crediting their desire for annexation to Spain. The ignorance of the masses of the people is great, their religious prejudices are equally strong, and their inconsistency such that what might be accomplished from popular sympathy with the ruler of to-day would probably, through a similar sympathy with a successful rival of to-morrow, be repudiated.

From this sketch of the position of affairs it appears that the only safe and *humane* method of permanently securing the island is one resembling that we have suggested; *i. e.*, a gradual education of the people by example and influence in the arts of social and political life, commencing with the Dominicans and spreading to the Haytians; thus inducing both peoples to wish to participate in the liberty and prosperity of the "great mother of all free nations."

The scheme of the lease of Samana and of the northern coast of the island is merely a suggestion thrown out *en bloc*—without any attempt to elaborate its details—of a plan which is considered preferable to the immediate annexation to the United States, by purchase or otherwise, of the whole or part of Saint Domingo.

H. HARGRAVE.

NONCARRA'S BAD LUCK.

IN the depths of a Cornish tin-mine, two thousand feet below the green hill of St. Agnes, where the white breakers dash against the tall cliffs of a rock-bound coast, three miners were in earnest, almost angry, conversation. They were Uncle Nicky Noncarra and two of his stalwart sons. Nicky was a small, wiry old man, who had passed about half his life in the deep bowels of the earth—from the time he was ten years old until this his sixtieth year: fifty years he had spent like a mole, digging blindly in the earth. Digging blindly, we repeat, for all his energies were put forth to earn his half crown a day. He sometimes made more, but often less, and lived full half the time upon "sist," though his sons had entered the mine as young as himself.

Uncle Nicky and his two sons were seated on great pieces of powder-blackened rocks at the end of a gallery in the "lode" or vein of tin. At this point the excavation was large and cavernous in appearance. The dim flare of the tallow dip or "rushlight" which each miner held in his hand cast dark shadows on the rocky walls of this subterranean chamber, while the overhanging rocks of the top were lost in the gloom, though but ten feet above their heads.

Black Joe, Uncle Nicky's eldest son, was a dark, hairy man, with a short bull neck and giant-like shoulders and arms. Though his strength was great, his mind was narrow: his neck bore the yoke like an ox, but he gored on this side and that with a vicious pleasure, and woe to the man or the boy who said him nay.

Salathe, the second son—in fact, the fourth of his family—was a singular contrast to both father and brother. He was his "mother's son"—fair and noble in appearance. Around his high forehead clustered curls of rich brown hair, and a short beard concealed his face just enough to give it a manly ap-

pearance. Quick intelligence beamed from his eyes, while every feature was lit with earnestness and animation as he rose from his rocky seat, and, in a tone of suppressed anger, closed an argument which had become serious and even dangerous:

"Well, father, you and brother Joe can work the rest of the 'take' the three weeks that remain, and make the most of it. As for me, I am done. I will not strike another blow in this 'set' unless my advice is now taken. I know, and have long felt, that our *bad luck* is more the fault of bad management than bad fortune. You both trust more to strength and endurance than to wit and brains. How many of our comrades are always lucky! They use their eyes and their judgment to some purpose, while we, like blind moles, have been digging in the dark year in and year out. I shall never trust either of you again to make a contract for me. Hereafter I shall endeavor to do as well, at least, as our comrades. I am no longer a boy, but from this moment a man, and a *free* man. It is thus only that I can help you and myself."

This sudden revolt of the hitherto obedient and gentle Salathe was as astonishing to Uncle Nicky and Black Joe as if the rocks had found a voice; for Salathe until his twenty-second year had served his father without ever opposing his will on a question of mining operations. But while his brothers and fellow-workmen were carousing in the alehouse or quarreling in the cockpit, he spent the hours of leisure with more profit and more real pleasure under the old "almanac-maker's" tuition. Neither his father nor his brother could read or write; but Salathe was comparatively a scholar—an excellent mathematician, a correct and rapid penman and an extensive reader. Though these accomplishments were

known to the family, it was not supposed that they added to Salathe's skill as a miner or gave weight to his opinions on business matters.

Black Joe rose in wrath with the intention of answering Salathe, as usual, with blows. But this time "the boy" did not flinch, and the brutish giant instinctively quailed before the cool, determined glance that met his own. His great arm, that could smite asunder a two-inch bar of iron with a single blow of a sledge-hammer, fell slowly from its menacing position, and with a scowl and a threat Joe sat down subdued and sulky, but ever after Salathe's slave!

Uncle Nicky, during a long life of toil, had been schooled to yield. Like the reed, he bent before every storm; yet instead of winning good-will by this submissive habit, he subjected himself to much taunting and reproach at home and abroad, and the other miners seemed to take advantage of Noncarra's "bad luck" to secure all the "good luck" to themselves.

"Well, well, S'lath, thee's put thy brother Joe to silence: I never could do it. And thy father must give it up, too. I did hope to make a few pounds this quarter to pay off our debts, but it seems that my bad luck will go with me to the grave."

"Father," replied Salathe, "thy bad luck has always been thy fears. If *good* luck is not *thy* luck, why, now, let me try *my* luck. If I leave thee, the few pounds which we may make by our present chance will be lost to thee every quarter by the loss of my labor; but if I work for thee still, as I am willing to do if my advice is taken, even if I miss my aim it will be thy gain."

The stormy part of the debate had passed: the scolding and vituperation we have not recorded. Salathe is our hero, and with his resolution commences our story.

The veins or lodes of tin in Cornwall are very irregular, increasing and decreasing both in size and in purity, with constant uncertainty and risk to the miners, although with good average re-

sults. Luck is ever varying, and its changes require to be closely studied. Men who are shrewd and watchful are most frequently the *lucky* ones, while the hard-working moles are generally *unlucky*.

In the Cornish tin-mines new contracts are let every quarter, each "set" of miners bidding for any part of the mine, and the contract being given to the lowest responsible bid. Thus, every three months there is a general change of places among the miners.

At the end of each quarter the whole mine is "viewed" by the managers, and the miners have then the privilege of inspecting each other's work. They thus make up their estimates of what each place is worth. But it often happens that a few of the sharp-witted fellows spend nearly all the last week of the quarter in gossiping, going the rounds of the mine and "chatting" with each "pair" or set of miners. In this way these sly fellows generally find out the best places if their judgment and their wit do them good service.

At quarter-day each place or gallery in the mine is put up at auction. The miners bid as they see fit, by offering to do the work for a certain percentage of the value of the ore produced. For instance, the miners dig or excavate the ore, and convey it to the bottom of the shaft, and thence to the top of the shaft—that is, to the surface. They also break, stamp and wash the ore, or hire others to do it for them. The company or proprietors of the mine furnish all the machinery for hoisting, stamping, washing, etc. When the ore is reduced to a proper standard of richness by rejecting or washing away the lighter particles or impurities, the ore is "assayed" by chemical analysis and its commercial value determined, and on this the miner is paid his proportion according to the terms of the bid. The greatest proportion ever paid by the company to the miners is seventeen shillings in the pound, and the lowest rate paid is three shillings. Any ore which will not pay the company three shillings in the pound is considered too

lean to mine; while the workmen cannot afford to dig and prepare the richest ores for less than three shillings in the pound, or fifteen per cent. of the product.

But between the richest and the poorest every variety of ore is found, and the bids and contracts vary accordingly. Under this system the proprietors of the mine are comparatively safe, while the miners are to some extent independent and responsible for their own success; but as it is almost impossible to make a correct estimate of the value of the ore *in situ*, and as the lode is always varying in size and value, much depends on "luck." In no other mining enterprises are the skill and judgment of the miner so important to his success. There are, however, always some unfortunate ones who make low bids and poor contracts, and others who always live from "hand to mouth," whether they have good luck or bad. In order to support these men and assist needy families, the proprietors of the mines advance a few shillings per week to all who require it as "subsistence-money," or "sist-money," as the miners call it. This advance is deducted from their portion of the profits when the tin is sold. If, as it sometimes happens, the "sist" amounts to more than the quarter's earnings, the miner is in debt for the same amount to the company.

Uncle Nicky's "take" during the quarter had been worse than usual. It was the most unlucky of his proverbially unlucky bids. He had the highest rate—seventeen shillings in the pound—and yet his "set" did not even earn their "sist." In fact, it did not pay expenses to haul the unproductive rock to the surface; but as they were following the lode, and the level or gallery in which they worked was a necessary one, it was important to the company that it should be carried forward, and Uncle Nicky's "set" always did an honest day's work.

Fortune at length favored the old man against his will. During the last two weeks of the quarter the Noncarras struck suddenly and unexpectedly a magnificent lode of tin. The vein had

opened out above and alongside of them in its largest and richest form. Great blocks of almost pure tin came crushing down with the last blast, and the lode was uncovered and exposed to a considerable extent in the highest parts of their level.

Uncle Nicky and Black Joe were excited and joyous over their turn of luck, and thought of nothing but muscular efforts to realize as much as possible during the short time that remained. But Salathe saw an opportunity to make up for a long run of bad luck, and determined to have his own way in profiting by it or to sever his fortunes from those of his unlucky father and brother. Their desire to make sure of the present chance, and their opposition to Salathe's scheme from the fear of risk, led to the excited debate which we have already noticed.

Salathe finally had his way. The scaffolds were pulled down, and that part of the mine in which the tin lay hid was abandoned. The powder-smoke, from frequent blasting, covered the bright glitter of the sparkling tin and effectually concealed the rich and tempting lode.

For two weeks, Uncle Nicky and his "set" blasted and dug in the leanest rocks, much to the disgust of the old man himself. Toward the end of the month, when the prowlers sought to scent out the good places, he grew feverish and agitated. Salathe began to fear that his father's agitation and ill-concealed fears would betray them, and persuaded him that he was too unwell to work. Noncarra accordingly went home and to bed, and remained there during the last week of the quarter, sure in his own mind that some interloper would discover the secret and bring back his usual ill luck.

Black Joe was dogged and silent, but inwardly delighted with the scheme, and becoming every day more and more the slave of his brother. When his sluggish mind could comprehend the brilliant results which the scheme seemed to promise, he really enjoyed in anticipation the disappointment and

chagrin of the smart and lucky men, the mine-captains and the proprietors, while many a pleasant dream of good things stirred his dull brain.

Salathe was as usual full of animation. He joked with strangers about the proverbial Noncarra's "bad luck," seized every opportunity to depreciate the "take," and inquired about the chances and prospects in other parts of the mine, to which he paid frequent visits in imitation of those who were continually on the scent for good places.

"View-day" arrived, and the captains went their rounds to inspect and appraise the levels and "winzes," in order to determine about what percentage each would bear. Uncle Nicky's place was soon passed over as one of the most unpromising and lean in the mine, and was again marked at the highest rate, or seventeen shillings in the pound.

So far, Salathe's plan had worked well, and it only remained to guard the secret a few days longer. There was no danger from Joe, but the old man could not bear the strain. Now, that fortune seemed so very near after a long life of toil and disappointment—often of suffering for food and raiment—his bugaboo of bad luck was constantly haunting him, until he grew really sick with dread and excitement. Hope was a novel feeling with Uncle Nicky, and not easily entertained. He trembled at every return of Salathe from the mine, expecting each day to hear that the great discovery was no longer a secret to his "set." But Salathe never left the mine while it was probable that any stranger or viewer would enter his level, fearing some chance pick, in "feeling" for the lode, might ring against the solid tin he was so anxious to conceal.

At length the anxiously-anticipated quarter-day arrived, and Uncle Nicky Noncarra, nervous and fidgety, was on hand to bid as usual. He was a standing subject of jest with the lucky ones when Black Joe was not too near, but on this day both Black Joe and (for the first time) Salathe attended their father.

After many anxious hours came Uncle Nicky's chance again, and he sung out his bid of "seventeen shillings" for his old place. The astonishment of his comrades, and even the captains, was great; they thought he must be as foolish as he was unlucky, and laughed long and loudly at Black Joe and Salathe for their stupidity in following the old man's fortunes. But Black Joe was in a better humor than he had ever shown before on such occasions, and neither broke a bone nor said a cross word to man or boy. As soon as the bid was accepted, Uncle Nicky cocked his hat and said quietly to his sons, "Boys, let's have a pint of ale."

Contrary to the anticipations of Black Joe and Uncle Nicky, their comrades, the miners of St. Agnes, were delighted at the success of the Noncarras, because it was a triumph of the miner over the Argus eyes of jealous capital, and one to be the more enjoyed because of its rarity. So great a prize had not fallen to the lot of any miner for "time out of mind." Uncle Nicky was congratulated for his shrewdness and wisdom, and flattered for his good fortune. He was surprised at the number of his friends, and wondered why he should ever have thought himself unlucky. The old man, however, bore his honors and his good fortune meekly, though he could not conceal his professional pride as a miner when applauded for his discretion and good management.

Meanwhile, Salathe had planned their programme, so as to realize the utmost from the contract during the three months through which it extended. The "set" consisted of four, or two "pairs." The black giant and a younger brother worked the first "spell," assisted by Salathe, who again took the second "spell" with his father. The "set" was thus divided into two pairs—one pair worked during the day and the other at night, reversing the order of rotation each week. Eight hours was the regular time allotted for a day's work. This was seldom exceeded, but frequently curtailed by the miners. No

matter how great the temptation, this rule was rarely broken. As contractors they were at liberty to work twelve hours if they saw fit, but experience had taught them that they had nothing to gain by extending their hours of toil. If they managed by extra exertion and "long hours" to earn a large pay in one quarter, they were sure of a large deduction during the next quarter, because the mining captains would reduce the percentage; and if it did not operate immediately against the parties whose excessive labor thus induced the deduction, it was sure to pinch a comrade. It is consequently a rule of self-defence now, as well as then, in all mining communities, that excessive hours or excessive toil ought to be avoided, since the fruit is bitter instead of sweet.

Salathe, however, set all rules at defiance in his determination to make, in one short quarter, a fortune such as had seldom fallen to the lot of a common miner, and which a lifetime of hard work and close economy could not secure to men in his condition of life. Each pair, therefore, worked twelve hours, and remained in the mine until relieved. Frequently Salathe stayed in the mine during the entire day and night, working sometimes forty-eight hours, with only short intervals of rest, and almost invariably remaining at work eighteen hours—twelve during his regular "core" or course with his father, and six with his brothers. There was occasion for watchfulness as well as industry to preserve what had been secured, and to realize the largest amount that could be produced.

The mining superintendents—or captains, as they were termed—were confounded when Uncle Nicky's "take" was fairly developed. They trembled for their places, because such "good fortune" to the miner was misfortune to the proprietors, and could not have happened had they not been careless and hasty in "viewing." The wonderful story of Uncle Nicky's "good luck" could not be kept from the ears of the "adventurers" (or stockholders) in

London, and the captains dreaded the consequences.

They threatened to dispossess the Noncarras' "set" and put a stop to the work, unless they consented to accept five shillings instead of seventeen. They even watched for an opportunity to take possession during the absence of the Noncarras, or at all events of the black giant.

Salathe, however, had spies in the enemy's camp, and knew their plans and their movements. The giant made his lair in an old "winze," and had his food sent down to him. After nearly two weeks of hard work and constant vigilance and anxiety, while the whole mining community was stirred with the exciting events at St. Agnes, a crisis arrived.

Captain Bill and Captain Tom, with their personal staff of assistants, went down into the mine to eject Salathe and his father, under the belief that the black giant was absent. The news soon spread through the mine, and hundreds of men gathered to witness what they foresaw would be an exciting scene, for many of them knew that the giant was in his lair. As the portly Captain Bill and the tyrannical little Captain Tom advanced along the gallery leading to the Noncarras' level, surrounded by their assistants and followed by a host of powder-begrimed and excited miners, Salathe, with his "bulling-bar" in his hand, met them at the entrance, and Uncle Nicky with his "needle" was on guard not far off. All who know what a miner's needle is must acknowledge its capability as a dangerous weapon.

Loudly and clearly Salathe challenged the enemy: "Halt, gentlemen! As you value your lives, advance no farther. We must know your object in this unusual visit before you enter our level."

In reply to this, Captain Bill, swelling to his greatest proportions, called out, contemptuously, "Stand aside, fellow: let thy father speak. We are not here to parley with boys."

Uncle Nicky was not slow to answer, and his sharp and piping voice reached

every ear in that long and closely-packed gallery: "Cap'n Bill, S'lathe's a match for thee, but if thee's not content to talk to he, I'll call my other boy, Joe. Thee canst 'ave thy choice—S'lathe's tongue or Joe's great hand."

This unexpected sally from quiet Uncle Nicky raised a cheer from the miners, and for the moment silenced Captain Bill; but Captain Tom, who was all fire and flint, stepped forward until he was almost within reach of the iron bar in Salathe's hands, and cried with a determined voice, "Boys, follow me. This tomfoolery must end at once."

Just at this moment the giant, who had quietly edged his way through the men, whispering them to be silent, laid his great paw on the nape of the little captain's neck and shook him till he was as "limp as a rag." He then turned to Captain Bill, and quickly tucking the great man's burly body under his arm, he trotted off with the two captains down a branch adit-level to the "sump," and ducked them both under water, repeating the operation until Captain Bill promised to respect the rights of Noncarras and his sons. Captain Tom was more resolute, and, though Black Joe threatened to drown him unless he also would give the promise, he only vented menaces of dire vengeance, accompanied with tremendous oaths, as often as his head emerged from the water. Black Joe, who knew no pity and no fear, would have continued to dip the fiery little captain until his courage or his life was quenched, had not the miners interfered and rescued the victim from his grasp. Yet he relinquished his hold only when told that Salathe requested him to desist.

These stirring events created a widespread excitement, and roused the miners to united action; while the captains and proprietors on their part had stormy meetings and long consultations with officers of the law. But the miners of St. Agnes settled the issue by unanimously resolving to quit the mine unless their rights were secured and the Noncarras allowed to go on unmolested

with their work. The proprietors yielded, but Captain Tom indignantly resigned. His proud soul scorned to stoop. Though often defeated, he was never conquered.

During all this trouble and anxiety the Noncarras did not slacken their labor. The pick and drill and gad continued to ring sharply and quickly against the solid tin. Blast after blast echoed and re-echoed through the long galleries, and great masses of rich ore accumulated at the head of the shaft, an object of wonder and astonishment to even the oldest miners. So large a product in so short a time, from the labor of a single set of men, had never been seen before.

It was now that Salathe's slave displayed the true and full use of his powerful arms when directed by a quick and discriminating mind; and every day the "giant and the genie" became closer friends and their joint efforts more productive. Salathe continued to plan and contrive, in advance, how best and most expeditiously to detach the great masses of tin ore, and so to gain advantage at one point as not to lose it at another, but rather that the "blast" here should aid another blast there.

The black giant had not before considered the science of mining as of much importance, nor could he now comprehend how the boy, with but a limited experience, could make so close a calculation as to direct how and where a series of drill-holes should be bored in the rock to secure the most effect to the force of the powder, and to aid each other in general and effective execution. He knew, however, that it was done every day, and that the most wonderful results followed in more than double the ordinary production; and knowing this, he exerted his great strength and endurance in the most effective manner to obtain from the science of Salathe the best practical results in the most available shape.

Nearly three months of this hard labor, however, had a severe effect on Uncle Nicky's health and strength. His

sons urged him frequently to go out of the mine and attend to the preparation of the ore on the surface, as he was rather a hindrance when activity or muscular effort was needed, and he no longer directed the work as foreman of his "set." Salathe had proved himself so much better qualified for this that the old man's experience and the giant's strength yielded to his superior tact and judgment.

Their comrades in other parts of the mine paid Uncle Nicky's "set" frequent visits. Noncarras's good luck was now in everybody's mouth, and his fame as a lucky man during these short three months quite obscured and buried up his former lifelong misfortunes. But Salathe soon discovered that the curiosity of kind friends would seriously interfere with production unless the constant interruptions could be turned to some advantage. This he effected by asking his visitors to "strick a spell" or handle the drill, to "keep the place warm" while the old man took a "whiff." He would then exert himself to please, and tell stories of adventures by sea and land, or crack jokes, to entertain his visitors as long as they made good use of their muscles; but the moment their effective blows ceased, Salathe would seize the tool and work fast and furious as an example of what was expected of his visitors. Notwithstanding the bold impertinence of this stratagem, there was something so fascinating in the good fortune of the Noncarras, and the way in which they were acquiring wealth, that many a tired miner, after finishing his own day's work, gave Uncle Nicky a good hour's spell before he left the mine, while Salathe's tact and eloquence extracted many hours of hard work from hundreds of brawny hands.

But notwithstanding many an hour of much-needed rest was thus obtained for Uncle Nicky, the old man broke down before the work was completed. A few days' rest brought back, indeed, his usual health, but his former strength came back no more. During the remaining nine years of his life he was

a feeble old man hobbling about with his cane, but he had a home of his own, and was as independent as the squire himself.

The last week of the quarter had come round, and "view-day" was again near. The lode was still rich, and the yield wonderful. But the giant would sometimes drop asleep while waiting for the discharge of a blast, and slumber for hours, unmindful of the many pounds sterling every hour cost him. At length his muscles too became relaxed and his nerves tremulous. He craved brandy, and felt his spirits revive under its stimulus. For a short time his great blows were as effective as ever, but when the false strength supplied by the alcohol was expended, Black Joe was no longer a giant in might: he was scarcely a child. Thus, in turn, the giant's last day in the mine came round. Salathe had judiciously husbanded his strength when it could be done to advantage, and had exerted it prudently, never striking a false blow if it could be avoided, taking every favorable opportunity to rest, sleeping every available moment, eating only wholesome, solid food and drinking pure water. This enabled him to work the last forty-eight hours without much rest or intermission, aided by two younger brothers and a hired assistant, and to add materially to the immense amount of tin previously accumulated on the surface.

Quarter-day came again, but the Noncarras did not bid or appear among the miners. Their level was let at three shillings in the pound, but those who worked it found no inducement for extra exertion, and they took care not to earn more than ordinary good wages.

The old man and his eldest son Joe each bought little farms on the gneissic hills amidst the Cornish mines of tin and copper, and spent the remainder of their lives in quiet, frugal comfort, while their children followed the old trade of digging in the dark.

But to Salathe the Noncarras' good luck brought fame as well as fortune, and he made good use of both. His career was onward and upward. His actions were honorable and his purposes

noble. After a long and useful life, well spent in serving God and loving his fellow-men, he closed his eventful days peacefully and calmly, full of faith in the life to come.

I may state, in conclusion, that the incidents of this tale are true. I have used my own mode of expression generally, as the Cornish dialect is difficult

to write or understand, and I have changed the names of persons and places. Salathe's stratagem was frequently condemned as immoral in its tendency, but he could defend himself readily by citing the "striped rods" which Jacob laid in the watering-troughs to enrich himself from the flocks and herds of Laban.

S. H. DADDOW.

THE ISLAND OF TIME.

I LIVE upon an island in the sea—
 An island walled around with ridgy rocks,
 And scooped into a hollow, wherein dwell
 A busy race. From morn till night the sound
 Of trampling feet, of striving tongues, I hear:
 From night till morn the flood of sound flows on,
 Save for one midnight hour it lapses back
 Almost to silence; and, as from a dream
 Waking, I know myself again, and hear
 A sound that seems of solemn silence born—
 The ceaseless dashing of the thunderous waves—
 The long, long waves that one by one swing up
 Against the rock-wall, and nigh o'erleap
 Its mighty barriers. I can almost think
 I feel the in-blown spray upon my face,
 As in still awe, with ears compelled, I hear
 The solemn sound, and move, with feet impelled,
 Nearer and nearer to the solemn shore.

Oh, in the daytime I will lift my voice
 Till all my fellow-men shall hear my cry:
 "Hark, hark! th' eternal waves devour the shore!
 Come up and build us battlements heav'n-high,
 That, when the rocks shall crumble, we may yet
 Defy the leaping surge!" But list, my soul!
 I hear a Voice among the winds of night:
 "Yea, build ye Babel-high, or heaven-high,
 If so ye can, your towns and battlements:
 The unheeding waves with undiminished might
 Beyond your vanished structures will advance
 Resistless."

"O thou Voice among the winds!
 Behold, I evermore draw near the shore,
 And the waves evermore tear at the rocks.
 What shall I do—what shall my brethren do—

At that supreme last moment when the sea
Sweeps all its tempest-fury o'er our heads?"

And thus the Voice among the winds replies:
"Behold yon rock, among the rocks alone
In majesty, crowned with a hundred stars!
Lo, its eternal bases moveless stand
Among the waves, while they advancing kneel
To kiss its feet. See how with august smile
It stands secure. Go, hide ye in its clefts,
And there ye shall abide for ever safe."

M. M. G.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THREE score and ten are the allotted years of man; and if by reason of their being British peers and statesmen some mortals have their lease extended to four score or upward, yet doth gout in general render this the least enviable of the privileges accorded to them by the partial Fates. Since, however, such appears to be the order of Nature and the working of the British constitution, Lord Clarendon must be considered as cut off untimely at the age of seventy. Many years ago, while holding, in a different cabinet, the same office which he held at the time of his death, he gave to an American acquaintance an account of his habits, tending to show that he had voluntarily relinquished the claim to longevity which prescription would have enabled him to prefer. He rose ordinarily at noon, gave two hours to his bath, his breakfast and the newspapers, then received deputations till four o'clock, when he went down to the House. Like most of the other members in steady attendance, he dined at Belamy's, usually about ten, when the thinning benches give notice to orators of more ambition than distinction that their opportunity has come. On ordinary occasions the House rose at midnight, and it was then that the Foreign Secretary began the chief business of

the day — the preparation of his despatches. He wrote throughout the night, smoking gently but steadily the while, and seldom retiring to bed before six. In answer to the question whether he thought this mode of life well suited to the maintenance of his powers in their full vigor, he remarked that it would probably shorten his days, but that it was the one which allowed him to accomplish the greatest amount of labor of which he was capable in the twenty-four hours.

An article in our present Number comments, in language which will not be thought deficient in vigor, upon some of the most obtrusive and least agreeable features of American social life, if the publicity and hurry-scurry which in so large a degree characterize our mode of existence allow it to deserve that name. No words can well be too strong to express indignation at certain exhibitions devised and practiced by the skirmishers of the press for the gratification of an inquisitive public. It strikes us, however, that the apparent victims of these feats must in many cases be considered as conniving at the performance, and if so, not only are they debarred from any claim to sympathy, but they are themselves the party chiefly deserving of censure. There is

no law, we believe, compelling obscure individuals, or even famous ones, to admit into their domiciles, much less into their bed-rooms, "interviewers" not provided with search-warrants. The curiosity of the public, which the reporter aims at once to stimulate and to satisfy, might, we should suppose, be baffled by the use of proper and not too expensive precautions, though there are of course cases in which a resort to the ingenuity of Mr. Hobbs or some other great inventor might be found necessary. The case, noticed by our contributor, of the fortunate—we mean the unfortunate—person who drew the prize of the Opera-House at Chicago seems to have been one of these exceptional cases; but drawing an opera-house, or a prize of any kind, in a lottery is so abnormal an occurrence that one could hardly venture to propose any general remedy for the inconveniences attending it, though as a specific in the way of a preventive we might recommend total abstinence from the purchase of lottery tickets. In the belief of our contributor that the evils of which he complains will in time be put down, we entirely concur. They will be superseded by others, not perhaps less offensive, but different in kind, and these again by others, we won't say *ad infinitum*, but for a period of which the limit cannot as yet be mathematically defined. Nor let it be objected to this view that it is inconsistent with a firm faith in the law of progress. A change of evils is proverbially a relief, especially as new ones seldom spring up full-grown, and in the inceptive stages of their development are not heavily felt—the main reason why they are able to get firmly rooted and go on to maturity. Moreover, the very novelty of their form shows that we are taking a step forward; and this brings us to the point on which we chiefly dissent from the author of "Our Castles," whose hope seems to lie in taking a step backward. The time when "gentlemen" as a class exercised, in America, a special and direct influence on the opinions and actions of the masses—when, for example, as in cer-

tain States or communities which we could name, the appearance of an address to the people recommendatory of particular measures had a weight proportioned to the consideration enjoyed by its signers or their families—has passed away, and is as little likely to return as the rule of the elder branch of the Bourbons in France or the privileges of the *ancienne noblesse*. The very word *gentleman*, which no one for a long time has been able to define in a manner satisfactory to the world in general, would be in danger, we fear, of falling into desuetude if it did not belong to a class of words, like *esquire* and *sir*, which, after losing all value as representatives of ideas, obtain a still wider because indiscriminate currency as vehicles of formal courtesy.

As to the essential qualities of culture and refinement, these are not, and have never been, characteristics of nations, or even of classes, but merely of individuals. A semblance of them, an exterior varnish, which, we admit, has its uses and its charms in the minor details of human intercourse, may indeed be found, in some parts of the world, pervading society at large. But if we wish to excel in this, we must not, as our contributor would seem to advise, make John Bull our model. He, indeed, expressly disclaims all mere external finish, and piques himself, in his demeanor to strangers, on a chilling and forbidding exterior, in contrast with that fund of tenderness which he gives us to understand lies snugly in the depths of his interior. The *hointment* that environs his capacious heart exists for the benefit of his intimates, while far too often his claws are directed toward other people's faces. No, the art of social intercourse as it is understood and widely practiced on the Continent of Europe, where it effaces distinctions by admitting the claim of all who do not willfully forfeit it to a legitimate share of courtesy and consideration, has been cultivated generally by neither branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—neither by that whose besetting sin is superciliousness, nor that which shows its amiable weakness in the form of im-

pertinence—neither by those who turn up their noses at everything, nor those who thrust their noses into everything.

Moreover, English society, it must never be forgotten, is a divinely graduated hierarchy, and Englishmen, in their intercourse with one another, are accustomed to regulate their demeanor by a scale most nicely adjusted to this variety of gradations. It may not be very common to touch at either extremity of the scale, which ranges from frigid incivility to torrid servility; but judging from the reputation in this respect of the "middle classes," from the place assigned in English novels of all periods to "led captains," "tuft-hunters," "toadies" and other varieties of the *genus parasiticum*—above all, from the frequency and readiness with which charges or insinuations of sycophancy are bandied about among English politicians and *littérateurs*—we might infer that society in England is tainted throughout with an evil from which ours is necessarily almost exempt, and which seems to us far worse than that opposite evil of vulgar intrusion and encroachment to which the social system is here exposed. For, after all, our private life does in the main lie apart from the nuisance of which our contributor complains. Most of us in our humble obscurity know not the interviewer or his ways except by report, and we have at least not yet reached the point when every man suspects or openly accuses his neighbor of listening at keyholes or peeping into chamber windows; whereas Englishmen of high standing and high culture do not, it appears, hesitate to charge each other with a kind of baseness which Americans can hardly picture to themselves, and which, as those who make the charge well know, would indicate a vulgarity of soul not to be concealed by any degree of external polish, or even of intellectual refinement.

A flagrant case of this kind must still be fresh in the minds of our readers. We are so much accustomed at home to the random discharge of contumelious epithets and phrases in public con-

troversy, and we are so little acquainted from observation with the nature and habits of the "social parasite," that the vehemence exhibited by Mr. Goldwin Smith in resenting the "stingless insult" by which Mr. Disraeli sought "to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent," has excited more surprise than sympathy. What we have said above may perhaps help to explain the fact that such a man has shown himself so sensitive under an attack of this nature, allowing the dart to penetrate and rankle when we might have expected to see it glance harmlessly from a cuirass of mail. It is only in the same manner that we can explain the still more singular fact that Mr. Disraeli, whose arrows are not wont to be shot *en l'air*, should on this occasion have drawn the bow with as apparently careless a hand as Locksley when firing at the common target. The readiness of a man occupying so high a position and enjoying so great a reputation to indulge in so coarse an amusement is perhaps the most painful feature in the affair. But, lest the reader should suppose that we are supporting a general proposition by a solitary and exceptional example, we may be allowed to cite another, which has been suggested to our recollection by a stronger association than that of analogy. About a year and a half ago there appeared in the *North American Review* an article on "The Revolution in England," this term being used to designate the recent changes in the system of Parliamentary representation, and the consequences likely to ensue. In alluding to the hostile spirit in which the aristocracy was supposed to view these changes, the writer makes the following remarks: "When something disagreeable is hatching against a community and the shrewder plotters keep the secret to themselves, Providence sometimes warns the community of its peril by such monitors as Mr. Carlyle. . . . In his recent pamphlet on the Reform Bill the philosopher of the celestial immensities and infinities exhibits himself in a state of rather terrestrial panic, cling-

ing to the knees of wealth and power for protection against the democracy, and praying for the maintenance of a Christian Church to guard a freethinker's spoons. After a *eulogy on the superior manners of the nobility, suggestive of recent intercourse with them*, he proceeds to develop a plan for ostensibly accepting democracy and secretly preparing to smite it with the sword. The plan may be confidently pronounced to be his own, but *the spirit embodied in it may be that of the company which he has been keeping.*" The phrase "social parasite" is not used in this passage, but the imputation conveyed in the words we have italicised, taken with the context, is not the less plain. Mr. Carlyle, it is intimated, eulogizes the nobility in return for their dinners, and even carries his servility so far as to make himself the tool of their political intrigues. Any other interpretation of the passage would have to be based on the supposition that the writer had little notion of the force of words, and was especially unacquainted with the language of ironical insinuation—which might be a natural inference with regard to a North American Reviewer, but in this instance at least would be an erroneous one. The writer is in truth a master of language, and an especial proficient in the art of insinuation. The article is signed with his name, and the signature, we regret to say, is "Goldwin Smith." That he has signed his name and given that of Mr. Carlyle will perhaps be considered by Mr. Smith a sufficient reason why the ugly term "coward," which he has flung at Mr. Disraeli, should not be retorted upon himself; and although we must confess that, of the two methods in which he and the author of *Lothair* have committed the same offence, that of his adversary seems to us the more manly, yet we are far from thinking that cowardice can be considered as a characteristic of either. To Mr. Smith's attack on Mr. Carlyle we should, indeed, rather incline to apply the term "audacity," considering the relative age and position of the parties, the respect en-

tertained for Mr. Carlyle by many persons not entirely devoid of intelligence or honesty, and, above all, the fact that, in a public lecture delivered some six years ago in America, Mr. Smith had acknowledged his own intellectual obligations to "the philosopher of the celestial immensities and infinities," whose *French Revolution*, he said on that occasion, "had seemed to him a new revelation." Perhaps he only said this for the sake of an alliterative antithesis (he is, as we have remarked, a master of words), and it is at all events very clear that he now draws inspiration from other sources—one wonders sometimes from what sources. Yet neither fact affords any good reason why he should bespatter with mud the fountain he has deserted. And what was the pretext? A plot was hatching against democracy! Mr. Carlyle was in a state of terrestrial panic! We need hardly say now that the plot was hatching nowhere but in Mr. Smith's brain, which, for powers of artificial incubation, is equal to an Egyptian oven; while the ridicule of panic sounds amusingly enough from one who not very long ago, apropos of a speech in Congress, rang an alarm that set two continents shaking—with laughter. We have left unnoticed his designation of Mr. Carlyle as a "freethinker." It is a vulgar and stale device of people who have set up a religion of their own—what Mr. Smith, for example, is fond of styling "a reasonable religion"—to scatter charges of heterodoxy by way of diverting attention from their own mysterious rites. Such a calling of names is below the style of Mr. Goldwin Smith, unless when he has become very much inflamed by having some of his rough missiles returned at his own head. We admit, finally, the force of certain excuses which may be alleged for his attack on Mr. Carlyle—namely, that it was almost certain never to be brought to the notice of its object; that had it reached him, instead of driving him wild with rage, it would at the most have called forth a grim smile; and lastly, that the world knows Mr. Carlyle, and needed no indignant outburst from him to see

in such an attack only a ridiculous attempt "to traduce the social character of a political opponent." Some of Mr. Smith's admirers, shaking their heads over the latest exhibition he has made of his peculiar temperament, have, it appears, been softly and sadly repeating a famous couplet from Pope's satirical description of the Attic Addison. We cannot admit the appositeness of the quotation, for, whatever be his powers of sarcasm, it has become only too manifest that the wit of Mr. Smith is not Attic, nor his humor Addisonian. And even if there were no exception to it on this score, the epigram would still fail to express what we think must be the general feeling of our readers, unless we should transpose a word in each line, and read—

"Who but must *wEEP* if such a man there be?
Who would not *LAUGH* if Atticus were he?"

The death of Charles Dickens is an event which few journals in the English language, or indeed in any other, could be expected to let pass without notice, and most of them have already paid tributes to his memory in language which very probably expressed the general sentiment best when it approached nearest to the verge of hyperbole. It is admitted on all sides that no writer ever acquired a wider popularity in his own lifetime, ever saw his works diffused amongst a vaster or more eager and responsive public, ever had better cause to know that his name was emphatically a household word with all classes, and that every line he wrote would be welcomed and read by high and low, by old and young, by the cultivated and the uncritical. The secret of this astonishing success lay chiefly in his almost unlimited command over the ordinary wayside sources both of laughter and tears. Even those whose tastes and preferences led them in general to more retired springs, were fain at times to mingle with the throng on the highway and own the refreshing power of that abundant stream. Now it will flow no more, and we know not where or when the world will find another at

once so copious, so pure and so free to all. Mr. Dickens was the founder of a school, and as such he has left many followers, but no successor. Any criticism of his works which we could attempt would here be out of place, as well as unseasonable; but we willingly make room for a personal reminiscence, sent us by a correspondent, who justly remarks that "any anecdote, however slight, of the illustrious novelist is worth recounting *now*."

BOSTON, July, 1870.

I had the inestimable privilege of making the acquaintance of Charles Dickens in the early summer of 1868, just after his return to England from his triumphant progress in this country. The purpose for which I sought it was to fulfill my ambition to become a contributor to *All the Year Round*; and I now write this especially to illustrate his habits and character as they appeared in his editorial capacity as the conductor of that journal. Having procured a letter of introduction from a common friend, I forwarded it to him at his country-house at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, with a short note, asking the privilege of a personal interview, if that were in accordance with his editorial rules. Most London editors are personally inaccessible to strangers, even when the latter are armed with letters of introduction. Promptly as the mail came back Dickens' genial response, assuring me that my request was not at all regarded as a presumptuous one, and that it would give him sincere pleasure to receive me; and appointing a certain day at one o'clock as the time when he would be happy to see me at the office of *All the Year Round*. On the day and at the hour appointed I repaired to Wellington street, which is a broad, irregular thoroughfare leading from Waterloo Bridge across the Strand. The office of *All the Year Round* is on the corner of Wellington street and a narrow street running through to Drury lane, and almost next door to the office of the *Athenaeum*. It is a rather small, very dingy and very unpretentious building, looking as if it had not been repaired or cleaned for many years, with a sign over the lower office announcing the name of the journal. In the small, dingy windows are yellow placards giving the table of contents of the current number of *All the Year Round*, while in one of them is a series of the old, familiar illustrations of Dickens' works by

Cruikshank and Phiz—the Pickwick and Micawber, the Little Nell and Quilp we all know so well. Entering the narrow door which leads directly from the street to the lower or business office, and where boys are constantly going in and out with bundles of the delightful though modest little pamphlet, you find yourself in a very confined space, and opposite a row of desks surmounted by high railings in front and at the side, behind which desks are the clerks, and high shelves filled with back numbers of *All the Year Round*. A little, stubby clerk—who might himself have figured aptly in one of Dickens' stories, so characteristic was his appearance and manner—answered my question, as to whether Mr. Dickens was in, with a doubtful stare, and then demanded my card. After studying it carefully, he slowly disappeared through a door in the rear of the office. In a moment he reappeared, for I was exactly on time, and Dickens, with his methodical habits, never kept any one waiting who came at an appointed hour. I was ushered round behind the desks, through the door at the rear, up a narrow, uncarpeted, lawyer's-office-looking flight of stairs, to the second floor, and the clerk opened a door just at the head of the staircase leading into the corner front room.

The occupant of the plain, broad desk at the farther end of the room, near one of the windows, came forward and shook me cordially by the hand (as if he had been an old friend) before I had an opportunity to observe him—offered me a chair near the desk, and again placed himself behind it. I could not resist allowing my eyes to rest upon him for a moment without speaking, for I had never seen Dickens before, and I had received quite an erroneous impression of his appearance from the photographs. There was a bright, healthy bloom upon his cheek, and his blue eyes were clear and had the laughing twinkle which every one remarked in them, and withal a kindly expression which won you at once. A smile, with a hint of vast humor in it, played about his mouth. He was dressed lightly and airily, and in a manner to give him a brisk and youthful appearance. His manner was simple, free and cordial—his method of speaking low and gentle and easy. On his table were some dozen or twenty letters which he had been writing, directed in the quaint hand which has doubtless interested many of our

readers by its queer quirks and turns. From the appearance of the desk and of the room it was evident that he took the personal management and editorial care of his journal: there were abundant evidences of actual and active personal labor—among others, discouraging piles of manuscript, which were evidently laid out for immediate perusal and judgment. A more modest, unassuming sanctum, a more unassuming air, and a more unassuming occupant than had this little room there could not be. But for the bright and cheery countenance of the great novelist, one would have lost sight of the fact that he was in such a place and in such a presence; and even with that charming face before me it was hard to realize it. The conversation naturally reverted first to his recent visit to my country—then to the subject of contributions to *All the Year Round*. His expressions with regard to America and his visit here were quiet, but were unstinted, affectionate and earnest. Indeed, I attribute the cordiality with which, a stranger, I was received, to the fact that I was an American, and to his greatly-enhanced respect and love of us acquired during his second visit among us. He spoke with peculiar affectionateness of his intimate friends in Boston and New York, declaring that he had none he loved more in the world. On the subject of the magazine he said that he welcomed contributions from every one; that he particularly desired a series descriptive of American every-day life; and that he would willingly select appropriate subjects from a list which should be submitted to him. He said that he would read my first (trial) article as soon as I sent it, and would lose no time in apprising me of the result. The details of the conversation, though vividly impressed upon my memory, it is hardly necessary, and perhaps hardly proper, to set down here. It was conducted on his part with such grace and ease and kind-heartedness, such cordial sympathy with a writer trying to get up a little higher, such frankness in expressing affection for America, that it can never be forgotten.

I will only add that the trial article was sent, and within two days thereafter I received a reply in Dickens' own hand intimating his decision upon it, and giving evidence that he himself had judged it; and from that time up to his death I had the great delight of keeping up literary relations with *All the Year Round*, always communicating

with him personally, and being communicated with by him concerning the articles.

One word as to his son and successor as editor of *All the Year Round*. The present Charles Dickens does not in the least resemble his illustrious father in appearance or manner. He is a quiet, sober, somewhat reticent, but withal exceedingly gentlemanly and kindly man, of perhaps thirty years. He dresses more plainly and quietly than did his father: his manner is not so active, his features are heavier and his face rounder. He joined the editorial corps of *All the Year Round* upon the retirement of Mr. Wills about two years ago, and bids fair to be as successful as the elder Dickens, at least in the editorial chair; being an industrious worker, personally greatly liked by the *genus irritabile*, as well as the rest of the world, and having excellent judgment and literary taste. He is seldom away from his post in the little sanctum adjoining that occupied by his father; and his few contributions to the periodical press, while they give no hint that he has inherited the great peculiarities of the elder's genius, sufficiently prove that he has decided literary ability and polish. As an amateur actor, too, he is said to be excellent, though of course not the equal of the illustrious man whom we now so earnestly mourn.

G. M. T.

There is nothing more amusing in the letters of Madame du Deffand than her persistency in inflicting upon Walpole those alternate effusions of sentiment and laments over the emptiness of human life which he so much detested, instead of the *bons-mots*, the sparkling scandal, the details and descriptions of the life and manners of the day, which it was the main occupation of his life to gather and disseminate. Gossip is for the nonce more fortunate than Walpole, as the following letter, from a pen which has often charmed the readers of this Magazine, will attest—a letter such as the most natural of *Parisiennes* (who are as a body the least artificial because the most artistic of their sex) might well have written, could she have forgotten her *ennui* and been content to look at or into things, instead of seeing through and beyond them into a dreary void:

DEAR GOSSIP: The pale, beautiful sunshine of an English summer is touching with rare but pallid radiance the myriad towers and steeples of grand old London. The season is at its height, and streets and parks are alike crowded with equipages which would be faultless in all respects were it not for their occupants. Beauty and style will be sought for in vain among the long-nosed, high-born dames who recline on the soft cushions of the elegant carriages; and, as was once written respecting our dear dead President—

"He who looks upon their feet
Gains new ideas of immensity;"

while their attire is enough to drive a woman of taste distracted. Why is it that no Englishwoman on earth has ever yet learned the simple, almost instinctive, art of dressing herself well? Why is it that the most aristocratic female of British origin can achieve nothing beyond ruining the effect of a Parisian costume by becoming its wearer? And why are they all so homely? It seems hard for a woman to be otherwise than handsome, possessing the complexion of cream and roses that meets your eye here at every turn; but these English women *do* manage it somehow, and with the coloring of Titian contrive to look like caricatures by Cruikshank. Very fearfully and wonderfully made are their garments, and most marvelous are the structures of hair with which they adorn the backs of their heads, leaving the front hair perfectly plain in the flat, bandolined bandeaux which were fashionable once (Heaven only knows how long ago!) in the civilized world of well-dressed women. Then these gigantic chignons are usually decorated with flowers of equal magnitude, in some instances standing erect from the summit of the structure, as though they had been planted there and had taken root. I saw one lady, who, not content with wearing a chignon in the place where such an appendage is usually worn, had contrived to fasten a second one on the summit of her head, and the effect was certainly novel and decidedly startling.

The Langham Hotel is crowded, the English as well as the Americans having found out that its accomplished manager is one of those rare individuals who are not only personally prepossessing, but who *can* keep a hotel. Its dainty and delicate *cuisine* is a great solace to those unfortunates who, having sojourned in the British metropolis in bygone

years, when American hotel-managers were not, were forced to support a weary existence on overdone joints and underdone vegetables, both alike guiltless of seasoning or savor. Picture to yourself how fair this oasis in a scorching desert must seem to a despondent traveler, when I inform you that Wenham Lake ice is freely dispensed to the thirsty, and that ices of Parisian smoothness and flavor form a daily item in the bill of fare. Had you ever, as I have heretofore done, found yourself in London on a burning day in July, and, seeking for refreshment, found nothing more cooling than hot joints and lukewarm ale, you would fully appreciate, as I do now, the magnitude and importance of the change.

The celebrated "Ouida," the well-known authoress of *Granville de Vigne*, *Under Two Flags*, etc., is at present staying at the Langham, which is, I believe, her permanent home. She is a fine-looking and very stylish person, not handsome, but decidedly striking in appearance, and apparently somewhere between thirty and forty years of age. She is the only well-dressed Englishwoman I have as yet seen; her toilettes, of which I have caught an occasional glimpse in the *salle-à-manger*, being very elegant and tasteful, though she somewhat mars their effect by letting her back hair flow loose over her shoulders. I am told that she has a great dislike to her own sex, and that ladies are never admitted to her weekly receptions, which are graced by the presence of most of the masculine celebrities of the artistic and literary circles of London.

Apropos of the Langham Hotel, I was told the following story respecting the monogram of the house—a large H intertwined with a very small L—with which the spaces between the balustrades on all the staircases are decorated. An American lady being asked what the large letters signified, replied, "Those are the H's which the English residents of the house have dropped while coming up stairs."

London is just now a perfect aviary of song-birds, and Lucca, Patti and Titiens at the Covent Garden Opera-House, and Nilsson at the Drury Lane, warble nightly their sweetest strains to enchanted audiences. The operatic sensation of the hour is undoubtedly the silver-voiced Nilsson, whose angelic face and still more angelic voice have rendered her the successful, nay the tri-

umphant, rival of the hitherto peerless Patti. The charming little Marquise de Caux is still admired, applauded and adored, still sings to crowded houses, still sees the world at her feet; but the rush, the excitement, the enthusiasm, and, above all, the high premiums paid on tickets, are reserved for the nights when the lovely Swede lights with the moonlight beauty of her presence the dingy stage of Drury Lane. It is hard to imagine anything more exquisite than that wondrous voice, whose liquid purity and crystal clearness remind the hearer of the fountain of molten diamonds celebrated in Eastern fable. Nilsson has been reproached with a want of dramatic fervor, and it is true that her voice is of too celestial a quality to adapt itself readily to the accents of earthly passion; but the innocence of Marguerite and the sublime devotion of Alice have never found a more perfect interpreter. In the latter rôle (in *Robert le Diable*) she is the embodiment of a guardian angel.

Patti has changed wondrously little since the days when New York first went wild over the marvelous little singer. The rosebud has bloomed into a rose, that is all. Beauty and voice have alike developed into fuller perfection, and are alike unchanged in every other respect. She is still the dark-eyed, winsome damsel of pre-Secession days, and her voice still possesses that exquisite, birdlike carol which distinguishes her notes from those of any other songstress I have ever heard. Patti reminds one of "the lark that at Heaven's gate sings," but the voice of Nilsson seems a strain from the other side of the gate.

I have dwelt thus at length on the different merits of the two great rival *prime donne*, as it is said they both intend to cross the Atlantic—Nilsson in the coming autumn, and Patti a year later. If this be true, the lovers of music in the United States have in store for them such perfection of enjoyment as has not been theirs since that other and diviner Scandinavian songstress sailed from our shores, and left behind her a memory of seraphic song and almost seraphic goodness and nobleness of character. And as we honored in Jenny Lind the pure and generous woman, let us also honor Christine Nilsson, who has walked unscathed through the fiery furnace of Parisian theatrical life, and come forth without even the smell of fire upon her garments.

Let me pray you, O Gossip! to accompany me in imagination to Drury Lane on one of the grand nights of the season. The house is crowded with the splendor and fashion—but, alas! *not* the beauty—of London; for, as the Parisian manager is said to have remarked respecting the costumes of the ballet-girls in *La Biche aux Bois*, "*Il n'y en a pas.*" The opera is *Faust*, and Nilsson is pouring forth the silver floods of her marvelous voice in the celebrated Jewel Song. In a large box on the grand tier sits a broad-shouldered, full-bearded man, his head supported on his hand, and fast asleep! He bears a striking resemblance to the Holbein portrait of Henry VIII. when a youth, which hangs in the gallery at Hampton Court: he is apparently about forty years old, and as his head sinks farther forward, you can see that a premature baldness has already thinned his hair. It is the Prince of Wales; twenty-eight years of age, and the husband of the fragile-looking, pensive beauty with the sad, soft eyes and swanlike throat who sits beside him. Very fair to look upon is the Princess of Wales, and no portrait of her that I have ever seen, whether photograph or painting, can give any idea of the peculiar loveliness of her countenance, particularly when it is illumined with one of her rare but charming smiles. The fair-haired, sinister-looking lady on the other side of the prince is that titled dame of whom it is said that she vowed to make Alexandra of Denmark rue the day on which she became the wife of the future king of England. The bridal coronet of the Princess of Wales has proved almost invariably a thorny circlet—from the days of Joanna of Kent to those of Caroline of Brunswick—and I fear that its present fair, gentle wearer has not escaped the heritage of woe bequeathed to her by her predecessors. It is to be hoped, however, that better days are in store for her. I am told that the prince is kind-hearted and generous, always ready to aid with his purse or his presence any charitable undertaking; and surely if there be any trust to be placed in the purifying and elevating influence of true and noble womanhood, the son of Victoria, the husband of Alexandra, may yet retrieve the errors of his youth by the virtues of a worthy manhood.

The old story of the Queen's intention to marry again has recently been revived, but with no better foundation, I believe, than

her recent appearance in public with a small wreath of white flowers inside her black bonnet, in place of the widow's cap she has hitherto so pertinaciously worn. Rumor has even gone so far as to whisper the name of the German prince she intends to honor with her hand, but Rumor is proverbially a liar, and her present statement is worthy of but little credence. Meanwhile, the splendid monument to Prince Albert in Hyde Park is rapidly approaching completion, and its gilded pinnacles glitter gorgeously in the pallid June sunshine. The London smoke and fogs will soon dim their splendor, and in a few months the shining wings of the golden angels on the spire will look as dingy as does now the cocked hat of the marble Duke of Wellington on the Arch. It was surely a mistake to bestow such elaborate carving and gilding on a monument intended to brave the damp and soot of a London atmosphere.

The drama in London is at a very low ebb, the theatres, with but few exceptions, being given up to burlesque and opera bouffe, which, though very pleasant in their way, form a theatrical diet too exclusively composed of bonbons and omelette soufflée to suit a healthy taste. Mr. Alfred Wigan has indeed arranged Vanbrugh's *Relapse* for the modern stage, under the title of *The Man of Quality*, and his own acting as Lord Foppington, and that of Miss Farren as Miss Hoyden, are worthy of all praise; but the sprightly comedy only serves (Heaven save the mark!) as *lever de rideau* to the *Princess of Trebizonde*, the last draught of weak soda-water which Offenbach has offered to the public as a substitute for the sparkling champagne of *La Grande Duchesse* and *Orphée aux Enfers*. Very much better, though in the same style, is Hervé's *Petit Faust*, now being played at the Lyceum, and the music of which is really a very comical and clever burlesque of Gounod's melodies. Robertson's new comedy, *M. P.*, is drawing crowded houses at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and beautiful Mrs. Reresby, as the Lady Elizabeth in Tom Taylor's historical play of *'Twasit Axe and Crown*, is still the reigning attraction at the New Queen's Theatre. The last-named lady is a very remarkable actress, natural, graceful and full of fervor; and when to her dramatic gifts are added the charms of her youth, her rare beauty and her silvery voice, one cannot wonder at the sen-

sation she has created, nor marvel that she has succeeded in popularizing the legitimate drama in the midst of the empire of ballet, burlesque and sensationalism.

From Paris comes a rumor that will be good news for the lovers of opera bouffe—namely, that handsome Céline Montaland has been engaged to sing, during the coming season in the United States, in the operas of Hervé and Offenbach.

And so, Gossip, farewell. L. H. H.

A correspondent sends us the following legal anecdote: Joe T—, half a century ago, was one of the most highly-finished graduates that a certain Eastern college had ever produced. He wrote and talked English with a profusion and ornateness that absolutely charmed—some people; and fancying that he had extraordinary gifts and capacities for the law, Joe turned his attention that way, and was in due time admitted to practice. The first appearance he essayed in court was also his last, for Joe upon that occasion acquired an unconquerable disgust for the profession. The case was an appeal, involving the discussion of a dry question of law; but Joe's itching tongue could not be easily restrained from soaring into buncombe and rhodomontade. The judges had twice interrupted him, and requested him to make his language more clear and explicit; and at last the presiding judge, out of patience with his unmeaning verbosity, said, "The truth is, Mr. T—, what you are delivering sounds more like a school essay than a legal argument." Poor Joe stopped short with overwhelming mortification, and then, hastily gathering up his books and papers, he left the court-room with the remark, audible to the bar, "You'll never catch me *trying to batter down mud walls with roses again.*"

Of the modern movements in favor of "woman's rights," those, at least,

whose aim is to promote the industrial progress of the fair sex should command the respect of all. The right of women to vote is a debatable question, but there can be no question of their right to work, if the will and the ability be present.

Certainly we Americans, who find work and welcome for the overflowing millions of Europe, should be glad to open avenues of competence and independence to our countrywomen, to whom half the doors of life are now closed, and the other moiety only ajar.

Of the Philadelphia institutions for this object, there is none worthier than the "School of Design for Women." This school opens a new field for the exercise of female talent, in which earnest industry is sure of success, there being abundant employment for all who pass through the necessary course of study.

No similar institution in the country is more complete in its appointments and more thorough in its efforts than this. Its collection of casts from the antique is probably the finest in the city, and it is fully provided with the paraphernalia necessary for instruction in the arts of designing and oil painting. It is yet more fortunate in possessing a superintendent thoroughly adapted to his work, and earnestly striving to make it a success. All interested in the welfare of woman should pay this school a visit, and they will find ample reason to lend it their encouragement.

DEAR EDITOR: As you have a Gossip department, can you tell me anything respecting the nature of the plant called the *Gossypium arboriferum*?

Is it true that Messrs Lippincott & Co. are about to publish a novel called *Crushing a Cockroach*, by the author of *Breaking a Butterfly*?

Is Edmund Yates *really* writing a sequel to his novel *Wrecked in Port*, which is to be named *Preserved in Spirits*?

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors. By S. Austin Allibone. Vol. II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 1320.

Hearty congratulations are due to Dr. Allibone on the completion of his *magnum opus*. When he undertook it, twenty years ago, it seemed a task that might exhaust the health and strength and time commonly allotted to one man. When, twelve years ago, he gave to the public his first volume, the difficulty of the work and the improbability of its completion, seemed rather enhanced than diminished. The real extent of it was then first seen, for we had had nothing like it before.

Of the illustrious names in English literature most people know something, and can learn more from easily-accessible histories and biographies. But of the great mass of the humbler citizens of the republic of letters, the successive generations of authors whose works form the literature of our mother tongue, the memorials are scattered and forgotten: it has been a work of patience, learning and research to find them. Here it is that Dr. Allibone's work comes into play with almost the daily usefulness of a Directory. We dwell on this characteristic, and give it precedence, because we think it, if not the most interesting, certainly the most useful, feature of the work. For instance, there have been a great many authors of the same name. There are enumerated in this volume more than eight hundred writers named Smith, a few of them eminent, the rest obscure. There are many Richardsons, Montagues and other common names. To distinguish any work of one of these authors, to learn promptly the time when he lived, the influences under which he wrote, the credit attached to his character and statements,—this is now but the work of a moment: without the Dictionary it would often be a difficult, tedious and, for many, an impossible labor. But the alphabetical enumeration of all the authors, completed by the index of all the subjects on which they wrote, opens to us a storehouse of knowledge so vast and miscellaneous that it needs reflection

to take in the full extent of it. All the books ever published in the English language present so numerous an array that the ordinary scholar would stand aghast at any necessity calling him to follow a particular track through the mighty maze. But now a clue to the vast labyrinth is furnished to us. By this Dictionary and its index the whole wide expanse of English literature will be brought within our view. We need not point out the value of such a work to journalists and writers whose labor leaves little time for research. But it is not merely to the professional or occasional writer, but to the student and general reader, that this book will be a *vade mecum*, an indispensable help. The character of each considerable work, and—so far as it is material—the character of its writer, are here put before us, with the best judgments, adverse and favorable, that have been elicited from critical authorities. How important to the young reader, to every reader, to commence the perusal of the work of an author with this clear view of his relation to his subject! This does not hamper the judgment, but calls it forth upon the very points at issue, and warns it not ignorantly to accept as conclusive statements or opinions that have been impugned or disproved.

In special branches, Law, Medicine, Mechanics, etc., the utility of this work again becomes obvious. We do not know any legal bibliography that approaches in extent or accuracy that which is comprised in these volumes. In medical science, from the writer who is living among us to-day to the earliest worthies of the healing art, the literary labors are chronicled. Translations of ancient and foreign authors being also noted, the practical scope of the work here reaches beyond the limits of English literature.

We advert lastly to the delight which the smaller class of *bibliophiles* and lovers of curious and antiquarian lore will derive from the labors of this indefatigable delver in the mines of literature. He brings to light the earliest edition, as well as the latest and best, of the works of each author. As a monument of curious research we refer to the

article on Shakespeare in the second volume, which Shakesperian scholars will appreciate. In literary controversy take, as an instance, the article "Junius." It alone gives, what is often forgotten, the long list of persons to whom that celebrated work has been plausibly ascribed, and refers to the claims of each to the authorship of it—a question, we think, as much in doubt now as ever. We see that after an exhaustive examination Dr. Allibone does not admit as proved the pretensions of Sir Philip Francis, a man who passed his life in artfully playing the part of Junius, but never ventured explicitly to claim the authorship of the letters. Junius, we believe, took special and effectual care to conceal all traces of his identity, no doubt for some sufficient motive. But if any one wants to pursue the investigation for himself, the articles "Junius" and "Sir Philip Francis" open the way for him, and will serve to show the thorough manner in which Dr. Allibone exhibits a subject. Of this the theologian may find other examples in such articles as Barrow, Priestley, Pusey. The lawyer should turn to Blackstone, Butler, Kent. To the lover of literature we commend the articles John Milton, Richard Bentley, Samuel Johnson, James Mackintosh, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Moore. The article on Byron in the first volume is so enriched with original material that it adds something new to what has been published of one who has afforded occupation to as many pens as any literary celebrity of modern times. The last controversy about him is passed upon in the second volume—*title*, "Harriet Beecher Stowe." Of Irving and Prescott the literary lives in this work are the best extant. They exhibit a new style of biography, giving to the literary achievements of an author the illustration which great battles have in the life of a general. We refer to these titles not as superior to others we might select, but as affording to any casual examiner of the work some guidance to marked exhibitions of its character. But it is in the habitual use of the book that its chief usefulness will be found. It is as a key to all libraries, a guide to all readers in the literature of our vernacular tongue, and a labor-saving machine to all scholars, that we recommend it, and from long use of the first part of it, and a close examination of the second, we can attest its inestimable value.

As yet, only the first and second volumes

are before us, but the author's work on the third and last volume is done, the printer's labor is nearly finished, and within the present year the whole work will be complete—a splendid and useful triumph of industry and learning, honorable alike to the author and to American literature, in which his work gives him a well-earned pre-eminence—unapproached by any writer who has ever labored in the field of Bibliography. B.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women." With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 378.

Voltaire once said, "Would you be popular, startle your public—whether for good or evil, it matters not, but be startling at any price." This maxim, so venal in principle, appears to be regarded by a considerable number of modern novelists as one of the most important rules of literary composition. That the materialism of the present day should love to preserve the relics which it has inherited from the infidelity of the preceding century, is natural, and in conformity with that spirit of veneration with which a pupil is expected to cherish the precepts of a skillful and patient master. At all events, the vicious theories which found their practical realization in the excesses of the French Revolution have come down to us through the medium of a bad philosophy, and have finally succeeded in contaminating not only the æsthetic character, but also the moral tone of our popular literature. It is now understood that a book which appeals to the imagination must be sensational or it cannot be successful as a pecuniary speculation. In opposition to this verdict, few writers of romance, either here or in England, have lately attempted to address the public in a style entirely free from the influence of passion. A novel refined in thought, pure in morals, and yet sufficiently tender and exciting to touch the heart and to captivate the fancy, is now so great a rarity that the critic is disposed to hail such a volume with expressions of enthusiastic esteem. Still, it must not be supposed that legitimate fiction has ceased to elicit the attention of authors, or has wholly failed to attract the patronage of the public. On the contrary, it would be easy to name some honorable exceptions to the present literary degeneracy, and among these exceptions, which, to a great extent, owe their cre-

ation to female talent, a position must be accorded to *An Old-Fashioned Girl*.

Miss Alcott cannot indeed claim an extraordinary share of original genius, or a more diversified experience of human nature than has fallen to the lot of other conspicuous writers of the day. But every unbiased judge must admit that the work we are now considering is distinguished for delicate and faithful portraiture, a simple, graceful and modest style, a sensible appreciation of womanly character, a proper regard for the wants of real society, and, above all, a decided acknowledgment of the superior claims of mental and moral worth. These qualities in a modern work of fiction are surely uncommon enough to warrant particular eulogy.

It is true that Miss Alcott has not entirely escaped the materialistic influences which permeate the atmosphere of modern society; but she appears to have breathed this fatal miasma in a moderate degree, and her book has thus escaped any positive detriment. In fact, from the praises here accorded to her performance, it will be seen that her faults lie rather in her failure to give a complete impersonation of female virtues and instincts than in any visible departure from the model approved by reason and experience. Miss Alcott writes like an honest and fearless woman, and the effort she has so lately made to inspire her fellow-women of America, especially the younger portion of them, with a loftier and a worthier ambition, deserves acknowledgment. Any author who is sufficiently wise and determined to oppose with judgment the errors and follies of his age, even when they are indirectly countenanced by those who arrogate to themselves the title of philosophers, is certainly deserving of generous congratulation; but when to this exhibition of wisdom and determination are added the amenities of a wholesome literary style, we may fairly presume to rank the fortunate writer among the philanthropists of his times.

Miss Alcott has the modesty to admit that she does not propose her *Old-Fashioned Girl* as a faultless type of womanhood; but it is doubtful if she could, under existing circumstances, have produced a more elevated exemplar. The womanhood of America, though characterized by certain traits that are highly attractive, cannot, in a general way, be said to merit the encomiums with which our national pride would urge us to honor it.

There are some American women as noble, as refined, as sensible and as sympathetic as any in the world; but many, nay, very many, of our daughters, our wives, and even our mothers, are still too frivolous in their mode of life, too material in their ambition, too selfish in their pursuits, to endure the scrutiny of an unprejudiced criticism. In making such a remark the critic may be accused of unreasonable attachment to those antique types of character which, it is said, have been rejected by the progressive temper of modern civilization. We should feel sorry to be thought either unpatriotic or ungallant, but we must confess that those older forms of social and domestic life have ever inspired us with a loftier admiration of female dignity and usefulness than have all the variable charms, the artificial graces, the irresponsible luxury and the pecuniary magnificence of what many are pleased to consider our native aristocracy.

When the cultured and traveled American gazes around him in quest of moral and æsthetic gratification, he misses that sense of mental calm, of delicate and expansive pleasure, of simple grandeur, of interior as well as exterior ease, of unbiased sympathy and of social equilibrium, which he has experienced in other lands and among other peoples than his own. If he be a man of a naturally elevated and analytical mind, the more he studies the manners and the aims of the wealthy and influential classes of his native land, the more apt is he to long for that brilliant repose and that quiet splendor, that richness of mental enjoyment and that profundity of Christian feeling, which yet subsist in the old provincial abodes of France. The nearer American womanhood approaches the standard which is there displayed, the greater reason Americans will have to feel proud of it, and the greater will be the good which it will be able to accomplish both for itself and for the sex upon which it depends, but which it is bound in duty to restrain, to elevate and to refine. That the majority of our maidens and matrons may one day reach this position of honorable distinction is a hope that all should cherish. How soon this wish may be realized it is difficult to tell. Certain it is that before so happy an event can be consummated, many an intermediate stage must be safely and patiently passed. But the necessary movement has been commenced; and

its progress, if imperceptible to thoughtless observers, is still both regular and unyielding.

The little book which has elicited these reflections has already demonstrated, by the popularity which it has acquired, that in the rising generation of American girls there are thousands who are able to perceive and to appreciate the value of a social existence which is not entirely sacrificed to the puerilities of fashionable caprice and to the treacherous demands of a selfish philosophy. Let us trust that the good seed which Miss Alcott's book has sown, even if it be not the best which the hand of the social husbandman could have scattered, may fructify in youthful bosoms until it shall produce ample fruit; and may this harvest of more elevated thought and loftier morals form the substance of still higher and worthier efforts, until the work of regeneration has been happily accomplished.

C. L. P.

Glimpses by Sea and Land. By Mary L. Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 361.

Do you wish, dear reader, to look at the world for once from under a Quakeress' bonnet?—one of those neat, drab-colored little "coal-scuttles," that, enclosing and framing sweet and saintly faces, astonish our grimy, roaring streets once a year at "Yearly Meeting" time with their long processions of purity, and suggestions of a world that lies apart from, and yet in the midst of, ours? A world apart it emphatically is, which the extraordinary reserve and retirement of Quakerism has preserved among us—a world of primeval simplicity and virtue. Yet must we note that besides the loss to its members of influence on society at large through this semi-conventual seclusion, the extreme religious democracy of Quakerism has, with many of the merits, some of the drawbacks, of *political* democracy. There are, for example, amusing instances in the little volume before us of a quaint fear of public opinion—the public opinion of the little religious body at home, and of departure from the received modes of thought and action of that "Society"—which remind one oddly of the "tyranny of public opinion" supposed to have been substituted in republics for the tyranny of monarchs. For example, no one, we are sure, could fancy any "man-worship" in the very natural emotions of our good "Friends" in visiting the home of the founder of their

Church, George Fox; yet the author thinks it necessary gravely to inform the reader that no such un-Quakerly feeling was at work!

All this, however, adds to the novelty of the book. And even the carelessness with which it has been prepared for the press, the original slips and mistakes of the hastily-written private letters from which, as we are informed by the preface, it was transcribed, having been apparently in great part reproduced,—even this careless and unstudied manner, we say, makes one feel as if the letters were *still* letters, newly written, and addressed to one's self.

To notice in detail the slips and inaccuracies of a book so produced would scarcely be gracious. Let us rather call attention to the writer's acute observation, pure and true vein of feeling, and quick eye, not only for the outward shows, but for the inner meanings, of the grand spectacles of Nature and historic Art. There is no vulgarity in the book: we do not hear of dinners, hotel charges or personal discomforts: the fair author's mind is like the mirror of the Lady of Shalott in its faithful reflection of scenes passing before it: self is annihilated or absorbed in observation.

R. M. S.

Books Received.

Baffled; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. By Julia Goddard, author of "Joyce Dormer's Story." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 159.

The Macdermots of Ballycloran: A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "He Knew He was Right," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 441.

Memoir of Rev. John Scudder, M. D., Thirty-six Years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 307.

Talks to My Patients: Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well. By Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D. New York: Wood & Holbrook. 12mo. pp. 228.

The Banished Son, and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 277.

The Lost Daughter, and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 308.